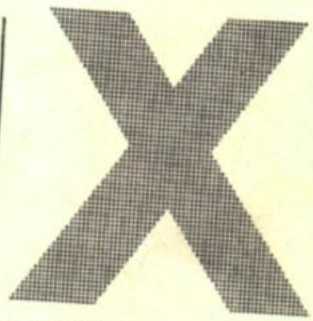
Encounter

UK & USA at the polls

Richard Hofstadter

Richard Rovere

David Marquand



Alasdair MacIntyre
Pascal & Marx

James Morris
Spanish Helmet

Iain Hamilton
The Irish

Boris Pasternak
A Letter (1937)

Richard Mayne
Italian Notebook

William Walsh
Indian Writers

Robert Conquest
Soho

John Gross
Theatre

Andrew Forge
David Sylvester
Art

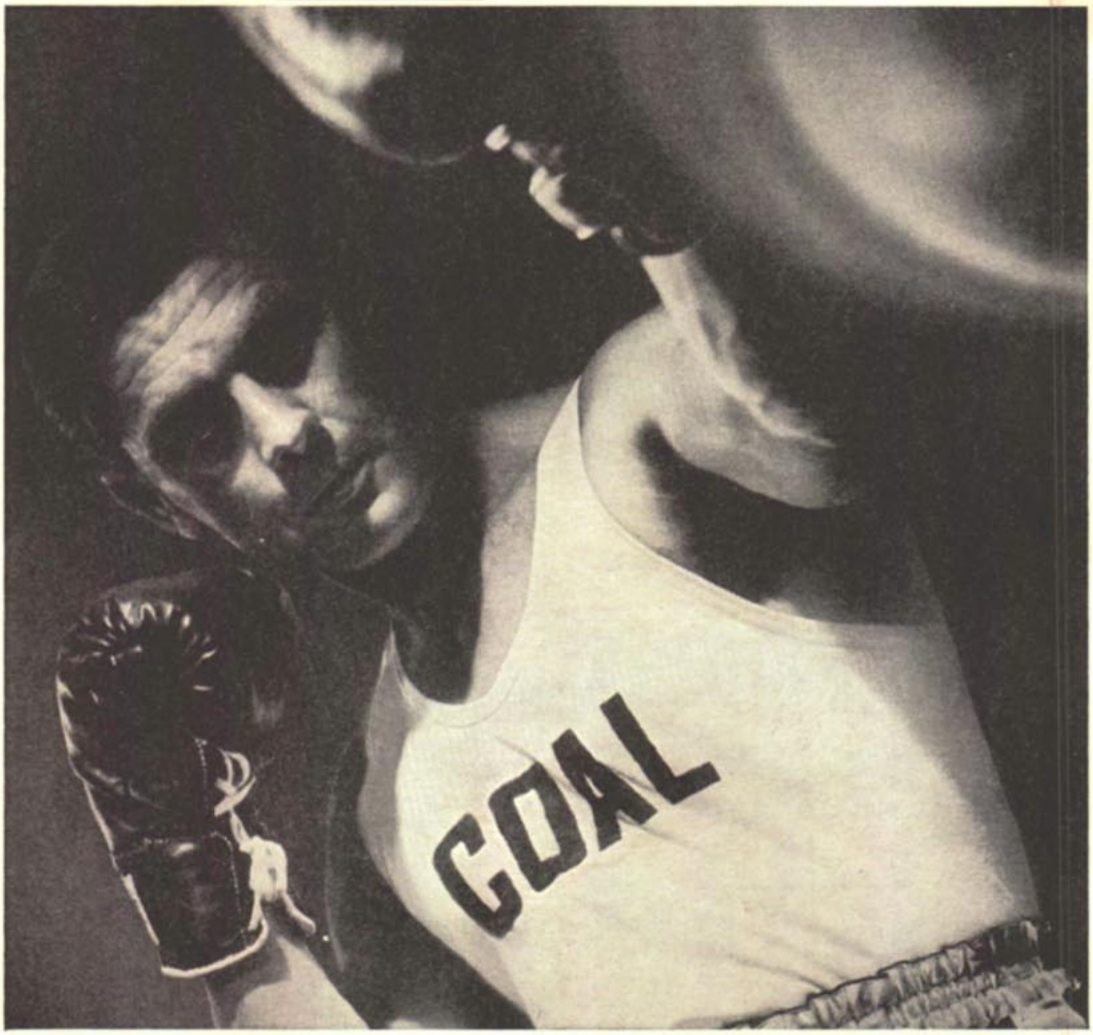
Andrew Shonfield
Politics & Poverty

H. J. Eysenck
Reply

edited by
Stephen Spender & Melvin J. Lasky
October 1964
monthly 4s **133**

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why do Meridian lead with the right fuel?



Because coal is quick to counter high fuel costs

Economy at Meridian is fashioned by coal. Underwear (outerwear for some sportsmen), nightwear and sweaters flow from this famous factory at the rate of tens of thousands a week. Yet coal which cuts the production cost of every item is virtually unseen. The all-automatic boiler plant sees to that.

Walk into Meridian's boilerhouse and you could be anywhere in the factory. There is the same smooth efficiency, the same quiet sense of purpose. The boiler plant is precisely regulated by one man from a central control panel. Only the gauge needle points to the intense heat energy being generated by coal at a cost lower than that of any other fuel.

Without smoke, without fuss, coal smoothly cuts costs for Meridian. And the men who mastermind this company know they can rely on the economy of coal through the years. Coal abounds in Britain and coal prices are stable. Remember these facts. They could help to shape *your* future.

MODERN, ECONOMICAL COAL

COAL IS BEST...AND BRITISH

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL COAL BOARD

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Encounter

Edited by STEPHEN SPENDER *and* MELVIN J. LASKY

OCTOBER 1964 VOL. XXIII NO. 4

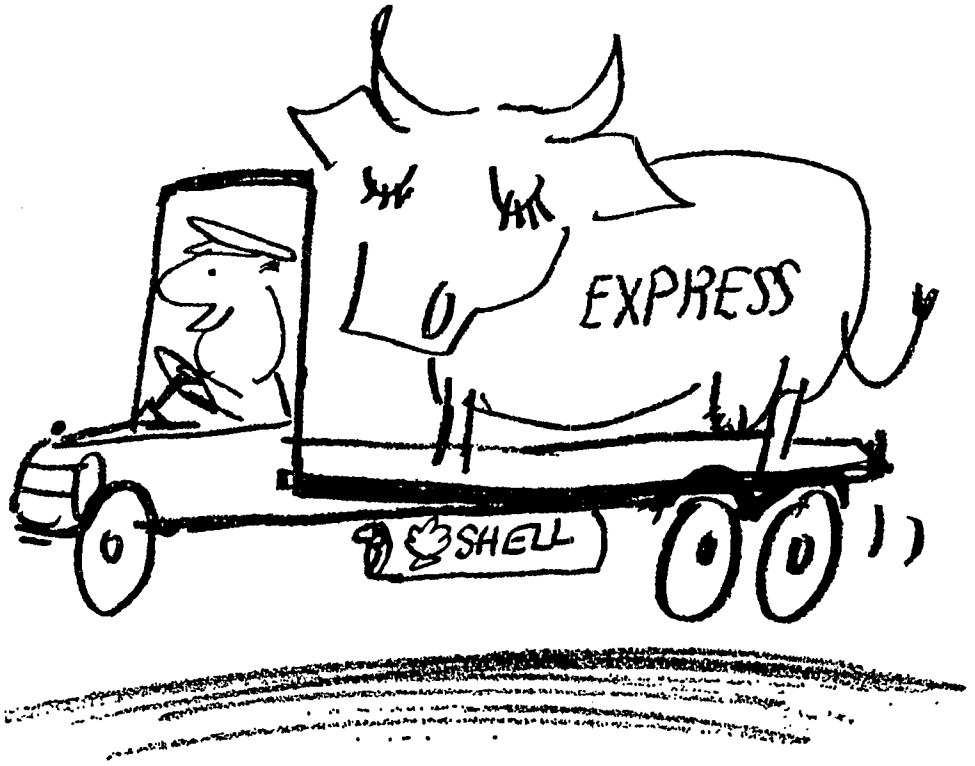
ASSISTANT EDITORS: *Margot Walmsley, John Mander, John Gross.* CIRCULATION & ADVERTISING: *John Hall*

Published monthly at 25 Haymarket London SW1. 4s. a copy (USA & Canada 75c. India Rs.1.50). Postage: 6d. Annual subscription (inc. postage): 50s: USA & Canada $8.50: India Rs.18. Six months: 27s.: $4.50: Rs.11. Subscription & Trade department: Rolls House Publishing Co. Ltd. Breams Buildings London EC4 (Holborn 5708). US & Canadian subscriptions: British Publications Inc. 30 East 60th Street New York NY 10022 US newsstand distribution by Gordon & Gotch (USA) Inc. 485 Fifth Avenue, New York 17 (MU 7-2645). Binders (for six copies) available from Haymarket office, 13s. or $2.00 each. © *1964 by Encounter Ltd.*

GOLDWATER & HIS PARTY	3	*Richard Hofstadter*
THE SPANISH HELMET	14	*James Morris*
L'ACTE GRATUIT (story)	21	*Francis King*
AMONG THE IRISH	29	*Iain Hamilton*
POETRY		
LITERATURE IN SOHO	38	*Robert Conquest*
A NOTE ON THE EXISTENCE OF GOD	48	*Zulfikar Ghose*
THEATRE		
DARKNESS RISIBLE	41	*John Gross*
ART		
A KIND OF ANARCHY	44	*Andrew Forge & David Sylvester*
NOTES & TOPICS		
AMERICAN LETTER	49	*Richard Rovere*
PHILOSOPHERS & BEHAVIOURISTS	53	*H. J. Eysenck*
THE GLAZUNOV SHOW	55	*Viktor Meier*
POLITICS & POVERTY	57	*Andrew Shonfield*
ITALIAN NOTEBOOK	60	*Richard Mayne*
BATTLE OF THE GHOSTS	65	*David Marquand*
BOOKS		
PASCAL & MARX	69	*Alasdair MacIntyre*
NATARAJA & THE PACKET OF SAFFRON	78	*William Walsh*
POINTS OF THE COMPASS		
A VIEW FROM BELOW	84	*Anthony Delius*
EAST & WEST		
A LETTER (1937)	92	*Boris Pasternak*
LETTERS	94	
AUTHORS	96	

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXPRESS DELIVERY



Beneath each Express tanker
Brimming full of milk
There's a smalla tanka Shell that
keeps it going, smooth as silk

GO WELL – GO SHELL (SHELL) **(till the cows come home)**

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Richard Hofstadter

Goldwater & His Party

The True Believer and the Radical Right

AT THE PRESENT writing, it seems unlikely that Barry Goldwater will be elected, at least in 1964, but his nomination is in itself a vital blow at the American political order. He has broken the usual rules of political conduct by treating a major party as a "front" organisation, capturing it neither through overwhelming popularity among its voters nor through a careful accommodation of the desires of its established national leaders, but by means of a fanatical and well-drilled minority faction organised throughout the country. He has altered the character of the party by committing it firmly to an ideology, which alone would be a minor revolution, but which is particularly remarkable here because of the extreme and reckless quality of that ideology. If he is successful, whether elected or not, in consolidating this party coup, he will have brought about a realignment of the parties that will put the democratic process in this country in jeopardy. One is loath to speculate on the consequences for the safety of the world.

In the past, the American political party has always been a consensual, accommodating, non-ideological instrument run by experienced and practical men, whose aim was to attract a coalition of interests broad enough first to win the presidency and then to make effective government possible. Goldwater's experiences have been such as to bring him to a wholly different conception. Being fundamentally a preacher and an ideologue, he draws his strength from his peculiar notions rather than from any practical achievements; and, representing a minority point of view, he has relied upon organisation and zealotry rather than negotiation and accommodation to promote his cause. For the present, his campaign plan seems to be based less vitally on reincorporating the party interests he has spurned, than on inciting resentments, asserting convictions, and developing visions, in the hope that he can weld together a mass of grievances and delusions large enough to win office. That part of the country that shows least promise of conforming is not to be appeased but is to be written off for the purposes of the campaign. Nor is this process of exclusion softened by the acceptance of outsiders into Goldwater's high command, which is staffed largely by men who, however intelligent and effective as partisan organisers, share his provincial views on the basic problems of policy.

THE AMERICAN POLITICAL PARTY seems to be a rather blunt instrument, notably at convention time, but it is in fact a highly sophisticated piece of apparatus, very appropriate to its vital function. Ingenious as the American constitution originally was, it would still have been inadequate for the government of this sprawling continental nation, with its wide variety of interests and its unruly and often violent people, had it not been later supplemented by the two-party system. The necessary role of parties was not only not foreseen by the Founding Fathers but

RICHARD HOFSTADTER *is one of America's leading historians. He is Professor of American History at Columbia University, and in 1958–59 was Pitt Professor at Cambridge. His latest book,* Anti-Intellectualism in American Life *(Jonathan Cape, London; and Alfred A. Knopf, New York), was awarded the Pulitzer Prize earlier this year. Among his previous books are* The American Political Tradition *and* The Age of Reform. *His present article was completed in mid-August and thus makes no reference to very recent developments on the U.S. scene. A "Letter from Washington" by Richard Rovere appears on p. 49 of this number.*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was completely misapprehended. They had before them no model of a satisfactory party system, and could think of the party, which they called "faction," only as a threat to the proper balance of forces within the state, as a narrow representative of a small special interest, which might override and dominate all other interests. Our constitutional machinery, with its elaborate checks and balances, was intended to prevent any such thing from happening.

The danger in this system was that checks and balances might prevent anything at all from happening, that the federal system would fall to pieces through its inability to create an adequate governing apparatus. It is hard to see how a country so sprawling, so heterogeneous, so suspicious of power, could have been governed at all if some mechanism could not be found to bring together its hodge-podge of sections, states, and commercial interests. Perhaps the main theme of our political history in the early 19th century was the quest for a party system adequate to the task. The country had hardly evolved such a system in the era of the Jacksonians and the Whigs—the Federalist-Jeffersonian division was too irregular and impermanent to qualify as a system—when it began to break down over the slavery issue. As long as there were two intersectional parties, the Union was held together. When there was none, it broke up, and the Civil War followed.

Critics of our system have often said that our political life is dreary and unconstructive because the major parties, being two roughly similar coalitions of heterogeneous interests, cannot settle on clear principles or debate profound issues. They have often argued that a sharper division in our party ideologies along conservative and progressive lines would serve us better. They have assumed that keener ideological debate and greater intellectual clarity would be identical, and that it would be better to fight out our social issues to some kind of satisfactory finish rather than to go on smoothing them over in the inconclusive manner of our major parties. It appears that we are now about to get a sharper ideological division, and keener social conflict, and they may not like it as well as they anticipated.

THE ETHOS and the conduct of the American major parties have always been shaped by the task of building a coalition that cuts across sections, across classes, and even across issues. The most vital demand of the system is that the factions within a party (usually there are two, and as James M. Burns has argued, in recent times these tend to be the presidential and the congressional factions) somehow avoid a fight to the death and that both conform to a series of rituals by which compromise may be achieved. The losing faction is appeased and reincorporated as an internal loyal opposition in return for its support for the national ticket.

These rituals are acted out at party conventions in a variety of ways. If there are many aspirants to the nomination, sharp two-sided feeling is avoided, and the winner finds it necessary to placate the broad range of party forces which were previously against him. A governing consideration, which tempers the ferocity of the intra-party combat and leads to a quick closing of the ranks at each convention, is that the nomination must be worth having—that is, that the party cannot be so damaged in the public eye by the spectacle of its internal conflicts that its chances in the election are ruined. A characteristic example of the cost of violating these precepts was the Democratic party convention of 1924, when the delegates wrangled ferociously over a plank condemning the Ku Klux Klan and was so deadlocked between the irreconcilable followers of Al Smith and W. G. McAdoo that it finally after sixteen days of turmoil had to settle on a compromise candidate, John W. Davis. The prospects of the party that year were not good to begin with but Davis made as weak a showing as any Democrat has ever done.

Since the 1920s, the Democrats have not repeated that mistake. The achievement of the Democratic party over the past thirty years has been testimony to the effectiveness of the consensual ethos. Since the days of FDR, for example, the Democratic party has been the chief vehicle through which the needs of American Negroes were met and through which their political aspirations have been expressed; and yet at the same time, it has been, despite some breaks, the party of the traditional South. Naturally, this arrangement has not been satisfactory to either side, and it has grown less so as time has gone on and racial tensions have grown. At the moment it seems to be breaking up. But in the meantime it has achieved the difficult feat of governing peacefully and maintaining a consensus and yet of making some progress toward racial accommodation and justice in the face of an extremely explosive issue.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In its exceptionally delicate performance on this issue, the Democratic party has only done what the two major parties have tried to do with varying success on a variety of issues over the past hundred years. There has been almost no point at which a major party has not been significantly divided over some major issue. Naturally, the constant task of accommodating broad differences under the same roof has regularly led to the blurring of issues, to a great deal of juggling and about-facing by the skilled professionals. It has also led to a built-in pattern of hypocrisy. But the American political party is based on the understanding that in politics hypocrisy is a minor vice and a major virtue: its other name is tact.

THE TACT that must of necessity govern the conduct of our great parties has led to certain rituals for the conduct of their conventions. When a sharp, two-sided fight takes place, it is considered vital to have a solemn closing of the ranks. For this, several devices are available. The defeated candidate may concede, or present a motion to make the nomination unanimous, and he always denounces the opposition party with renewed vigour, and promises to support the victor with all his energy. But the primary obligation rests on the winner himself. He may take the loser on his ticket as vice-presidential candidate—as Kennedy did with Johnson in 1960—and if he does not, he is very likely to choose someone congenial to the loser and his followers. He may make elaborate efforts to appease him and arrive at a *rapprochement*—as Eisenhower did with Taft in 1952.

The party platform provides another means for a ritual demonstration of unity. Americans themselves are often bewildered about the function of these long, tedious documents. It is sometimes said that no one reads them, and Goldwater has said that they are nothing but a lot of lies and misinformation. But writing a party platform is an important symbolic act, in which the leaders prove to themselves and to the country that they stand close enough to agree on a statement of promises and proposals. The proposals may be vague, but willingness all around to consent to their vagueness is in itself a token of capacity for compromise. When parties have been drawn into a fierce struggle over one or two planks in a platform, this is because their disunity is too great to be resolved off the floor of the convention. A possible technique for appeasement is to adopt a platform somewhat at odds with the beliefs and commitments of the candidate. In effect, this is what would have happened in San Francisco if any of the three major platform amendments proposed by the moderates—on civil rights, the condemnation of extremism, and the civilian control of nuclear weapons—had been adopted.

THE GOLDWATER FORCES flouted all these conciliatory devices at San Francisco, and left the defeated faction bruised and shocked both by their manner and by the substance of what they did. Their least provocative act was in what they put in their platform, most of which can be accepted widely throughout the party. But what they left out was a source of fatal discord: an endorsement of the principle of civil rights, and an appeal for enforcement of and obedience to the existing laws. On this issue, where Senator Goldwater stands at odds with most of his party in Congress, the record of the party's liberals and moderates was first repudiated by silence, and then repudiated vocally in the rejection of the moderates' platform amendments.

A particular shock came with the rejection of the resolution calling for the condemnation of extremist groups. It became clear in the course of the debate that this proposition was not only unacceptable to the majority of the delegates but that they took it as a personal affront. Not only was Governor Rockefeller almost booed off the rostrum when he delivered an able speech arguing for this resolution, but there was a moment when the newspaper correspondents feared that a number of delegates might climb up on the rostrum and assault him. (At this point the Goldwater managers made a successful effort to control their delegates on the floor, but they were unable to check the bellowing of the true believers in the galleries.)

In the choice of a vice-presidential candidate, Goldwater could hardly have been expected to settle on Governor Scranton or any of the other moderates. The contest had been too fierce and Scranton's own controversial letter to the delegates had gone well beyond customary convention good manners. But there were possible middle-range candidates, like the convention chairman Thruston Morton, who would have added strength to the ticket and appeal to a broad middle range of the party. Instead, Goldwater chose the fiercely conservative William Miller, from upstate New York. As Chairman

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Republican National Committee, Miller is fairly well known to party leaders, but to the public he is a nonentity, who was about to retire from his own congressional seat. He adds neither dignity nor solidity, only ardent partisanship, to the ticket. The essential fact is that he can conform wholly to Goldwater's opinions.

HAVING GIVEN many moderates a ticket and a platform which they can hardly support in their campaigns at home without cutting their own throats, Goldwater spurned the chance to make a last conciliatory gesture in his acceptance speech. Some of the loudest brayings heard at the convention came in response to his defence of extremism: "Let me remind you that extremism in the defence of liberty is no vice. And let me remind you also that moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue." He also served notice that he expected no campaign help from "those who do not care for our cause." On this count he has reconsidered. At the Republican summit meeting of August 12th, Goldwater said almost all of the conciliatory things that custom demanded be said, but that could not be said from the convention platform without shrivelling the true believers in their seats. He has now won the support, however grudging and suspicious, of General Eisenhower and the other leading moderates; and while some of the faithful may be a little disturbed at the conciliatory noises he has made, the great majority will console themselves with the thought that this was all a concession to campaign strategy and that in his heart of hearts Barry still belongs to them. My guess is that they are right, and that Eisenhower now holds from Goldwater, in return for his valuable support, a handsome ideological cheque, which will be returned from the bank (if Eisenhower ever remembers to present it) marked "insufficient funds."

IT WOULD be easy to show how a series of events, each more or less accidental, was required to put a man as unrepresentative of American thinking as Barry Goldwater is, at the head of a major party. But the forces upon which his strength rests are neither accidental nor easily eradicable, and the organisation he has forged is of such character that his continued possession of power need not rest on sheer good luck.

One of the difficulties of the American party system during the period since the great depression lies in the fact that the Democratic party has been all too successful in straddling the broad middle ground, has in itself been too adequate a repository of the national consensus, and has garnered too large a proportion of the country's liberal-minded political talents. The Republican party has been starved for talents and for issues. Its right wing is, in a large degree, quite correct when it says that the moderates have been unable to give the public a very decisive choice, and that their main appeal since 1940 has been that, while they would do largely what the Democrats are doing, they would do it better. The right-wing Republicans have floundered in a state of frustration. This mood was broken only briefly by Eisenhower's administration. Eisenhower did not provide the sharp departure from the past that the right-wingers wanted. The effect of his interim was to quicken their impatience without subordinating them in the party.

In a certain sense, Goldwater has floated to the top as a result of a process of elimination. His rise to prominence dates back to the Congressional elections of 1958. In that year of disaster for the Republicans, almost the entire school of activist ultra-conservative Republican senators who had come in during the elections of 1946 and 1952 was wiped out—with the exception of the Senator from Arizona, who won re-election easily. This is not to say that Goldwater's prominence in the right wing is the consequence only of a lack of alternatives, for he offers a very positive charisma and organisational capabilities of his own; the point is that it left him in almost uncontested leadership of the right wing. He had a noisy and enthusiastic following at the Republican convention of 1960, and one of the few direct and appealing moments at an extremely ugly convention came with his ritual speech of withdrawal in favour of Richard Nixon, in which he urged his followers to "grow up," swallow their disappointments, support manfully the party's choice, and work hard to take it over at some future time. He lived up to his own words and worked ardently for Vice-President Nixon in the 1960 campaign. During the years that followed, he continued to make himself available for speeches to local groups throughout the country, campaigning tirelessly for his "conservative" principles and addressing about 200 audiences a year. He helped scores of local Republican committees to raise funds, exposed his charms to thousands of party workers, and put a multitude of Republican officeholders in his debt. When his qualification for the presidency is questioned, it

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is customary for his followers to cite, not his administrative experience in government (for this he lacks), or his work in the Senate (he is an outstanding absentee), or his association with important legislation (he has none), but the generous ardour of his services to the party. On this count, what he has done can hardly be overstated, but it is a sobering thought to those who are not enchanted by the Goldwater creed that his main experience in political life consists in preaching a militant ideology to audiences already largely converted.

WHILE GOLDWATER was thus expending himself, an organisational transformation was going on all over the country. The party had been disorganised and demoralised by Nixon's inept campaign. When it was over, Goldwater's true believers promptly moved in to fill the structural and moral vacuum, while the moderate leaders rested on their oars, assuming that they would be able to move in, as they had always done, in the next campaign year. Goldwater men infiltrated the party much as the Communists in their days of strength infiltrated liberal organisations in order to use them as front groups. Working with highly disciplined cells or cadres, they rapidly took over county and town committees, developed their own local candidates, and prepared for battle at the national level. It was not until the San Francisco convention that anyone fully understood that they had become a highly disciplined fighting force. It is their achievement which largely explains why a candidate like Goldwater, whose showing in polls and primaries was so weak, proved so strong in the convention.

It was at this point that a series of events fortuitous for Goldwater began to occur. After President Kennedy's murder, the polls showed a great closing of the ranks of public sentiment around Lyndon Johnson. It began to look as though 1964 would be an easy Democratic year. Since the prize of the Republican nomination appeared to have diminished in value, the Republican moderates tended to lurk in the wings, wondering if they should not hold off until 1968. The only exception was Nelson Rockefeller, and his candidacy was sapped by another fortuitous occurrence—his divorce and remarriage. Among the men prominently mentioned for the nomination during the past year, he seems to have had much less appeal for the rank and file than Lodge or Nixon, and even a little less than Goldwater himself. It was this relatively weak opposition that Goldwater chiefly faced in the primaries. Both men seemed to have received a fatal blow last March in the New Hampshire primaries, when their strenuous campaigning efforts seemed only to have lost ground for them. Oddly enough, Goldwater's reverse there worked in the end to his advantage by further lulling the party moderates; at that point, when polls and primaries had demonstrated his unpopularity with the party's voters, few people took his candidacy seriously. But in the California primary it was his good fortune to draw once again as his sole opponent—the others had not filed in time—Rockefeller again. Even then, he nosed Rockefeller out with the narrowest of margins. Yet it now suddenly became clear that Goldwater had accumulated such an edge in delegates that it would require almost a political miracle to stop him.

At this point, Eisenhower's peculiar political—or apolitical—mentality takes its place in the making of Goldwater; for in a very real sense, though he promises to undo the best work of Eisenhower's administration, Goldwater is Eisenhower's legacy to the party. What Eisenhower imagined he was doing in standing by in benevolent neutrality while Goldwater's forces advanced it is difficult to say. It is often very hard to tell what, or whether, he is thinking. His influence, unequivocally exerted, could have stopped Goldwater, certainly before California and possibly even afterward. Whatever his motives—personal vanity, unwillingness to become involved in the party scramble, misconceived notions about the way to foster party unity, or even a growing regard for Goldwater's views on domestic affairs—Eisenhower's course was curious. He had made a wholly gratuitous pledge a year earlier not to intervene in the choice of a nominee. Then he made hesitant gestures toward departing from this resolution, encouraging Scranton to enter the lists at an hour so late that success without Eisenhower's vigorous intervention was all but impossible. Finally, he withdrew and left Scranton unsupported on the firing line. He was plainly distressed at the conduct of the Goldwater forces in the convention, and by Goldwater's pronouncement on "extremism," but there is little doubt that he will campaign for the nominee, and very little chance that he will have the slightest moderating influence on Goldwater's thinking. Eisenhower's endorsement is always valuable in a campaign, but now nothing short

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the threat to withhold it could have restored any of his influence. His befuddled and impotent conduct in the last few months has destroyed whatever regard party leaders on either side may still have had for him. Goldwater has already administered a calculated snub by failing to pay him a courtesy call at the close of the convention.

BARRY GOLDWATER is a small-town politician, whose formal education ended at the close of his freshman year at the University of Arizona, and whose formative adult experiences have come from the management (now relinquished) of a substantial department store in Phoenix, his service as a flier of transport planes in the war, and his indefatigable speech-making as senator. His thinking is flavoured by a feeling for the frontier virtues and the ideas of classical economic individualism, which are the chief sources of his militant philosophy. In many ways he is like a European's caricature of the western American mind, with his cowboy virtues and old-fashioned prudential morality on one side and his love of ultra-modern gadgetry on the other. He likes to fly his own plane, is an excellent photographer, enjoys fiddling with an amateur radio transmitter, and has a flagpole at his house in Phoenix on which Old Glory is automatically elevated at dawn when the first rays of the sun strike a photo-electric cell. He is a splendid example of an American naïf, a kind of political Grandma Moses. Part of his strength rests on the fact that there are thousands of businessmen around the country, large and small, who think just as he does.

As a westerner, a flier, a horseman, an enthusiastic hobbyist, Goldwater exploits an adventurous outdoors appeal reminiscent, among our politicians, of Theodore Roosevelt's, though without T.R.'s additional appeal to progressives and intellectuals. A man of remarkable energy, he strikes resonances in the American craving for action, for movement, for aggressive utterance. Whereas his critics have found his hard-boiled statements evidence of a dangerous impulsiveness, his advocates see in them only the quality of masculine decision. "Impulsive?" one of his friends is reported to have said impatiently. "How about Teddy Roosevelt? Or Harry Truman?... Barry is my idea of a Teddy Roosevelt who is right for this time. He is a tough guy. I think he would make a great President if this country ever got into another war." This last incautious sentence inverts yet precisely expresses the fear of those who are most disquieted by Goldwater—that if he ever got to be President of this country, he would make another great war.

In his manner of speaking Goldwater is no demagogue or rabble-rouser. He seems happiest and most effective in small groups and more at home in expounding general principles than in analysing issues in depth. Like many men of active mind but limited formal education, he is intrigued by big generalisations that have the ring of profundity in them. His acceptance speech was almost comically vague, full of broad rhetoric about "the whole man," which at best could have been intelligible only to those who had already read and remembered his book, *The Conscience of a Conservative*, and decorated with lofty promises about the creation of an "Atlantic civilisation, the whole of Europe reunified and freed, trading openly across its borders, communicating openly across the world." One could only wonder if he could possibly not know that there is no American politician less likely to be able to do anything to realise this vision than he is.

THERE WAS A TIME when it seemed that Goldwater did not take his own presidential aspirations too seriously or too hopefully. It was almost as though he preferred the role of the agitator, the prophet, the ideologue, to that of the administrator, for which as yet he has shown neither taste nor aptitude. He has been quoted as saying, "I'm a salesman trying to sell the conservative view of government," and "I'm not even sure that I've got the brains to be President of the United States." The magazines have been retelling a story that is supposed to have occurred shortly after the Bay of Pigs fiasco, when Goldwater called on Kennedy, who had stepped out of his office for a few minutes. While waiting, Goldwater sat in Kennedy's rocking chair, and the President, seeing him there, asked genially, "You think you want this job?" "Good God, no!" Goldwater replied. Of course, all that is over now: the machinery has been set in motion and the dreams have been kindled. But the suspicion survives that Goldwater would rather be right-wing than President, and that he accordingly pursues the office with a less circumspect opportunism than any other politician has shown. Ironically, this might in the end prove to be an asset.

Precisely because Goldwater's ideas were not

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

formed in the expectation that they would have to be translated into policy, they have a kind of utopian quality that is more often found in our visionary literature than in our politics. Probably everyone in public life deserves a sympathetic exposition of his ideas, but I find myself unable to enter into his mental world, which seems to be that of another century and a wholly different style of thought. Is it a gross caricature of his ideas to conclude that he proposes to dismantle, as far as possible, the federal government, and then with this enfeebled instrument to wage the cold war more aggressively than anyone has done before? Or that he proposes drastically to increase America's military strength while balancing the budget and considerably cutting back, if not abandoning, the income tax? Or that he has committed himself to bringing about a society in which urban violence is curbed and the streets are kept safe, while expounding constitutional views under which federal intervention in the sphere of urban development is strictly forbidden?

A list of Goldwater's inconsistencies could be spun out to some length, and President Johnson is reported to treasure a substantial book of provocative and jangling Goldwater quotations compiled by the Democratic National Committee. Yet I think Goldwater is probably right in thinking that his varying pronouncements gain for him more than they lose. The educated rationalist may snicker at him, but Goldwater has seized upon the fact that the masses do not think in syllogisms but in striking images and dramatic events, that they respond to promises and to strongly-worded restatements of their own feelings without demanding to be told how such promises and statements can be geared to legislative and administrative programmes.

A CLOSE ANALYSIS of Goldwater's pronouncements would show, I believe, that they were issued in two sequences. The first, which apparently represents his natural and impulsive feelings, consists of the extreme utterances with which he first won his following. The second represents a more recent phase, probably beginning when his serious presidential aspirations quickened, and in this phase he has moderated or explained away some of his earlier remarks, conceding as little as he can to the requirements of opportunism. In his first phase, with his far-out line of talk, he won the true believers who have done such hard work for him; in the second he is successfully lulling a broader, middle-ground audience which must be persuaded that he is really not so reckless as he has been pictured. By now Goldwater has evolved a rhetorical technique which enables him to cast off a policy suggestion that will strike home with the far right and yet to couple it with some kind of technical disclaimer which enables him to escape from the full odium of his position. For example, campaigning in New Hampshire, he denied that he was altogether against Social Security, and called this charge "a flagrant lie." But he added that he believed Social Security recipients by 1970 "will be asking questions such as whether better programmes couldn't be bought on the private market."

One possible explanation of Goldwater's extraordinary pronouncements, quite aside from a strain of irritability in his temperament which becomes visible when he campaigns, may lie in his characterisation of himself as "a salesman of ideas." One of his great triumphs in Phoenix, as an enterprising merchandiser, was in making men's underwear figured with red ants, which were sold widely under the catchy label, "ANTSY PANTS." Goldwater is, in this sense, an idea man, and his sudden suggestions that the Marines be sent to turn on the water at Guantanamo, or that the jungle in Vietnam might be defoliated with nuclear weapons, may in fact be not so much policy proposals as efforts to hit on formulae that the consumers will like. Such proposals are put forth, however aggressive they may sound, as tentative ideas, and may be withdrawn if they don't seem to be going down well. This frame of mind may help to explain why Goldwater is so annoyed when his statements are seized upon by newspapermen (who are indeed generally hostile to him) as indiscretions. In the case of the defoliation remark, for example, he has pointed out that it was mentioned as one possible line of procedure which he did not in fact think would be followed. After having so carefully prepared one's retreat, it is provoking to be misconstrued.

While Goldwater's shifting pronouncements on foreign policy may be the subject of much partisan discussion, it is more important, if one hopes to grasp what he is up to, to discern the thread of consistency that runs through them. What does emerge is a constantly held conception of the Cold War. Goldwater rejects the current search for security with coexistence. Writing in *The New York Times* in September 1961, he said: "Nor is there such a thing as peaceful coexistence." To him the Cold War

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appears rather as a series of showdowns with the Communist nations—all of which can be won if we are firm enough and have superior strength. He believes that we can go on to the end to total victory through a long series of such essays in brinkmanship without the danger of provoking a war. He is convinced that the United States is losing in such confrontations, and that this is a planned procedure. As recently as March, he asserted that this country is now engaged in unilateral disarmament, and he is firmly convinced that our weaponry is not strong enough. In discussing tight situations his mind quickly jumps to the solutions to be achieved by the use of tactical nuclear weapons, and he has proposed that regional commanders, like the commander of NATO, should have discretion in the use of such weapons.

GOLDWATER ONCE advocated withdrawal from the U.N., but now only if Red China is admitted. He also once proposed withdrawing recognition from the Soviet Union, but his present position seems to be that the threat of such withdrawal could be used to gain some concessions. He voted against the nuclear test ban. He is in general opposed to foreign economic aid, though he has said that when we have to resort to it, it should be "used as a 'rifle' aimed at specific areas where we can gain an advantage over the Russians." There are times when his casual approach to the issues of the thermonuclear age is reminiscent of the sergeant in the first World War who, urging his men on into a particularly dangerous action, is supposed to have called out: "Come on, you bastards, do you want to live forever?" Characteristic of his manner of formulating and reacting to public issues was a comment he made in *The Conscience of A Conservative* about Khrushchev's visit to this country: "A craven fear of death is entering the American consciousness; so much so that many recently felt that honouring the chief despot himself was the price we had to pay to avoid nuclear destruction."

GOLDWATER'S FOLLOWERS, as one saw them in action at San Francisco, make their leader seem relatively bland. The Republican moderates and the gentlemen of the press were shocked by the virulent sentiments often expressed by delegates in private, as well as by occasional outbursts during the convention proceedings. On the whole, the Goldwater delegates seem to shade off from the extremist right of the John Birch Society, the Ku Klux Klan, and the White Citizens' Councils toward a more moderate centre where ultra-conservatism and genuine conservatism meet. Newspapermen were impressed by the high proportion of new faces. These were newcomers who had just entered politics and who had only recently won places for themselves in precincts and counties throughout the country. They were neither poor, rustic, nor uneducated; they hardly seemed to be suffering great deprivation under the welfare state they detest so much; and it is one of the ironies of our situation that such fierce discontent should exist among people who are doing so well.

A newspaperman described an encounter with a young woman delegate from a Midwestern state—beautiful, elegantly dressed, and articulate. She was plainly from a very affluent family, and had attended one of the best girls' colleges in the East. There, however, she had resisted the intellectual blandishments of the professors, who, she assured my informant, were all socialists. The conversation turned to Eisenhower. It appeared that she had swallowed the John Birch line without the slightest scepticism. We had done so badly in the Cold War under Eisenhower, she explained to the baffled reporter, that it could only have been the product either of treachery or stupidity on Eisenhower's part. And since it was unthinkable, she concluded triumphantly, that the general is stupid.... In the light of such stories, as well as the howlings of the audience at the proposal that extremists be condemned, it becomes possible to believe the claim of a John Birch Society official that as many as a hundred members of that organisation were among the delegates.

WHAT ANIMATES these formidable warriors? Aside from feelings aroused by the racial issue, so important for the Southern bloc but not for them alone, it is too easy to say that Goldwater is the hero of the economic troglodytes. Undoubtedly an important role is played by rich businessmen without a shred of social sympathy, who have hated the New Deal reforms for thirty years, and for whom the income tax is a major concern. They will provide the cause with funds, but there is something much deeper and more forceful behind the Goldwater movement than mere material hoggishness, which is almost always a certain loser in national politics. The Goldwater fanatics are not, and do not feel themselves to be, self-seeking. Their view of public issues may have been shaped by self-seekers, but they are themselves dedicated

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enthusiasts and malcontents, who want to do something good for America and for the world. (Those European critics who prattle mindlessly about the menace of American materialism have probably never given thought to the potentialities of American idealism.) I believe that Senator Tower of Texas touched upon one of their major concerns when he referred to the "moral decay" that we find around us, and that Goldwater struck another in expressing distaste for the "computer-regimented sameness" of our civilisation. The Goldwater movement is a revolt against the whole modern condition as the old-fashioned American sees it—against the world of organisation and bureaucracy, the welfare state, our urban disorders, secularism, the decline of American entrepreneurial bravura, the apparent disappearance of individualism and individuality, and the emergence of unwelcome international burdens. Although its enthusiasts like to think of themselves as conservatives, their basic feeling is a hatred of what America has become and a fierce and uncompromising insistence that it be made what they think it once was. Though they can find very little that they want to conserve, the word conservatism is precious to them because it conceals the wild utopianism that emerges out of their nostalgia.

Concerning this nostalgia, James Reston wrote in *The New York Times* at the time of the nomination:

> Mr. Goldwater may attract all the ultras and the antis—the forces that are anti-Negro, anti-labour, anti-foreigner, anti-intellectual—but he also attracts something else that is precisely the opposite of these vicious and negative forces. Mr. Goldwater touches the deep feeling of regret in American life : regret over the loss of religious faith; regret over the loss of simplicity and fidelity; regret over the loss of the frontier spirit of pugnacious individuality; regret, in short, over the loss of America's innocent and idealistic youth.

Regret too, Reston might have said, and also anger over the loss of what once seemed an almost magical capacity to have our way in the world. No one has said enough about the way in which our contemporary nationalism has been influenced by the peculiarities of our strategic history. From our earliest experiences with nationhood, the American mind was shaped by the expectation that the national will could be made effective at a relatively small price. We began not as a world power with world-wide aspirations, but as a continental power with continental aspirations. Within our limited continental theatre of action, our ability to secure those national goals upon which we were determined was in effect irresistible. Our foes—Indians, Mexicans, the decaying Spanish Empire—were on the whole easily vanquished. It is true that we also fought the British, but only at a time when they were in mortal combat with Napoleon. In this way we won our national expansion without the cost of great standing armies, without great military budgets, without huge casualty lists—without, in short, those staggering costs that the peoples of Europe have always had to pay as the price of security or of national victories. Even when we were first fully drawn into the world theatre of action, in the first World War, it was only after the other combatants were bled white and exhausted. Much as that experience was a departure from our previous traditions, it did not put an end to the American expectation of quick victory.

IT WAS NOT UNTIL after the end of the second World War that we began to realise that we were living in a situation of limited power, that even after the major effort of that war we were living in a world that we could not fully control. This realisation came with the Korean conflict, and I believe it goes far to explain the hysterical response aroused by that war, which created the era of MacArthur and McCarthy. What D. W. Brogan once called "the illusion of American omnipotence" was being shattered. On the whole, I believe our political leaders responded realistically enough to the shattering of this illusion. But among the public at large, the lesson has not gone down so well. Americans still find it inconceivable that our cold-war frustrations and stalemates in Vietnam, Cuba, Laos, or Berlin can be the consequence of world-wide circumstances not entirely within our control. They give their minds very readily to men who tell them, as Goldwater does, that we are in this situation not because this is the way the world is but because we have had irresolute and infirm leadership; or, as McCarthy and the founder of the John Birch Society said, because we have been the victims of constant treason in high places. Americans want to return to the days of inexpensive triumphs. Against this background it is a little less surprising that they listen credulously when Goldwater promises them that we will destroy the power of the Communist world and pay smaller taxes at the same time. As he put it in the title of one of his books, *Why Not Victory?* Why not, indeed? And while we are at it, why not victory on the cheap?

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Men and women who feel so intensely about political issues are, of course, in a minority in any period short of a revolutionary one. But because they feel strongly their strength is as the strength of multitudes. The Goldwater delegates spoke for a combination of resentments and frustrations so fierce that no ordinary politics, with ordinary compromises and accommodations, will contain them. Richard Rovere has concluded from his observations at San Francisco that these smartly dressed, well-spoken delegates were "as hard as nails," and that they came to the convention not to win a nomination and then combine for the campaign with Goldwater's former enemies, but rather to achieve "total ideological victory and the total destruction of their critics." Their sense of having been long persecuted and betrayed, their impulse to retaliate and to punish, are strong. A key to their mood as significant as their endorsement of extremism was the roar of approval that went up from the crowd when Eisenhower made an unfriendly reference to press opinion, and another in response to his talk about our alleged leniency toward switchblade wielders and other criminals. The effort that Goldwater's managers had to make to restrain the ugly demonstration against Rockefeller may be a foretaste of what is to come. One cannot be sure where the true believers will stop in their passion for revenge, and Goldwater, who is himself not disposed to use McCarthy's rather special techniques, may bring us, willy-nilly, a grass-roots revival of McCarthyism.

WHAT ARE Goldwater's chances? Since Truman's feat in 1948, it has become customary to hedge carefully one's election predictions, and it is true that some unpredictable event might set off a strong national current of emotion that would overturn all the usual auguries. If one accepts the only indications now available—Goldwater's performance in the primaries and his rating in the polls—he starts very far behind. I believe it is fair to say, on the strength of public responses to issues over many years, that at the time of his nomination not more than one American in five, at a generous estimate, thought as Goldwater thought. His hope rests upon the fact that a major-party nomination is a splendid fulcrum for raising converts.

At the moment, Goldwater faces a formidable set of problems. He begins as the minority leader within the minority party. Some of the moderates are coming over to him, but he goes into the campaign with his party divided. It appears that he will be the first Republican candidate in our lifetime to have a majority of the press against him. The leaders of organised labour will be singularly hostile. While he will have the preponderance of the business community and plenty of money, surveys show that he enjoys considerably less business support than Republicans usually get. He is trying to unseat, during a period of full prosperity, a popular, formidable, thoroughly professional opponent.

Before the Republican convention, the polls showed Goldwater to have the support of about one voter in five; soon afterward it jumped, not altogether surprisingly, to about one in three. By November he seems certain to do better than this. Only four times in the last hundred years has a major-party candidate in a conventional two-party race finished with less than 40 percent of the vote. In the last two such elections, both won by F.D.R., Alf Landon had 36.5 percent in 1936 and Herbert Hoover 39.6 percent in 1932. If Goldwater is defeated, much hangs on whether he can significantly outstrip such party disasters. His chances of making further converts in the campaign seem good. Before Kennedy's murder last November, a Gallup Poll trial heat matching Goldwater and Kennedy showed a Kennedy lead of 54 to 40, with 6 percent undecided. Goldwater's popularity dropped sharply after the murder, as Johnson's rose, but in running against Johnson now, he is a good bet to pull up at least close to his previous high point in the polls, if not to surpass it.

GOLDWATER IS ALMOST certain to carry most of the South and a sprinkling of electoral votes from the plains and mountain states. His main concern will be to add to these a good share of the industrial Midwest, along with California. His appeal to prudential morality, individualism, and ultra-nationalism will bring him votes from the middle-class WASP (White Anglo-Saxon Protestant) voters. His great effort must be to strike a congenial note for the industrial working class, which is so largely composed of various ethnic minorities. Hence the Catholicism of his running mate will help, as will a revival of the old demand for the "liberation" of the "captive peoples of Eastern Europe." (Goldwater thinks we should have gone into Hungary in 1956 with a force armed with tactical nuclear weapons.) Although this appeal is lethal, if it is

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not empty and cynical, it helped Eisenhower in 1952 and it may work again. But Goldwater's main strength will be in the "white backlash." Negro militancy has finally stimulated a strong white reaction, particularly powerful in the working class and among ethnic minorities. Today there is much to be gained by writing off the Negro vote and advancing the Republican party as the white man's party. Goldwater has said that he does not want to exploit racial tensions to win; but the convention shows that he has already found an indirect way of doing so. Without inciting racial feeling or endorsing discrimination, to which he is opposed, he can strike the necessary note by talking about violence, demonstrations, and urban crime. At the moment no one professes to know how large the backlash vote will be, but it could be decisive.

Unlike such right-wing heroes as General MacArthur, who was too grandiose for the American temper, or Joe McCarthy, who appeared sinister when the public had a good long look at him on television, Goldwater is personally appealing. Untoward events can help to put him into closer contention—more race riots in Northern cities, further disturbances in the South, disasters in Southeast Asia. No one knows how voters would respond if the President should have a recurrence of his heart trouble during the campaign. Goldwater can hardly be written off, and most of those who were disposed to do so a few weeks ago have changed their minds.

FEW COMMENTATORS have remarked on what seems to me the most ominous side of Goldwater's nomination, which is that he does not need to win to hold control of his party and retake the nomination in 1968; he needs only to avoid being overwhelmed, and this now seems within his grasp. Normally, of course, a defeated presidential candidate has only modest influence in his party, especially if he is altogether out of office as Goldwater would be (his Senate seat expires). But Goldwater's grip on his party is unusual. Normal candidates lead their party; he owns it. Unless his zealots are demoralised by a smashing campaign defeat and then fought, precinct by precinct, county by county, and state by state, by the Republican moderates, there is little to prevent his renomination. Even an election defeat, though it will lower his moral strength, might have the effect of increasing his grip on the party. The leading moderates are, for the most part, situated in highly competitive areas, and are more likely to be decimated in a party defeat than the Goldwater people, who occupy less hotly contested posts.

In order for the Republican moderates —Rockefeller, Romney, Scranton, and their associates and heirs—to repossess the party even from a defeated Goldwater, they will have to do what presidential aspirants have not previously been in the habit of doing. They will have to organise as a united faction long in advance of the 1968 convention, and in their private conclaves will have to make decisions that are usually made only in the convention itself. For example, they will have to agree on a single candidate to represent the moderate cause and will have to start rallying and organising moderate Republicans years in advance of the event.

There is every sign, on the contrary, that they will play the usual gentlemanly party game as though they were dealing with a typical party leader. They are, on the whole, decent and well-meaning men, who could easily produce from among their number someone capable of governing the country and keeping the peace. The question is whether they are capable of reclaiming the party from Goldwater and his true believers. By and large, the top-ranking moderates represent a privileged and moneyed class that has moved into positions of public leadership, not without effort or desire, but without the fierce partisan wrangles and tedious organisational work that has to be done by men who come up from the bottom. They have no fanatical creed that sets them sharply off from the Democrats as Goldwater's creed sets him off. Being men of judgment, and not zealots or messiahs, they are not possessed by delusions about the wonders they could accomplish if elected; and precisely because they know the difficulties of the real world, they cannot inspire the animating faith that makes Goldwater's militants so effective.

If I am right, Goldwater owns his party for the calculable future, and if he fails this year, is likely to have another try. This is one of those moments when

> *Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold . . .*
> *The best lack all conviction, while the worst*
> *Are full of passionate intensity.*

I have never been persuaded by those who see the wave of a coming apocalypse in every wrinkle on the social surface; but it is now much easier than before to believe that America is visibly sick with a malady that may do all of us in.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

James Morris

The Spanish Helmet

Letter from Madrid

DOWN THE ROAD—down any Spanish road—lies Madrid, which was no more than a village until Philip II made her his capital in 1561, and is still small enough for the country to show at the end of many city streets. Her two most enviable possessions are an art gallery, the Prado, and a park, the Retiro, and she is the capital of Spain chiefly because she happens to stand in the middle. Madrid was founded, they say, as a Moorish fortress, in the days when Castile was a no man's land between the Christian north and the Islamic south, and her original function was only military. No roads crossed at her site, no great river flowed there, there were no shrines, mines, or historical memories. Philip, plucking her from this obscurity, made her a kind of Brasília for Spain —an earnest of the future, and a symbol of unity. The disparate provinces were all to pay allegiance to her, centralising the energies of the nation, and from her brave new offices of Government, equidistant from the Primate at Toledo and the King at the Escorial, the purity of Spain was to be maintained. Besides, it looks neat and logical to have your capital in the centre, and nothing pleases the Spaniard more than symbolical precision.

The height of human happiness, infatuated Madrileños like to say, must be to go to that part of Heaven from which there is a view of Madrid. Others may feel they can survive Paradise without her. Standing as she does high in the tableland, with the desert plateau at the end of her suburbs, and a climate of horrid extremes, Madrid can hardly help sharing the melancholy of Castile; and in the winter especially she seems a capital half-frozen in the attitudes of a past generation. Twenty-five years ago she had a universal symbolism. In her, as so often in Spain before, the passions of the world were demonstrated, and men everywhere could see themselves and their societies reflected in her agonies. It was this guinea-pig status that brought the young idealists "to this plateau beneath the sky's grave manifold of stars," and placed Madrid at the very heart of the world's preoccupations.

To-day she offers us no pattern of hope or warning. Her example fires nobody. To the world outside, the future of Madrid makes very little difference. She is no longer one of the archetypal capitals, and she stands aside from the great issues that inflame us now—issues of morality, diplomacy, or strategy that scarcely intrude upon this lonely metropolis. Socially, her tone is still set by the style of her tailoring, which is precisely that of London thirty years ago—beautifully cut, impeccable of taste, but outmoded. Intellectually, you may judge her activity by the conversations of her lively liberals—who discuss, in just the same tone of voice, virtually the same controversies as animated the intellectuals of Paris, London, and New York in the years before World War II.

And yet Madrid is one of the raciest, noisiest, and most boisterous of all the capitals of Europe; and this is because economics is at last circumventing politics in Spain, and is introducing change by the service door.

UPON MADRID herself change has fallen like a pile of concrete, for skyscrapers now dominate the centre of the capital, and immense new housing estates, mile after mile, district after district, are extending the city limits ever further into the *meseta*. The last of the slums has almost vanished, and Madrid feels, on the surface, rich. Here are the headquarters of the powerful Spanish banks, whose huge central offices have almost banished from

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the pavements of the Calle de Alcalá the café life that once distinguished it—in the days when the bull-fighters had their own coffee-house, the liberal intellectuals theirs, the poets another, the generals a fourth. Here are the diplomatic offices of the Americans, whose vast payments in return for strategic favours are revising the fortunes of Spain, and here too are the headquarters of the Directorate-General of Tourism, whose staggeringly successful efforts to bring foreign visitors to Spain have acted as a yeast to ferment the outlook of the Spaniards. From Madrid, herself a babel of ill-digested modernism, all rushing traffic and gaudy cinemas, you may see how the influences of material advance, channelled through the offices of Philip's capital, are whittling away at the insularity of the State.

Industry is doing most to change Spain and bring her in step with the world. This is because it has hitherto been the lack of industry that has kept her an anachronism. She is a country whose *mores*, by and large, have been neither invigorated nor corrupted by the industrial way, whose dignities are essentially pastoral, and whose manners are those of men in direct and personal contact with the earth. The fundamentals of human life—food, shelter, procreation, God—have not been filtered through the industrial mesh of machinery and mass employment, and this has helped to give the Spaniard his sense of individual importance. He is no cog, even in the serf-like employment of the great southern estates. He is that most important thing, a man—an *hidalgo*, which means in the dictionary definition "a generous or noble man," but is literally "a son of something," a somebody.

It is this security of status that has given the Spaniard his dignity—but also kept him poor; now, for the first time, he is offered a chance to change it. Every year more Spaniards move to the cities, to work in the factories that are fitfully appearing all over Spain. Every year new technical schools turn more peasants into mechanics, more investment creates new industries, the rising standard of living itself creates more demand for manufactured goods. Every year the growing economic power of Europe, spilling over the Pyrenees, makes it more inevitable that this stubborn survivor of an earlier age must lower its barricades. Spanish industry is still patchy, often old-fashioned, and sometimes uneconomic; but the Spaniards have, for better or for worse, now plumped for materialism, and you may already see the dams, the new roads and railways, the steel mills and the power plants that are the props of the philosophy.

And if Spain cannot stand aloof economically, nor can she diplomatically. To set this industrial revolution in motion, she has needed money from abroad; and as the dollars flow in, so inevitably new chinks are appearing in the old armour of Spanishness. At the end of World War II Spain stood forlornly alone in the world—her Fascist friends obliterated, her Communist enemies riding high, her democratic neighbours hostile and contemptuous. It was not the first time in history that she had endured such isolation, but nowadays self-sufficiency is no longer a stimulant, and the recent foreign policies of Spain have been one long, difficult haul towards acceptance by the world. A new generation of Spaniards no longer accepts the innate superiority of *casticismo*. If we take money from the foreigners, the new reasoning goes, why not ideas too? If a dollar is good for a refinery, why not for a juke box? If liberal democracy did this for them, why not for us? A new sense of participation is drawing Spain slowly but inescapably nearer to the Western democracies, and is noticeably broadening the Spanish horizons. The student world is beginning to stir again, the Church shows flickerings of a new social enlightenment, the angry workers of the north have successfully defied the State for more money. As the Western world stares askance at the intellectual stagnation of Spain, so foreign books and newspapers are appearing in the Spanish cities, foreign names become better known, foreign methods, from courting rites to sales systems, begin subtly to affect the national character.

Violently hastening the process is tourism, the most spectacular of the pressures for change. In 1963 eleven million foreign tourists went to Spain—during the year, that is to say, a third of the people who stood on Spanish soil were foreigners. No other country can claim the same. It is perhaps safe to say that never before in history has there been such a mass migration of peoples to a single destination—and this to the most resolutely insular State in Europe, ruled by a Government which came to power in the name of nationalism, with a past devoted to the ideal of *limpieza!* Such an astonishing flood of visitors, eddying through the passes from the north, flooding polychromatically down to every beach, is opening the eyes of many Spaniards, and making them realise, as Sancho never did, that theirs is

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not an island after all. They are seeing for themselves how the other half lives. They see women in trousers drinking whisky, French plumbers with luxurious trailers, gay old ladies using lipstick, Americans with blue hair, girl secretaries hitch-hiking in trucks, lovers kissing on open beaches. They are observing some attitudes hitherto foreign to Spain—a taste for landscape, for example, and a passion for the sun. They are experiencing a new approach to money—as a commodity that can, for three weeks in the year at least, be thrown away without a haggle or a look at the price list.

Most Spaniards have never had a holiday in their lives, let alone gone away in a car to the seaside. In Spain a vacation has hitherto been the privilege of the rich, fastidiously dipping their toes into San Sebastián bay, or of the industrial minority, communally refreshed in the holiday camps of the syndicates. Now eleven million examples prove to the Spaniards each summer that life, even for the countryman, even for the elderly black-shawled housewife, can be more fun than *casticismo* lets it seem.

SO THE SPANIARDS move tentatively towards the moment of catharsis that economists call a "take-off"—the moment in a nation's history when its economy gets into the rhythm of expansion, and its people realise that life may actually be expected to improve.

Already their manners are changing too. The duenna is a fading figure, you no longer see the lovers kissing awkwardly but romantically through the grilles of Andalusian windows, young people are freer, loyalties are a little wider. Spanish women have always been more powerful in the land than you would think from their cramped circumstances—there was a woman professor at Salamanca in 1606, and the most remarkable Communist of the Civil War was the fiery Basque known as The Passion Flower. To-day, though, you may see their *avant-garde* going through the classic first motions of emancipation: smoking cigarettes in public places, clumping about in mannish shoes, dining without escorts in restaurants, driving cars and talking politics—gestures sometimes exaggerated and often ungraceful, but full of promise and portent.

The Spaniards drink more beer than they used to, and less wine. They go rather less to the bull-fight, and far more to the *futbol*. They chew bubble gum these days, and are sometimes to be seen, with a hoe over one shoulder or a cow on a rope, wearing urbanely slanted sunglasses. The famous old bull-ring at Ronda, where the rules of the modern bull-fight were invented, is used as a cinema on off-season Saturdays. The traditional Spanish device called a *mesa de camilla*, a round table with a charcoal burner beneath it, can now be bought with electric heating. Old people still tend to disbelieve the possibility of your speaking a few words of Spanish, but children instantly understand you. The jazz forms of the West often appeal to young Spaniards more than flamenco, and even at the Seville Feria you may find, in one or two of the festive pavilions, that the couples have abandoned their Andalusian heritage at last, and are dancing to some lush melody of Manhattan. High on the desolate hills above Toledo I once came across a party of convent girls, all in a hilarious circle, dancing the twist to the music of a record-player and an audience of three giggling nuns.

THE MIDDLE CLASSES of Spain are growing in numbers, wealth, and aspiration. In many a Spanish service station the ladies' lavatory is represented by an exquisite elbow-length glove and a rose, and the men's by an impeccable topper and a silver-headed cane—and somehow these old images, with their inferences of Noël Coward and the Astaires, properly represent the awakening of the Spanish bourgeoisie. They are in a familiar stage of sophistication. They have Popsy Krisps for breakfast, even if the packets do still find it necessary to assure the customer that no cooking is required. They wash their cars on Sunday afternoons. Their shops are full of washing machines, their roofs are cluttered with television aerials, and if they dine out they sometimes take their transistors along too, and prop them against the wine bottle. They are still thin on the ground, to be sure—they are almost entirely urban, and are still most numerous in the Basque and Catalan provinces. Every Spanish city, though, now has its quota, and one of these days, or one of these centuries, we may expect the Spanish Babbitt, with his well-pressed suit and his prospects, to replace the cloaked and noble countryman as emblematic of his people.

Manners maketh man, perhaps, but history maketh manners. Already, as pastoral Spain begins its retreat before the assaults of our material civilisation, you may see the corrosion setting in. Hideous, vulgar, and gimcrack are the new tourist towns of Andalusia, where Spanish

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speculators have allied themselves with hordes of shady foreigners, to develop the Costa del Sol; forgotten are the old instincts of form and balance, the organic strength of Spanish architecture, the sense of frank and decorous resignation. All is flash and easy profit. When Christine Keeler, the *femme fatale* of the 1963 Profumo scandal in England, preferred not to give evidence in the case of a Negro musician charged with assaulting her, it was to the south of Spain that she made her way; for there, having concluded her liaisons with the British War Minister and the Soviet Naval Attaché in London, she thought she might rent a house from a former merchant seaman, now changed by surgery into a woman, whose fiancé, the son of the Chief Scout of the British Commonwealth, kept a night club in those parts.

The truck-drivers of Spain are among the best in Europe, bringing to their calling the old courtesy and good sense of the muleteers; but the limousines of the new rich are driven with a rudeness, an ostentation, and an incompetence scarcely to be equalled anywhere. If you go to Rota, the coastal town near Cádiz where the Americans have built a naval base, you will observe from the lounging postures of the townspeople, their off-hand manners and garish shirts, that even the proud Spaniard is not immune to foreign infections. In Toledo there is a little statuette of Our Lady, enclosed within a shrine, whose feet are always strewn with pins; you may wonder what is the origin of this quaint custom, but in the new Spain you need not be long in ignorance—pamphlets telling the story, says an announcement beside the Virgin, may be bought at a shop along the road (whence, it is perhaps not cynical to conjecture, some of the pins come too).

So times change. The Spaniard, so grave, so courteous, so passionate, so reserved, turns out to be, when given the opportunity, much like the rest of us. He will push you in the supermarket, toot his horn at the traffic lights, overcharge you for the bathroom, leave the curtains open to impress the neighbours; for he is coming to terms with the world at last, and the world is teaching him how.

ALL THIS is something doubly new to Madrid, that city of command. It is new because for centuries Spain has remained, grand but otiose, isolated in her citadel; but new also because this imponderable national evolution is taking place against the instincts of the Spanish State. Of course General Franco's régime has helped the process, often vigorously; but it came to power as the champion of traditional Spanishness, dedicated to the proposition that materialism, like cosmopolitanism, liberalism, or communism, was necessarily damaging to Spanish ideals. God, Spain, Chivalry, Death were the high-sounding watchwords of the Caudillo's cause. Patriotism of the old kind, Christianity of the Spanish sort—these were its driving forces. The Crusade was intended to keep Spain Spanish, to save her from alien values; but thirty years after its victorious conclusion, its exiled enemies are winning after all. It was the academic liberals who wanted to open the doors of Spain, padlock the Cid's tomb once and for all, and rejoin the world outside; but today the Spanish people at large, who rejected in their time both the Reformation and the French Revolution, are at last beginning to accept what we in the democratic West like to call, with a wry smile or a politician's slogan, *progress*.

In the end it is bound to make them more ordinary, as the petty squalors of industrial life overcome them, too, and they lose their sense of separateness. It may be foolish to be proud and insular, but at least it makes for style. It may be wrong, even wicked, to remain a poor anachronism among the nations, but at least it has kept Spain on a plane all her own, possessing what the theatre calls "star quality," as distinct from the Swedens and the Switzerlands as a phoenix from a pair of pigeons. Progress is sure to weaken the Spanish identity, that powerful and often baffling abstraction, and the journey over Roncesvalles will inevitably lose some of its drama. Perhaps the ordinary Spaniards, often poor, often hungry, often bullied, often cold, will profit in the end; but the world, to whom the Spanish style stands as a reassurance of individual worth, come triumph come tragedy, come democracy or dictator—the world can only lose, as Spain becomes less Spanish, and the last illusions fade. "Spain is an absurd country," wrote Ganivet, "and metaphysically impossible; absurdity is her nerve and mainstay. Her turn to prudence will denote the end."

For though every country has its Sanchos, Quixote could only be Spanish, and often his illusions went deeper than the truth. To the squire it was only a brass bowl that they stole from the barber, but the knight looked beyond, and saw it to be the helmet of Mambrino the enchanter.

"Do you know what I think, Sancho? This

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

famous piece, this enchanted helmet, must have fallen by some strange accident into the hands of someone who did not esteem it at its true value. So, not knowing what he was doing, and seeing that it was pure gold, he must have melted down the other half for the sake of the metal, and made from this half what looks like a barber's basin."

WE ARE LOOKING ahead. This is nearly the end of an era in Spain, but we are just in time. The helmet is still half-enchanted, and the Spain we see to-day is recognisably the same as the Spain King Philip ruled so long ago, with his gout-stool and his dossiers at the Escorial. If materialism is by-passing the Spanish tradition at last, ideologically this nation is experiencing one of its periods of normality—one of the classic Spanish eras, in which a despot supported by Church and Army has strengthened the unifying forces of Spain, and clamped the country in a vice of conformity. Spain is theoretically a monarchy, pledged to have a king again one day. She is by nature and by background an authoritarian State, and stubbornly authoritarian she remains.

When General Franco goes on tour, you are back in the newsreel world of the 'thirties. The same troops line the country roads for hours before his passing. The same packed crowds wave their expectant banners in the streets. The same party stalwarts, with their expensive wives and impeccable white uniforms, await the leader's arrival in the gathering dusk. The same cold police officers examine the programme through steel-rimmed spectacles, and the same plump priests indulge in horseplay with influential officials. Martial rhythms thump down the boulevards, floodlights illuminate the scene, expressionless soldiers, tommy-guns slung over their long greatcoats, stand with their backs to the road and their watchful eyes on the populace. There is the same faint suggestion of fiddle or nepotism on the air, and the same frightening lack of sensitive, cultured, or humorous faces. And when at last the big black car arrives, to be greeted with cheers, bugles, salutes, raised swords, flashlights, and a general hubbub of festive but still careful ballyhoo, then for a moment you may imagine that you are back in the heyday of the dictators, and that some potentate far more awful is arriving with his bodyguard, to dominate a more portentous stage.

It is in fact a faded kind of Fascism that rules Spain. Franco won his war with the help of Hitler and Mussolini, and vestiges of their discredited credos still survive in Spain. Her people are still denied free speech, free elections, free thought, and the right to strike. There are still many political prisoners, and many more political exiles. As recently as 1963 a Communist was executed in Madrid for crimes committed during the Civil War. There is still a heavy censorship, political parties may not exist, trade unions are dominated by the State. Order is ensured by one of the biggest armies in Europe, by the Civil Guard in their cloaks and leather hats, by the special Armed Police, the ordinary police, and the secret political police. "The destiny of history," Franco once wrote to Adolf Hitler, "has united you with myself and the Duce in an indissoluble way"; and though to-day his own cause has faded and the purposes of his Crusade are being tacitly abandoned, still there are shades of blackshirt and Gestapo in Spain.

I ONCE MADE MY WAY to the village of Viznar, which stands on a hill outside Granada, and is where the poet Lorca is thought to have been killed in 1936. Lorca was murdered by thugs of the Right, but where he is buried nobody knows, and I thought I would ask the villagers for their own theories. A little rocky road led me there, leaving the golden towers of the Alhambra away to the east, and the Andalusian sun shone bravely over the Sierra Nevada; but the moment I bounced into the little plaza of Viznar, a baleful sensation of hostility assaulted me. All around the cobbled square, whitewashed and beflowered, those villagers stood stock-still to stare at me. The donkeyman at the fountain, the young bloods at the tavern door, the truck-driver sitting in his cab, the housewives poised above their brooms, the grocer peering through his merchandise—all were frozen in attitudes of froward resentment, as I self-consciously switched the engine off and stepped out of the car.

It was like an episode in some rather stagy television thriller, when the hero, stumbling along the edge of a mystery, finds himself inexplicably ostracised by everyone he meets. In that small setting, where everybody knew everybody else, and everyone was looking at me, the atmosphere was indescribably veiled and stifling. When I diffidently approached the donkeyman, he turned his back on me. When I offered a man a drink in the bar, he coldly refused it. Even the women, when I mentioned the name

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Lorca, merely shook their heads and mumbled. *"Nada,"* they said—"Nothing"—"Nothing is known"—"I say nothing." And when, baffled and beaten by it all, I drove away down the hill again, a youth who came running down a short cut from the village above stopped my car to warn me, "as a fellow admirer of the poet," that the police down in Granada had already been advised of my visit to Viznar. Why did it matter? Why wouldn't they talk? Had they been scared into silence by the police, or the local grandees, or the murderers themselves? I do not know; but the shivery little episode, occurring almost within sight of the tourist havens of Granada, was a reminder that to the courteous formality of the Spanish presence, there are some vicious reservations.

NOW, AS ALWAYS, the autocracy of Spain is shrouded in religiosity—not Christianity alone, but also a sort of dim Wagnerian vision of hero-gods and Valhallas, a gloomy level of devotion on which paganism, Catholicism, and the apotheosis of the State can conveniently be mingled. José Antonio Primo de Rivera, the founder of the Falange, is a senior figure of this misty cult. On every war memorial his name appears first, above all others, with a big black crucifix and the cry *Presente!*—which the Falange borrowed from the Nazis. The prison yard at Alicante where the Republicans shot him has become a national shrine. When his body was recently removed from one State burial place to another, it was exhumed from the Escorial with all the ritual accorded to martyrs of old, and carried through the grey courtyard of the monastery by thousands upon thousands of solemn Party devotees. Though there are many Spaniards who will respond with a wry chuckle to this unexpected elevation of a charming but scarcely God-guided young Fascist, nevertheless his presence everywhere in the haze of death so dear to the Spanish people adds an effective element of mysticism to the régime —just as the unseen presence of Philip II among the monks, coffins, and files of the Escorial must have pervaded all Spain in the 16th century. In Spain to-day the Falange is no longer all-important, and government is maintained by balancing the powers of Church and Army; but *Presente!* is a slogan of the Spanish norm, and the faintly ghostly flavour of authority remains undispersed by progress.

Scoff they may, but vast numbers of Spaniards, I do not doubt, still respond to this heady kind of autarchy. They love to think of themselves as incorrigible individualists, and if you believed their more starry-eyed apologists you would think them constitutionally incapable of suffering despotism. Such is not the case. More than most people, they seem to need a strong leader, and more than most they vibrate to the mass emotion and the communal life. They are easy to bully, as any petty bureaucrat will demonstrate, as he harangues the submissive queue before his desk. They do not often defy the majority. Watch the Spaniards at a bull-fight, and you will see that when a matador succeeds, a frightening tide of hero-worship sweeps instantly around the crowd, and that when one fails, then the catcalls and whistles echo across the city, the insults are chanted like incantations, and not a single dissenting tremor of sympathy breaks the unison—the women stare pitilessly at that handsome failure, and even the matador's own assistants, standing there all gaudy behind the barricades, avoid his eye as he leaps lithe but crestfallen out of the sand. Spaniards prefer success, and admire the really whole-hog despot. At El Toboso in La Mancha, where Quixote's Dulcinea is supposed to have lived, they have a collection of editions of *Don Quixote* presented by eminent well-wishers all over the world. When I visited the library, the first four editions shown to me, with every sign of pride, were those given by Hitler, Mussolini, Perón, and Franco (though the one signed by Stalin seems to have vanished).

THE SPANIARDS are negative individualists—there is nothing very constructive to their jealous egotism. Their social conscience is generally rudimentary, they are factional and often violent. They do have, to be sure, a healthy disbelief in the innate superiority of anybody to anybody else—"as noble as the king, but not as rich," is the Castilian's traditional description of himself, and the Aragonese nobles used to swear loyalty to their king in the following stout formula: "We who are as good as you swear to you who are no better than we, to accept you as our sovereign lord, provided you observe all our statutes and laws: *si no, no*—if not, not." Goya once threw a plaster cast at the Duke of Wellington, and the Kings of Spain themselves, perhaps conscious that their autocracy must be impersonal to succeed, never signed their names to a document, only the words "*Yo, el rey*—I, the King."

But once disciplined by the will of the

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

majority, or by the inflexible command of Government, the Spanish people seem almost ideal material for dictatorship—strong, diligent, courageous, proud, patriotic, obedient, unimaginative. Spain to-day often looks like a sequence from some propaganda film, as the jolly workmen bounce gregariously to work in the backs of lorries, as the pretty girls in kerchiefs sing songs and wave in the potato-fields, as the sailors march along the Majorca waterfront singing patriotic songs, and the schoolchildren sit attentive and respectful beneath General Franco's paternal portrait. Autocracy is a habit in Spain, and most Spaniards fall easily enough into its rhythms. Democracy, when they tried it between the wars, seemed only to fail —so unpractised were they in its techniques, after so many centuries of authoritarian rule, and so violent were the passions that its milder authority released. It is true that the Spanish people did not actually choose Franco, and have certainly not accepted his rule in the spirit of bold old Aragón; it is true that Spain seems always to be awaiting some moment of release, a chance to flower and fulfil herself; but though modernity is lapping around the halls of Government in Madrid, making the régime itself feel less a captain than an agent of Spain's fate—though Fascism feels as outdated in Spain as anywhere else, and a sense of constant uncertainty attends the future of this dictatorship—though, as we have seen, progress is coming to Spain, nevertheless the state of the country to-day feels hereditary, bred in the bones, its autocracy organic and the heavy weight of its authority as much a part of the Spanish climate as the dead heat of the Castilian summer, or the knife-edge wind beneath the ribs.

THE SPANISH LANGUAGE has two words for the verb "to be." One is *estar*, which means to be in a particular condition, as a book is on a table, or your mother-in-law is ill. The other is *ser*, which means to be in a state of being, as grass is green and God's in his Heaven. The *estar* of Spain is shifting to-day, with its new veneer of modernism, but beneath it all the essential *ser* remains. Our graph ends with General Franco. We can be sure of nothing further. Perhaps ours is the last generation to see Spain as the world has so long known her; or perhaps our children too, as they wander this enigmatic State, will recognise it still as Philip's disillusioned kingdom.

Some thirty miles north-west of Madrid a vast granite cross, the largest emblem of the Christian faith ever erected on earth, stands tremendously upon a ridge, visible almost from the capital itself, and surveying one of the most dismal battlefields of the Civil War. General Franco put it there, and inside the hill on which it stands he has tunnelled a vast granite crypt, longer than the nave of St. Peter's in Rome, and sumptuously decorated with statuary, tapestries, and bronze. Ostensibly this mausoleum is a memorial to all those, from either side, who fell in the Civil War. Actually it is a monument to the present despotism of Spain—and thus to the despotism that is Spain herself, the *ser* of this country, the denuded soil and the empty plateau, the snow on the mountains, the heat and the cold and the poverty, the ever-present abstractions of God, death, and Inquisition.

Seven hundred men worked every day for ten years to dig this place, and many of them were political prisoners of the régime. José Antonio lies now in a tomb before the high altar; there is space nearby for General Franco; in the heart of the shrine stand the thrones of Spain's unchanging rulers—on one side the Despot, on the other the Cardinal-Archbishop. All day long an organ thunders through the chapels in a constant *fortissimo*, playing pompous hymns and marches of triumph. All day long the monks, the nuns, and the soldiers file through, and the tourists whisper awestruck, and the elaborately uniformed attendants, like cinema ushers, stand with their white-gloved hands reverently behind their backs. A frightening air of tomb or prison haunts this enormous vault, the music of its organ deadens the senses, and all seems swollen, tragic, and endless.

A mile or two along the ridge stands the Escorial, and the Vale of the Fallen is another door to the *coro* of Spain. From the road that runs between them you may look out across the desolate expanse of the *meseta*, and see Spain lying there below—"a cloud of dust, left in the air when a great people went galloping down the highroad of history." There it all is, like a mirage in the morning: the space and the dust and the pride of it all, the chuffing steam trains on the high plateau, the tall golden towers beside the rivers of Spain, the storks, and the priests, and the policemen. It is the kind of high prospect that hermits look for, when they want to sit down with a skull on the table, and think about the future.

© *James Morris 1964*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Francis King

L'Acte Gratuit

"It was so nice of you to come, Mr. King," Dr. Inoue said, as he held the gate open for me to precede him into what he always called his "English" garden. Since his retirement he spent more and more of his time at work in it and the roses were by now famous in Kyoto.

On entering the church I had in fact thought it nice of so many other people to have come. "Not at all," I said. But I was already looking forward to the moment when, having arrived home, I could peel off my dark suit and the sweat-saturated shirt and underclothes beneath it, and dash under the shower. No doubt the others were feeling the same, as they stood about self-consciously on the terrace or in the shade of the bamboos which lined the neat fence.

"Bonjour, Monsieur Lefèbre, bonjour, Madame." Dr. Inoue was at home in a number of languages, writing for learned periodicals in French, German, or English with an equal facility. He alone looked cool, his shirt and stiff collar crisp, his broad forehead underneath the upward sweep of thick, silvery hair unbeaded by perspiration, his hand dry as he squeezed my slippery one.

"Such a beautiful ceremony," a large English woman whom I had never seen before was saying to Mrs. Inoue, as she rustled through the gate in a coat and skirt of thick, shiny silk, one plump hand pressing a handkerchief to the right side of her jaw as though she had a toothache. "He'd have liked the simplicity of it, I know."

Mrs. Inoue, as cool as her husband, gave me her remote, absent-minded smile, inclining her head to reveal the few strands of hair that covered it on top. "Good afternoon, Mr. King." To the woman she said: "My husband and I so much appreciated your postponing your departure in order to be here."

"Oh, I felt that I must come. We met only three weeks ago, in the Kyoto Hotel—I think that I told you how it happened, this silly misunderstanding with the Tourist Bureau and then his coming to my rescue. But after that he was so *sweet* to me, I can't tell you. It was a terrible shock when I opened my newspaper and there. . . ." Both she and her voice were lost in the crowds pouring in behind her. I recognised here the president of a university and there a well-known businessman. Soon we were all busy bowing to each other.

Mick Bates, an American friend who taught at my University, gripped my arm. "I'd just love a glass of iced beer, wouldn't you?," he whispered. "But we'll be lucky if we even get anything as stimulating as Coca-cola. Quite a turn-out."

"Amazing."

"It's difficult to believe that three nights ago I was buying him a drink—or, rather, a number of drinks—at Den-en. My God, this shirt is killing me!"

"Please, Mr. King. Mr. Bates. Do please help yourselves from the buffet." Dr. Inoue came over to urge us. "Iced tea, iced coffee or juice?" The cups were all of blue-and-white Imari china, collected, I recalled, by Mrs. Inoue as a hobby.

"Have you met my sister?"

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Yes, Mr. King once came to give a lecture at our college."

I remembered the occasion well, because the male operator of the film-strip projector had been incompetent and Inoue's sister, principal of the college, had scolded him with a vehemence unusual in a Japanese woman. She was a stout but compact figure, her hair cut in a fringe above slightly protuberant eyes.

"And this is my brother." I had heard of this Inoue, a former Nobel prize-winner, but since he lived in Tokyo I had never met him. He, too, like his sister and younger brother, exuded an air of incorruptible rectitude. His German wife, his head reaching to her shoulder, towered behind him.

"Is this Mr. King who writes books?" she asked.

The other members of the family were bewildered. "Mr. King was always very kind to Akio," Dr. Inoue said at last. "They were neighbours."

"But you have written some novels, yes?"

"Yes, that's right."

"I must certainly read one of your books, Mr. King," Dr. Inoue said. "Though it is rare for me to read fiction. As a theologian. . . ."

The president of the private university at which Akio had until recently been an instructor in German paused and bowed to me as he took a glass of iced tea. As devout a Christian as Dr. Inoue, he had always seemed to me to spend more time on attending oecumenical conferences abroad than on administering his university. "I did not know that you were a friend of the deceased," he said in a tone which suggested that he was asking for my credentials. "But perhaps you are here as a friend of Dr Inoue?"

"No, I hardly know Dr. Inoue, I am afraid. But of his brother I used to see quite a lot."

"A very gifted man."

I nodded, as we both sipped, he his tea and I my coffee.

"He was a brilliant teacher. Very much respected and very much loved by his pupils."

"So I believe."

"It was unfortunate that for reasons of health it was necessary for him to retire so early." He broke off. "Please excuse me, Mr. King. I see that the Governor is over there and I have not yet greeted him. Excuse me."

"Delicious tea," Mick was saying to Mrs. Inoue. "One can always count on the best in this house. And these sandwiches! They're marvellous. Excellent." He caught my eye and blushed; I was always teasing him about his tendency to gush on social occasions.

"A very sad event," the German wife said as though challenging me to contradict her.

"Very sad." But what funeral isn't? I wanted to add. At least Akio had left behind him no wife or children.

"He had so much—so much vitality. I admired this vitality very much. He was what you call a character, yes?"

"So few Japanese have the courage to be characters," Mick interposed. "Every Japanese wants to be like every other Japanese. But Akio wanted only to be Akio."

"Such a wonderful showing of friends," the middle-aged English woman was saying at my elbow. "He would have liked to know that so many people came to say good-bye to him."

"Of course the family is a *very* distinguished one," the male English voice of a missionary took up. "Oh, yes. Their father was a convert of Bishop Neville—you know of course of his work for the Anglican Communion in Japan in the early Meiji period? He took the Inoue boy back to England with him, sent him to Cambridge. And then he came back here and founded the Christian University in Osaka and—well, I expect that the rest of the story is known to you."

THE ENGLISH WOMAN, who was obviously hearing the story for the first time, nodded her head as she bit into a sandwich, leaving a lipstick smear along its edge.

"The next generation has been equally remarkable. Dr. Inoue here, our old friend. His brother over there, a Nobel prize-winner —don't ask me for what, I couldn't possibly explain! All something to do with electrons. His sister. . . ."

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Oh, I was talking to her. One of her girls—"

"How much longer do you think we ought to stay here?" Mick leant over to me to whisper.

"We can't be the *absolute* first."

"I saw Miss Koumari slip away. And there goes Professor Ibuki. Look."

"Well, in that case. . . ."

Dr. Inoue approached me again, self-assured and benign. "Mr. King, have you everything you want?"

"Oh, yes, thank you. I ought in fact to be leaving in a moment. I have to meet a train. Some official visitors."

"You must really go so soon?"

"I am afraid so."

"I have always wanted to tell you—" he took my arm and gently began to propel me away from the crowd gathered around the buffet to the other side of the garden—"how much, how truly much, we appreciated all your kindnesses to our brother. He had, as you know, so few Japanese friends. That was sad, a little unfortunate. But having lived so long abroad he found it difficult to adjust himself to our more—more circumscribed and—and rigid way of life." The voice was as soft and silvery as the coif of hair over the noble forehead. "My brother was not a happy man in the last years of his life."

"No, I am afraid that he was not, not really."

"Your friendship meant a lot to him."

"It is kind of you to say so."

"When he visited us he often spoke about you. With so much admiration and affection. His own room was, as you know, extremely small and uncomfortable. My wife and I often urged him to come and live with us, or at any rate visit us more often. But—well—" he gave a sad smile "our way of life probably seemed very dull to Akio, very dull and very bourgeois. So it meant a lot to him to be able to call on you whenever he felt like it. I am afraid that sometimes he must have disturbed you at your work."

"Oh, no," I said uncomfortably. "I was always delighted to see him."

"He often remarked on the depth of your understanding. Well, as I only just learned from my sister-in-law, you are a novelist. A novelist must, I suppose, take a broader view of life than other people."

By the gate I could see Mick beckoning to me to go with him. Then he shrugged, kicked open the gate and disappeared.

"My brother left no will. In fact he had sadly little to leave. But I should like you to have something of his as a memento. Would you be willing to accept some small token?"

"Well, that's extremely kind of you. Very kind of you to think of such a thing. I—I feel—"

"It was my wife who first proposed it. But I at once saw the rightness of it. Please—wait here a moment. I have it in the house. Please."

Slightly dizzy from the sunlight in which we had been standing, I retreated under the shadow of a lilac tree, leaning my weight against its smooth bole and then taking out a handkerchief to mop at my forehead and neck. What would the memento be? I thought of all the frivolous possibilities: The album of pornographic photographs? One of the brightly-coloured chiffon scarves which he would wear knotted round his scrawny neck even in mid-summer? The photograph of Michelangelo's David, framed in *passe-partout* above his bed? Perhaps the bed itself, with its skirting of soiled pink rayon and its sagging canopy, all flounces and bows? It was less than three days since he had died in it; and less than four days since I had seen him.

"BUT I told you to say that I was out." The student who worked for me part-time as a houseboy gave his anxious frown. "I said that, Mr. King. I said that you were out."

"Well then?"

"He saw your shoes in the *genkan*. He knew that they were your shoes, he said so. What could I do?"

"Oh, all right," I sighed, as I began to descend the stairs. "Then in that case. . . ."

"Have I come at an inappropriate moment?" Akio was already on the landing

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and it was therefore likely that he had heard what I had said to the boy. "I was passing and I wanted to give you this little present." Akio was always bringing me little presents; it embarrassed me that he should do so. "Please." He put one skinny hand into a side-pocket of his suede jacket and drew out a fan. "It is a *Noh* fan, used in the *Noh* drama." It is unusual for Japanese to give a present that has not first been carefully wrapped up, but Akio's were invariably produced in this way, either from a pocket or from the recesses of the briefcase which he invariably carried under an arm. "Open it," he said. "Tell me if you like it."

"But Akio, you give me too many presents."

He sniffed, holding to his sharp nose a pale-blue chiffon handkerchief which he drew out of the sleeve from which it had been dangling. I am not myself tall, but his head came only up to my shoulder. "I like you, you know," he said.

"Well, come in for a moment and have a quick drink."

"You always ask me to come in *for a moment* and the drink you offer is always *quick*." He said it without any ill-humour.

"That's because I am usually busy when you call."

"You are not so busy when other people call."

It was true; but I at once protested: "Nonsense. It's just that you're unlucky."

"I have been unlucky all my life."

By now we were up in the sitting-room. "What will you have to drink?" I asked. My student houseboy was waiting in the doorway, looking at Akio, as he always did, with a mixture of disapproval and astonishment.

"Why do you look at me like that?" Akio suddenly demanded in English. "Am I such a monster?" The boy giggled and gazed down at the carpet. "Never mind. Stare if you wish. I am used to being stared at."

"And you like it?" I said.

"A *crême-de-menthe frappé*."

"On ice," I explained to the boy. "A *crême-de-menthe* on ice."

Akio took the fan from my hands, flicked it open and, humming, twirled momentarily in a figure of the Japanese dance. As he did so a strand of the hair trained to cover his baldness slipped out of place and descended to a shoulder. With a flick of the wrist and a scrabble of the fingers he got it more or less back into position, but the dance abruptly ceased. Sinking down on the sofa with the jerkiness of a puppet, he first put a pile of cushions under his head and then drew up his legs. "Tired," he said. "There is nothing so tiring as having nothing to do."

"Aren't you correcting exam-papers?"

"Ah!" It was an exclamation of disgust. "I never bother to *correct* them. I know what mark each student deserves. That is enough."

"Akio, you're going to get into trouble sooner or later. Worse trouble, that is, than you're in now," I added.

He sat up. "Have you seen the account in the paper?"

"Yes. The boy showed it to me yesterday. It was not in the English-language newspapers."

At that moment the student arrived with the drink. Akio took it from the tray and gulped at it greedily. "Why don't you drink with me?" he asked. "You never drink."

"I drink sometimes."

"Do you never feel the need of a stimulant? Perhaps you rely on other kinds of stimulants," he continued slyly. "Do you?"

"No," I said. I remembered the rumours current in Kyoto that Akio used to "smoke" in a circle most of the members of which were either English or American.

"You are lucky," he said. "Very lucky." Again he gulped.

"Akio," I said, "how could you have done a thing like that?"

"Like what?"

"In the paper. What could have come over you?"

"Do you suppose that it was the first time?"

"Well, wasn't it?"

"*Mon dieu*, no, of course not. But it was the first time that the police were so disagreeable and that it got into the papers. I suppose

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that I have come to the end of my family's credit."

"When the boy read it out to me, I found it quite—quite incredible."

Akio tittered as though he had pulled off a brilliant *coup*.

"Then you know me less well than I had thought. It was very funny, you know. That newspaper man, he made nothing of the story. He should be dismissed. It was really much better than he told it."

"Tell me," I said.

"Oh, it is too boring to go over it all again." He put his rodent-like face over the glass of *crême-de-menthe*, sniffing at its dregs. "Well, I had just met you in Kawaramachi, remember? You gave me the brush-off." Again, as when he had remarked that I was always "busy" when he called, there was no recrimination in his tone: he said it almost gaily. "You were with some of those official visitors of yours and I think that you were nervous of what I might say or do, weren't you?" I smiled in embarrassment at this perceptiveness. "After I left you—I was already feeling a little *down*, you understand —I went to Miki's bar in the hope of seeing someone I had been trying to see for several days. But I learned that *the person* had gone off on a tour of Kyushu with some American. So I had my one *crême-de-menthe frappé*—better than this one, this is *crême-de-menthe* on the rocks, and look at the size of the rocks too!—and then I again began to wander along Kawaramachi." As he recounted all this he turned round and round on the middle finger of his right hand what appeared to be a massive gold ring—a recent acquisition, I presumed, since I had never seen it before. "I was bored, gloomy. I stopped at that newspaper shop on the corner of Shijo and Kawaramachi, you know the one I mean? They have all the European and American magazines, though God knows how they make any money since everyone reads them on the spot. I often go there—for what the Americans call the *beef-cake*."

"The what?"

"The beef-cake. You have heard the phrase 'cheese-cake'?" I nodded. "Well, beef-cake is male cheese-cake. I began to look through one of the magazines, and there standing next to me were a couple, a middle-aged couple, who were, I realised, deaf and dumb. It was very graceful, the way they were communicating with each other. You know how it goes?" He made scissor-like movements with his long, narrow hands in the air. "If only all married couples could converse in public like that. I smiled at them, they smiled at me. We approved of each other. I picked up another of the magazines and there was *this photograph*. I decided at once —I must have it. I opened my brief-case, the deaf-and-dumb couple looked at me. I smiled again at them, they smiled again at me. Such friendly people they seemed, you'd imagine they had no malice in them. Then I popped in the magazine, nodded to them in farewell, and sauntered off. Well, I never saw the immediate sequel, I wish that I had. The couple rushing to the owner of the shop. The gestures, the incomprehension, the pointing after my retreating figure. Then I suppose that they must have snatched a piece of paper and written it out for him." He chortled in reminiscence, punching with one delicate fist at the cushion behind his head. "Oh, I'd love to have seen it all."

"And then?"

"Oh, they caught me on Shijo Bridge. The two unfortunates were making such extraordinary noises—like animals squealing for their food, you know." Again he tittered. "After that—well, it was the police; my brother, my poor brother, summoned to the police-station; explanations; recriminations; my eventual release on bail. . . . Who knows what will happen when I appear in the court to-morrow!"

"But surely, for a first offence . . . ?"

"A first offence? But this, my dear, is far from being a first offence. Oh, yes! . . . My brother—my whole family—has a lot of influence with the police, but as I said before I seem to have come to the end of even *their* credit. Possibly this time it will be prison for me."

I was appalled. "Then you mean that this kind of thing has happened before?"

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Hm, hm." He nodded. He was enjoying my consternation. "Twice—no, three times if we count one time in Shizuoka. You're shocked," he added with evident satisfaction. "I knew that I should shock you."

"And what happened on those previous occasions?"

"The first time it was some flowers from the Miyako Hotel. Those foolish girls there—they deserve to have their flowers stolen. They gossip with the customers, they pay no attention to anything else. They even wander off, can you imagine? Wander off and leave the stall entirely unattended. Paper, string, everything is set out for one's convenience. I often used to help myself, it was so easy. I like flowers in winter, and they get so expensive." I was at that moment recollecting in horror the frequent bunches of roses, sometimes twenty or thirty at a time, which Akio used to bring me. "Well, one day I was a little indiscreet. I had this beautiful bunch of carnations and I was talking in the bar to this American camera-man, and he said that my flowers must have cost a fortune and—well, I know it was foolish of me but he seemed such a friendly boy and in any case I had drunk a little too much—so I told him my secret. . . . . What embarrassment! But the police were extremely kind, you know, they didn't want to make a fuss of it on that occasion. I paid for the flowers and promised never to go to the Miyako Hotel again, and that was that. My brother never even heard of it. So"—he smiled mischievously—"I started *shopping* for my flowers in the Kyoto Hotel instead. The girls are equally foolish there, but to be frank the flowers are never so fresh. You may have noticed that."

"Akio—you really horrify me!"

"Yes, I was afraid that I might," he said without any regret. "I am sorry."

"And the next occasion?"

"Oh, that was a kimono—from Daimaru. A woman's kimono, rather pretty. There was this English woman, I wanted to give her a present. You wouldn't like her at all, I haven't introduced you to her. She's a tourist, a widow, lots of money. We drink together. She got into a muddle with the Tourist Bureau—they were overcharging her disgracefully, they seem to have become so dishonest recently—and I helped to straighten things out. Well, she'd said that she wanted to buy a Japanese kimono before she went back to England and I thought that one would make a nice present from me. I found this one—you'd have said that it was rather vulgar, it was really—these huge gold flowers on an indigo background—but I knew that it was exactly the kind of thing that she would appreciate. I told the girl that I wanted to buy it for myself, and could I please try it on? It was embarrassing, I said, to try on a woman's kimono in public, and I therefore suggested that perhaps I could take it into the lavatory and try it on there. The girl agreed. Well, I knew that the lavatory had two doors, so it was easy enough to go in at one and go out by the other, on the side where she could not see me. But unfortunately there was a shop-detective there—you'd never have believed that she was one, she looked exactly like that cook you once had, the half-witted one who went back to her village. That time I had to appear before the magistrate and he put me on probation. Fortunately my brothers managed to keep it out of the press, no one heard about it, not even at the university. I was lucky."

"But Akio, why on earth do you do these things? Are you really so short of money?"

He considered for a moment. "I haven't a *lot* of money," he said at last. "But I don't think that it's that. No, I'm sure it isn't. Though I *am* extravagant, and I like to give presents to the people I like."

"Then what *is* the reason?"

"L'acte gratuit," he murmured. "Yes, I suppose it's that."

"L'acte gratuit?"

"You know—André Gide, all that kind of thing."

"Oh, but Akio, how terribly out of date!"

"Well, that's what it is." He became momentarily huffy. "Anyway, it's exciting. I like to make fools of them all."

"Who's *them*?"

"Oh, you know. My family, those silly

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

girls who are supposed to sell things, the police, everyone. Even you. I like to shock you."

"I'm not shocked, just surprised."

"Oh yes you are! You *are* shocked!"

"But Akio, where can all this lead? It's madness. You'll end up with a long period in gaol."

"Who cares?"

"You don't *want* to go to gaol."

"Might be fun," he said.

"Of course it wouldn't. You know it wouldn't."

"It couldn't be worse than going on like this." He kicked with his foot at the arm of the settee on which he was reclining.

"Much worse."

"Oh, I'm so bored! Bored and unhappy."

"But why? You have a reasonably good job at your university, you have a lot of friends. . . ."

"I want my husband."

"Your *what*?"

"My husband," he replied composedly. "He's in Germany, you know, and they won't let me go to him." He pulled out his wallet. "Do you want to see his photograph?"

Reluctantly I examined the snapshot, its edges blunted and worn from having been carried around for so long: a plump man in late middle-age with sagging dewlaps and coarse white hair.

"He is handsome, isn't he?" Akio queried.

"Well, really, Akio. . . ."

"He's out of prison now." Akio smiled, playing with the end of his green tussore-silk tie. "Just when I am about to go into prison. Too bad. But in any case they won't let me go to him, and they won't let him come here. He was a Nazi, you know. A very bad man. So they told us. I was also a very bad man. After the war they deported me from Germany."

"How did you meet him?"

"Oh, I was working for the Japanese embassy in Berlin. You know, I went to Heidelberg university, don't you?" He sighed. "Ah, we were very happy for a short while. Why did we have to lose the war? If we had won it, everything would have been so different."

"For everyone," I said grimly.

"Now I don't care what happens to me. Of course I shall lose my job. That is certain. The president called me to see him to-day. He is an old friend of my family, he was very embarrassed. He told me that if I resigned now, of my own accord, the university would pay me my pension. If, on the other hand, I refused to resign, the university would have to fire me if I was convicted, and there would be no pension at all. I have my letter of resignation here." He tapped his breast pocket.

"But, Akio, this is terrible."

"Life is terrible." But he said it flippantly, throwing off the remark as if he merely made it because it was probably what I expected of him. "My brother thinks that possibly he can find a solution. His idea is to save me from prison by having me sent to some—some institution. *Quelle horreur!*"

"Some institution?"

"For the psychologically sick—you know the kind of place. Better prison than that. I'd rather die." He gave a shudder, baring his little pointed teeth as he drew back his lips in a kind of snarl. "Well—" He swung his legs down off the couch—"I've bored you long enough with my troubles. Bored you and shocked you maybe. After all, you asked me in *only for a moment.*"

"Don't go." Suddenly I felt sorry for him, as he stood there in front of me, pulling his suede jacket into place over his little paunch and then patting his hair down flat over his bony skull with his small, manicured hands.

"No, I know that you want me to go. . . . Do you like my new watch?" He held out the middle finger of his right hand on which I had previously noticed the massive gold ring. He pressed the side of the ring and it opened to reveal a miniature watch-face. "Cute, eh?"

"Where did you get it?"

"Ah, you've guessed already!" he exclaimed, delighted. "This was really bold. And I got away with it—perfect! There was this woman in her first-class sleeper on

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the journey to Tokyo—you remember that I went there last week? She was French maybe, the watch is French. Fat, bad-tempered, with shoes that looked too tight for her. In the dining-car she pushed in front of me and took the seat in which I was about to sit down. Later I saw her going along to the lavatory, and I whisked out of my sleeper and into hers. It was late, very late, about three o'clock, I hadn't been able to sleep. Maybe she had eaten so much—I had seen her stuffing the food down—that she was unwell. Fortunately in that heat almost all the doors of the sleeper were on the latch. There were a number of things I could have taken but I liked that watch best. Very *chic*. She never missed it until the morning. The guard kept telling her about a group of boys, really rough boys, who had got off at Odawara—or maybe, he suggested, she had dropped it somewhere." He giggled. "No one would have thought of suspecting a respectable professor—brother of a former university professor and of a Nobel prize-winner!" He tittered, turning the watch round and round on his finger. "It's even a little loose for me. That shows you how fat she was."

"Akio, you're going to get yourself into the most appalling trouble. You really must stop this kind of thing."

"Don't worry about me." He patted my arm, as we descended the stairs together. "I know how to look after myself." He turned to me, pausing on the stair below that on which I myself was standing so that I had the impression that some child was looking up at me. "You know, if things get too bad, I'll just do away with myself. Yes, I mean it. I don't mind dying. I think that I want to die."

"Don't say such foolish things."

"No, I mean it. I have nothing to live for."

THE CAUSE of death, which occurred two nights later, was given as a coronary thrombosis; but knowing the influence in Kyoto of the Inoue family and the Japanese tendency to sacrifice an uncomfortable truth to a consoling fiction, I have often wondered.

"I am so sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. King." Professor Inoue hurried across the lawn, holding in one hand a small cardboard box. "Do please forgive me. I wondered for a long time what would be the most suitable memento of my brother. He had many books, of course, and I believe that you are a great reader. He also had a fine collection of gramophone records. But I wanted you to have something—something less ephemeral. As I told you, my brother was very attached to you. We always knew that. Having lived so long abroad, I think that he came to feel more at ease with foreigners than with his own people. It's a very small souvenir," he said, pressing the little box into my hands. "But it will, I am sure, remind you of him."

Already I had guessed what the box must contain: the watch-ring shown me at our last meeting.

"Please open the box," Professor Inoue urged. "Let us be Western and not Japanese in the matter. Please." He had noticed my hesitation. "Please."

Gently I opened the box, and stared down into it in growing bewilderment and consternation.

There, lying on a bed of pink cotton-wool, was a pair of sapphire cuff-links. My mother had given them to me before I had left England some six months before.

"When you wear them, I hope that you will think of him," Professor Inoue said.

And I always have.

© *1964 by Francis King*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Iain Hamilton

Among the Irish

TWO OLD CRONIES were waiting, like ourselves, to get on to the London-Dublin plane. They sat side by side, each with a couple of cased rods beside him. Their brown faces were creased with gossip and laughter; their jocose voices conjured up wide landscapes of limestone and granite and dark-blue water fringed with reeds and bog-cotton. One had a Donegal hat pushed back on his head, and the smoke from his pipe was curling round it. The other's wide-brimmed felt was pushed down fair and square. Both were wearing old suits of hard tweed, heavy brown shoes with a high polish on them, and their open raincoats hung down to the floor. They looked like a pair of decent characters out of one of Maurice Walsh's novels. Their voices were expensively accented, but light, and they had the soft terminal t's and d's that often mark even the most upstage West British speech. A couple of consultants from Harley Street, maybe, off on a week-end jaunt to somewhere west of the Shannon? They were a comfortable sight, creating around themselves a rich aura of damp clothes, turf smoke, and the breath of whiskey. Aer Lingus should have photographed them. Why is it, I asked myself, that late-middle-aged men in such disguise should look both wise and kind? An illusion, of course, but I thought that I knew something of what Yeats had in his mind when he went on about:

The freckled man who goes
To a grey place on a hill
In grey Connemara clothes
At dawn to cast his flies.

A good omen, anyhow.

Apart from ourselves, the two freckled men, and an Irish funeral party who had already begun the wake, the airplane was full of Germans. We sat opposite two of them: genial caricatures of German businessmen, huge of girth and voice, jolly, hungry, thirsty, talking through mouthfuls of sandwich and brandy about their factory in the south.

With their voices booming in my ear I opened the *Irish Times* that the pretty red-haired hostess had handed me. In the Dáil report I read an account of a ferocious slanging-match between Government (Fianna Fáil) and Opposition (Fine Gael and Labour) about certain omissions in *Facts About Ireland*, the official publicity booklet. Ill-temper had been prompted by these two consecutive paragraphs:

> Following the approval of the Treaty by 64 votes to 57, a civil war broke out which ended in May 1923 in the defeat of those who wished to maintain the Republic and were opposed to the Treaty.
>
> In 1926 Mr. Eamon de Valera, who as President of the Republic had opposed the Treaty, founded the Fianna Fáil party. Following the 1932 election, the Fianna Fáil party came to power and proceeded to abolish the oath of allegiance to the British Crown. . . .

Was all the credit for Ireland's independence to be collared by Fianna Fáil? Where had Cosgrave disappeared to, and the Cumann na nGaedheal? Where were Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith? What had happened to Jim Larkin, Labour wanted to know, and James Connolly? The debate came down in the end to a ferocious baring of teeth between General Seán Mac Eoin and Mr. Frank Aiken, the Minister of External Affairs.

"Some of the young people in the gallery got up and left," said the *Irish Times* reporter. "It was not, at this stage, a very edifying spectacle and made sense, indeed, of the calls that have been made in recent years that the old men who have served us well perhaps should now quit the scene for quieter pastures. . . ."

THE CLICHÉ to be avoided: heartfelt endorsement of Ireland as a country where the

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

visitor, as soon as he sets foot on the ould sod, feels himself transported "fifty years into the past." The Ireland that interests me is a good deal tougher than the sum of those superficial olde-worlde impressions which are so attractive, naturally enough, to the holidaymaker. What's the point in simply comparing the economic state of Ireland, in its present period of transition, with that of Britain, say, and then judging Ireland to be in some meaningful way "behind"? I like to think (wishfully, it may be) that what is developing now in Ireland is an approach to the problems of modernity which reconciles those extremes described acutely by Conor Cruise O'Brien in his contribution to *The Shaping of Modern Ireland*:

> ... Ulstermen have argued that the really modern part of Ireland is confined to the Lagan valley [i.e. Belfast and its industrial hinterland]. That of course raises the question: does Ireland as a whole need or want the kind of modernity that prevails in the Lagan valley? ... It cuts across the ordinary political, religious, and social divisions in some curious and perhaps revealing ways. Very roughly we can say that a Lagan valley solution, in the sense of industrialisation and dense population, attracted or repelled people somewhat as follows: the tendency of Sinn Féin was in favour of it, so was that of Progressive Unionism; William Martin Murphy favoured it; so did Larkin and Connolly; the Gaelic League was against it in feeling if not in theory; the Irish-Irelanders who read *The Leader* were supposed to be militantly for it; the G.A.A. [Gaelic Athletic Association] which never caught on in the cities was against it by nature, as also were most of the Ascendancy. And finally, most explicitly and consciously against it was the remarkable reactionary movement known as the Irish Literary Revival. I do not use the word reactionary in a hostile sense; reaction is often a healthy thing and may well have been so here. As Yeats wrote:
>
> *John Synge, I and Augusta Gregory thought*
> *All that we did, all that we said or sang*
> *Must come from contact with the soil, from that*
> *Contact everything Antaeus-like grew strong....*
>
> The revivalists sought in Ireland the kind of dignity and the kind and health that the industrialised world, the modern world, had lost; the Ireland they loved had an enormous West Coast and no North-east corner. They belonged with variations of emphasis to the Ascendancy and their thought for good or ill was in the perspective of the Ascendancy, the rural-to-universal perspective. A Griffith or a Moran or a Murphy thought of what Ireland lacked, which as they saw it was industry. A Yeats or a Synge thought of what industrialised Europe lacked, which was contact with the soil. Their message —they certainly had one—was formally destined for Ireland but its ultimate addressees were, one feels, the cultivated European public: "See what can be done here, with this store-house of legends, in contact with the soil and with this unspoiled people," they seemed to say. And much was done; a great theatre was founded, great plays and poems were written, the memories of great lives were left. But as for the effect of the message, literally understood, upon the first Abbey audiences, those guinea-pigs of archaism, that is not so clear. We can hardly be surprised if the poor creatures occasionally, maddened by confusing signals, turned and bit the finger of the demonstrator.
>
> Confusion is the condition in which history exists, as distinct from the way in which we try to tidy it up afterwards. The ideas which we have separated as those of the Gaelic League, the Literary Revivalist, the Sinn Féiner, and so on, were often and perhaps usually found together, in different forms of association in the same people. One could believe simultaneously that Ireland had peculiar virtues springing from its rural way of life *and also* that it ought to be industrialised.

The last sentence provides the clue to the peculiar present temper of the country. The separate strands are at last twisting together. Ireland today is (to simplify somewhat) a classless society. The birth-rate has at last overtaken the emigration-rate. The modernisation of agriculture and the continuing growth of that co-operation pioneered by Plunkett and AE are helping to slow down the flight from the land. The decay of the West has been checked also by the Government's grants and concessions to industrialists, domestic and foreign. There is a good prospect of economic growth continuing to develop fairly evenly around the perimeter of the country.[1]

Close on two hundred foreign-owned factories have been opened in the last eight years, and the rate of investment from abroad has greatly increased since the Government dropped the restrictions on foreign capital in 1958. A list of one hundred and fifty of the main industries

[1] In its survey of the Irish economy in 1962, the O.E.C.D. reported: "The structure of the economy appears to be basically favourable to growth. Ireland is one of the rare countries in Western Europe to have a surplus of manpower at the present time. Yet in other respects the country is on a par with economies whose degree of development is more advanced, notably as regards educational standards, public and private attitudes to social and economic problems, and the existence of an extensive infrastructure. The country is, furthermore, well placed geographically to serve the major European and North American markets. The extent to which Ireland has been able to attract foreign capital and to increase exports of agricultural and, in particular, industrial products in recent years, attests to the importance of these factors."

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shows only about a third located in or near Dublin: by far the majority are in the development areas of the western half of the country. The influx of foreign industrialists is having a stimulating effect on Irish manufacturers who have been inclined to take things too easy. The industrial expansion outlined in the first economic plan (which ended last year) moved much faster than originally envisaged, and the success of it is almost entirely due to the Government's various incentives to manufacturers to concentrate on export markets. Between 1958 and 1962 the level of unemployment fell from 8·6% to 5·7%. Emigration has also declined sharply—from 42,000 in 1960 to 12,000 in 1962.

ANYONE whose view of Ireland is still coloured by stage-Irishry must be greatly taken aback by the efficiency of the place. Things work, and they work well: the national airline, the tourist organisation, the good hotels, administration in the various Government departments (so human, possibly because the community is of manageable size). As for Dublin, if it is not choked by the automobile, if some sort of balance is held between the old and new in its architecture, and if inflation does not impose on it the grasping nastiness that has been forced like a blight on London, it will retain for a long time its almost unique status as a capital city in which human beings need not feel themselves being ground down to insect level.

THE TAOISEACH, Seán F. Lemass, looks business-like, sounds business-like. When Fianna Fáil came to power in 1932 he became Minister for Industry and Commerce, and since then his constant preoccupation has been Ireland's economic position. He has none of the extraordinary charisma which surrounded his predecessor, Eamon de Valera (now the Head of State). But he fits his time as Dev fitted his. Dev's great role was to secure national freedom; Lemass' to make Ireland an easier place to live in. Glamorous, intransigent, charismatic leadership is hardly needed in the day of cooling tempers, seven-year plans, educational expansion, attraction of foreign capital, United Nations duty, and the provision of counsel to the leaders of other "new nations" for whom the disinterestedness and neutral status of Ireland rank high.

Talking with the Taoiseach, I could see in him the span of modern Ireland. For this even-tempered, fast-talking, hard-headed man, who might be the president of some huge corporation, was out as a boy in 1916 and later was in the Republican garrison at the Four Courts when it fell to the Free Staters' guns, escaping on the way to Mountjoy Jail. He has seen it all, has adjusted to circumstances as they changed, and in his years of power (since Dev went to the Arus an Uachtaráin) has seen the country adjust too.

On the Republican side, much of the poison has drained out of the Partition issue. Time is on the Republic's side and there is no need any longer for high-flown rhetoric from Dublin, which is less concerned with partition than with the need to press on London its demand for a harmonisation of agricultural policies. The underlying movement of Fianna Fáil policy, so it is said, is "towards the complete integration of the Irish economy with the British"; and the underlying question is whether this can be achieved without too great a risk to the identity of Ireland.

KINNEGAD, Kilbeggan, Ballinasloe, Loughrea, Oranmore. Many a friend sneers at my simple liking for the sound of Gaelic names: a regrettable atavism, a mere sentimentalism? If it is indeed a sickness of a sort, it is one that I contracted in childhood like George Campbell Hay:

Of names sweet to the mouth,
Of names like the sounding sea,
For my delight alone
I'll write this litany.
Roaig and Airigh Fhuar,
Words from some fairy tale,
The Grianan and Davaar,
Carradale, Sunadale.

Somebody has just taken me to task for saying a good word for Richard Murphy's *The Last Galway Hooker*, which begins:

Where the Corrib river chops through the Claddagh
To sink in the tide-race its rattling chain
The boatwright's hammer chipped across the water....

He says that I should have thought nothing of it if it had begun:

Where the Stepney sewer chugs through the Gluepots

At Oranmore a rising wind began to spot the windscreen; and then we were in Galway, Gaillimh, the Foreigners' Town. Which foreigners? The Anglo-Normans, who built good grey

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Galway, exploited the mere Irish, and lived the life of riley here like the English in Madras.

All last night a wet wind howled out of Galway Bay, rattling our windows. In the grey light of morning a ship's whistle and a bugle sounded reveille together. Across the white-flecked water the hills of Clare were a rolling smudge. Twelve years ago I rented a cottage for a month on the island of Innishcoo off the coast of Donegal, between Burtonport and Aranmor. By Heysham, Belfast, Strabane, and over the mountains we went with our two children and a pretty *au pair* girl from Paris who wore pirate pants and painted toenails and carried with insouciance an imperfectly wrapped chamber-pot. At Burtonport we piled into a motorboat and twenty minutes later leapt out on the jagged rocks of Innishcoo below the cottage. Over the low hills of the island rose the mountains of Errigal and Muckish on the distant mainland, and they shivered in the heat waves rising from the cropped grass. The colours of sea and rocks and distant headlands outpostered the most hysterical Greek or Italian advertising, a currach skimmed like a beetle between Eighter and Innishmacadurn, and never had I seen weather so settled, a place so inviting. A cloud rolled over Aranmor next morning and it blew and rained for a month.

Now the rain had stopped and the wide sweep of Galway Bay had been sponged clean. Galway City is still very much a country town. In the market-places the black-shawled countrywomen stand in a neat line, their baskets of eggs on the ground before them. The middle of the road is mounded with turnips and parsnips and cabbages and clutches of indignant hens. Donkey carts and smart estate-cars with trailers are lined up side by side.

Away in the west of Connacht we stopped for tea at a fine bleak Georgian house which rode the swell of a small hill like a ship heading for the frozen crests of the Twelve Bens and the Maamturk Mountains. It had not yet opened for the season, but the landlady hospitably brought us into the drawing-room where her mother was celebrating an advanced birthday in front of a large fireplace with half a tree burning crisply in it. The old lady was drinking sherry with a fine-looking middle-aged woman who had the clothes and air of a *grande dame* and a voice of aggressive Englishness. The Edwardian style, I supposed, must have been very much like this, and here it was preserved in the amber air of west Connacht: a small find. The old lady was talking about the little chores with which she whiled away the time.

"And what household hints do you have for me, Lady Clangarrave?"

The *grande dame* laughed frankly and confessed without shame that she had none.

"If I didn't have any sarvants," she said, "I dare say I should have to get up and make my husband's breakfast, but goodness knows how."

She laughed again, a loud attractive laugh, and in my mind's eye she rose from the chair, stalked outside, mounted her hunter and thundered off, side-saddle, over pasture, bog, and outcrop, while the Irishry watched with reluctant admiration from the doors of their hovels.

The old lady congratulated her on the good fortune of the rich, remarked that for her part she was well pleased to be poor, and turned to us as we sat silent and busy beside sandwiches, scones, and cake.

"The Queen," she said, "is a charming woman, is she not? And quite without side. I should describe her as a perfect lady. I write to her quite regularly, you know, and upstairs I must have at least fourteen letters from her. Although they had to be signed, of course, by her Private Secretary.—But perhaps you are anti-British?"

"We're not anti-anybody," my wife assured her, "and besides we come from London."

So that was all right.

The *grande dame* took her leave affectionately of the old lady and departed, by car. Something about her brought (unfairly) to mind that Lady Phillipa who makes a brief appearance in Gogarty's *Dublin-Galway Train*:

> *Lady Phillipa whose share of charity*
> *Fails when it comes to familiarity,*
> *Lady Phillipa, her feelings hurt*
> *Because Democracy means such dirt,*
> *Is sitting, a most disdainful rider,*
> *With the man from her gate-lodge sitting beside her.*

"People are often so very peculiar," the old lady was saying to us. "As I say, I have a good deal of pleasure in decorating small boxes with my own painting. Once I gave one to a millionaire who thanked me warmly and said in all sincerity that he would find it most useful as a receptacle for his pins and collar-studs. There's something extremely odd, is there not, about the notion of a millionaire having a use for pins?"

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To come out of Connemara and the wild land of Mayo into the coastal plain of Sligo with its background of limestone whalebacks, fringe of smoking combers, and weird air of agelessness, is to see at a glance what much of Yeats and his work were made of. The poet's grave at Drumcliffe seemed well-kept to me (I had seen a letter in a paper a day or two before complaining of neglect). Among the stone chips, in the shadow of that fine limestone slab with its cold dismissive injunction, someone had stuck a pink plastic rose. I doubt whether the great man would have cared much for that.

I've been following a series in the *Irish Press* called "The Young Idea" and noticing how the writers, whatever their subject, reflect the discomforts of a generation with a load of heroes on its back.

"Reading my contemporaries," says Kevin Casey, "I am uneasy to find that the dominating tone of their work is one of urgent self-pity." These should be the voices of contemporary Ireland, but they are weighed down with pessimism. They have a love-hate relationship with a state of life and with a series of attitudes that they try to convince themselves never existed.

"They seem to abhor the industrial and economic progress of Ireland. They strive to be Catholic and they strive to be intellectual and end up as angelic rebels with no worthwhile cause."

Mary Kenny, writing from Paris, where she is a student, wonders if she will ever come back to Ireland. It's not that she has any particular admiration for the French; but "in going to school in Paris I was obliged to learn the Rights of Man off by heart; in drinking coffee in cafés I heard waiters and workers and artisans talking about *la liberté*. The great revelation that comes over so many of our exiles hit me slowly but with force. I discovered the meaning of democracy, the meaning of individual rights, the meaning of criticism, the meaning of the civil state of man." But it is obvious that Miss Kenny would not care to see Ireland plunging into the modernity of Western materialism. Ireland renewed would still for her be the island of saints and scholars. "Ireland," she cries, "could be a great light of godliness in a world dimmed by the ungodly. Ireland could give, oh my heavens! what priceless riches has she to give to humanity; her decency, her tenderness, her unmaterialistic goodness, her benignity, her practised and developed christian values . . . but how can she give them when the world laughs at her, considers her a nursery, a glass-protected shelter, protected from the world's naughtiness and realism, and therefore naïve and unrealistic and unfit for the combat?"

While the young ones, caught inevitably in the trough of anticlimax, agonise and utter *cris-de-cœur*, the older hands press on regardless, with all the famous panache. Liam Miller of the Dolmen Press gave me a little book he has just published: Kavanagh's *Self Portrait*, a brief, discursive blast of autobiography first delivered a year or two ago on Telefís Eireann.

"When I came to Dublin in 1939," he says, "the Irish Literary affair was still booming. It was the notion that Dublin was a literary metropolis and Ireland, as invented and patented by Yeats, Lady Gregory and Synge, a spiritual entity. It was full of writers and poets and I am afraid I thought their work had the Irish quality. The conversation in Poet's Pub had the richness and copiosity that H. W. Nevinson said all Dublin conversation had. But to me, even then, it was tiresome drivel between journalists and civil servants. . . ."

I dined with a writer in his cottage on the road to the mountains. He didn't bother to conceal the Irish irritation with the amateur diagnosticians who nip across from England to take their pulse and then prescribe castor-oil and surgery in the London papers.

"You're very welcome, of course, but aren't you always at it, and, by God, isn't it monotonous?

"Here's how you go. The censorship. The hierarchy. The illiberality of the National University. The ludicrosity of *Fir* and *Mna* for Men and Women. Telefon. Aerphort, And where are your Great Irish Writers of today, eh, playwrights, actors, artists, etcetera, and don't you think you could be doing with the English back to give you a bit of stimulus? . . .

"But it's all very simple, you know. We happen to value family life and neighbourliness, and it's true that we tend in sexual morality towards the puritanical. So what? Why not? If that's the way most of us want it, why should it worry you? And are you so very sure that the general moral state of England is all that superior? We have a Censorship Board to keep out the kind of pornography that must be making great fortunes over in England, and the price we pay for this service is the occasional, very occasional, banning of a book that shouldn't be banned, on the strength of one or two in-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dividual passages—but long after everybody who might want to read it has done so. The country's full of banned books, and everybody knows it. Is that any more hypocritical than your system which allows the free sale of the most obvious filth and then harries serious writers and publishers in the courts? And, mind you, I speak as a libertarian in these matters. As for the Irish language, it's perfectly true that most of us don't use it in our ordinary daily business; but we all know it, and we value it as a real link with the past, and I tell you that there would be an outcry if the teaching of it in the schools were abolished. You don't think much of our industrialisation efforts? Just as you didn't think the Wogs could run the Suez Canal. And come to think of it, where are your own Great English Writers, playwrights, artists, etcetera? Ah sure, you're very pleased with yourselves, but all that I can see from this angle is a slick sort of fashion parade put across by PR operators and con men. To tell the truth, and to sum it all up, I'll be damned if I can see why we should be dumb with admiration of the rat-race all you people seem to be delighted to get out of when you come over here to tell us where we get off. The last of you in-and-out experts from Fleet Street I saw here was blind drunk in a restaurant getting his host into trouble with the management by trying to tear a waitress' brassière off. Any objection to that kind of behaviour I suppose you'd put down to Jansenism or economic backwardness or incipient fascism or something of the sort. The hell with it. Have a drink. . . ."

A visit to the 1916 room in the National Museum set me brooding on English attitudes to Ireland. A liberal friend of mine in London said once: "A funny thing about Ireland is the way I forget all the facts." Was the subject then so boring?

"No, not that," she said. "On the contrary. I've always been deeply interested. But if I read anything, like that book about the famine—what's it called?—I forget all the details as soon as I've read them."

In much the same way, I thought, as a good liberal German of to-day is only too ready to forget all he has read about the persecution and destruction of the European Jews. Is it in the nature of people to beat their breasts and cry woe forever over the cruelty, madness, and arrogance of their forefathers or their institutions? The Englishman who is readiest to fly into a rage if he suspects the Germans of the slightest unwillingness to make manifest in all ways and at all times their sense of collective guilt is the very man most likely to regard as plain lunacy the very idea that he should ever feel, even privately and for the briefest moment, the slightest qualm at the undoubted historical fact that for something like seven hundred years England not merely held the Irish in subjection but, on a number of occasions, came close to liquidating them entirely. The history of feudal, racial, religious, cultural, political, and economic persecution which England visited upon Ireland until shortly before the last war is one long chapter of horror, madness, and waste. It is redeemed, on the one hand, by that force of English public opinion which made it impossible for Lloyd George's government to pursue a Draconian solution to its conclusion, and on the other by the gentle and forgiving nature of the Irish in Ireland. There is no hatred here of the English, no dislike even, now that the Irish are free to live for Ireland, not obliged to die for it. It is only among the children of exiles, and especially those in the United States, the descendants of those wretched creatures who came tottering off the plague-ridden coffin-ships like the living skeletons of Bergen-Belsen, that the old hatred of England's cruel red is kept alive.

Four years ago in New York I went to a theatre party in a bar off Broadway with Brendan Behan and found the intransigent local Irishry there in force to honour not so much the playwright as the hero who had come to Liverpool as a boy to blow up England. I was greeted with some suspicion and hostility until Behan (who hated nothing but hatred and death) prompted me to prove my good faith by showing them that I knew the words and tune of *The Croppy Boy*. Some of those Yankee Irish, in their deep consuming romanticism, were like ghosts of the wild O'Tooles crouched in their fury above the Pale. (Connolly said that "when St. Patrick drove out the snakes, they swam the western Ocean and turned into Irish Americans. . . .") When they uttered the very word Britain their mouths might have been full of dung. Their passion reminded me of a verse which Neil Munro wrote on the theme of a Clanranald rant, *Come to us and we will give you flesh* (an invitation to the eagles and ravens to dine off the corpses of Campbells freshly slaughtered by the MacDonalds):

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

God's name! they provoked us, the crook-mouthed, the cunning!
Sitting so pious and snug in their holds,
Their eyes shut in prayer till the fat rings rolled o'er them,
A blame and a boast in each bleat from their folds.
'Twas not that they spoiled us by sword or by sheepskin,
Not that they harried or lifted our kine,—
They passed us at market like dirt from the lowlands,
O children of Diarmaid! O litter of swine!

But there is no remaining animosity among the Irish of Ireland,[2] behind their armour of irony the gentlest and most courteous of people, tender-hearted, hard-headed; for at last they hold their past secure through the self-sacrifice of a handful of men whose memory demands respect and honour.

When Pearse and Connolly and MacDonagh and the others brought out their puny forces in Easter Week they had virtually the entire population of Ireland against them, the Church, the patriots, the shoneens of one class or the other. Everything was wrong—everything, that is, except the icy spirit of those men and women who knew (consciously or otherwise) that Pearse had been right: without such a self-sacrifice as they were now offering, the Irish nation could never know freedom or justice or the realisation of its own identity.

I have turned my face
To this road before me,
To the deed that I see
And the death I shall die.

Not all of Pearse's companions-in-arms shared his fatalism, but it is the peculiar quality of that deeply religious mind that has stamped the Rising. I am no connoisseur of such things, but I know of no protest-in-arms more truly heroic than this, no self-sacrifice so productive of peace. Many terrible things were to happen between Easter Monday of 1916 and the 24th of May seven years later, when Eamon de Valera ordered his Irregulars to cease fire, but they have a deep stamp of inevitability on them. The moment Pearse struck, everything

changed, changed utterly,

and Ireland, less its Orange corner with the full force of the British Conservative Party behind it, was irrevocably on the road that would lead to political rupture.

I am not saying here that this was either a good thing or a bad thing, but only that the renaissance of a people in the face of exploitation and maladministration had made the reaction of violence inevitable, and that the protest-in-arms when it came was bound to lead to separation. The self-respect of the Irish nation could have been satisfied with nothing less. The wounds of centuries had at long last to be healed.

In his *Story of Ireland* Brian Inglis says that "the importance of nationalism in Irish history is easy to over-emphasise, for the same reason that the importance of kings and their wars and battles has been over-emphasised in English history—they make romantic telling...." But certainly the 5th of September, 1914, is a date beyond which it would be impossible to over-emphasise the importance of nationalism in Irish history. For it was on that day, in the room of Seán T. O. Kelly (later to be President of the Republic) in the Gaelic League offices in Parnell Square that Padraic Pearse, Eamon Ceannt, Seán MacDermott, Tom Clarke, Arthur Griffith, and others decided on a rising. Connolly's banner along the front of Liberty Hall proclaimed:

WE SERVE NEITHER KING NOR KAISER, BUT IRELAND.

Mere rationality had bowed itself out with 1914 and the shelving of home rule.

In August, 1915, Pearse spoke over the grave of O'Donovan Rossa at Glasnevin. "Life springs from death," he said, "and from the graves of patriot men and women spring living nations. The defenders of this realm have worked well in secret and in the open. They think that they have pacified Ireland. They think that they have purchased half of us and intimidated the other half. They think that they have foreseen everything, provided against everything; but the fools, the fools, the fools!—they have left us our Fenian dead, and while Ireland holds these graves Ireland unfree shall never be at peace."

Many years later, Yeats, examining his conscience, thought of his *Cathleen ni Houlihan* and cried:

Did that play of mine send out
Certain men the English shot?

[2] There is far more resentment of England in long-conquered Wales, or in Scotland for that matter, a country which has been almost entirely absorbed politically and is now being digested socially and culturally by the larger polity of the south.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It did. And did it also help, at a long remove, to stiffen the intransigence of those who judged it necessary to continue the protest-in-arms against fellow-patriots content, for the moment at least, with the half-loaf of the Treaty?

When the Civil War broke out, AE wrote bitterly to Lady Gregory suggesting a play about "how the generations for seven hundred years fought for the liberation of beautiful Cathleen ni Houlihan, and when they set her free she walked out, a fierce vituperative old hag." But the years have worked their healing, in spite of the arid winds that sometimes swirl out of the past, and the last lines of Yeats' play can be taken hopefully as prophecy as well as parable:

> "Did you see an old woman going down the path?"
>
> "I did not, but I saw a young girl, and she had the walk of a queen."

ENGLAND'S ERROR, after the time of mere rapine, was always and above all that of a profound lack of understanding. There was always more ignorance (and the arrogance of ignorance) than active malevolence bred of greed and fear. Cromwell informed Parliament after his butcheries at Drogheda that they were "a righteous judgment of God upon those barbarous wretches." He was, we must suppose, not merely sincere in his rationalisation (as old General French presumably was in 1920 when he announced that all the troubles were the result of there being a hundred thousand "surplus young men"), but profoundly shocked to think that there could actually exist in these islands a people so wicked as not to wish to merge themselves into the divinely ordained English polity.

BRENDAN BEHAN is dead, and I had thought of him as indestructible. Our first meeting was in January 1957. I went to Dublin in the tender care of Gerard Fay of the *Guardian* and Brian Inglis of the *Spectator*. While they were off about their business I was after Behan, whose name at that time was quite unknown in England except to the police. Irish friends had told of a roaring boy with a real talent. An autobiographical fragment of thirty-odd pages of typed foolscap had been circulating for a year or two. Get hold of Brendan, Val Iremonger advised me; read the typescript; sign him up; and pray God he'll finish the work.

So there I was on the job, with the enthusiasm of a man new to publishing, a predilection for the Irish, and a certain sceptical caution engendered by much reading of English or Anglo-Irish writers embittered or disillusioned by their experiences among "the all-drinking, all-talking, all-bitching, non-writing writers of the Dublin pubs." I looked for Behan and failed. But there was plenty to occupy me otherwise. Seamus Kelly had written a couple of paragraphs in his *Irish Times* column, announcing that I was in Dublin on the hunt for Irish writers and inciting all and sundry to dig out their piles of typescript, ancient or modern, and bring them along to the Shelbourne. I could hardly get out of my room for the memoirs of wars both civil and of independence, and many an engaging old warrior lay in wait in the lobby.

At four o'clock in the afternoon a day or two after our arrival we were sitting in the lounge of the Shelbourne, mulling over some weighty but cryptic remarks about reunification that the Taoiseach, Eamon de Valera, had let fall to us during an interview. Behan suddenly rolled down on us, his wife Beatrice behind him. He had an old briefcase under his arm, and in it the thirty-odd pages of typescript I was so anxious to see. But there had to be preliminaries before I was allowed to look inside: a mutual sizing-up process.

Well then, what was he to me, now that he was there in the flesh, already half a legend, bulky, scruffy, unshaven, a touch musty, a shade elated? Within five minutes I had no doubt at all that here was a person quite unique, a man of a kind I had never met before. I am not referring to his appearance, or his manner, or to what he said, or to that generosity of character and personality which was immediately apparent in any conversation with him, and not at all to his "outrageousness," that "stage Irishness" which he cultivated, I think, less to please the English and Americans than to needle his more self-conscious and respectable fellow-Dubliners struggling earnestly against the image imposed on them years ago by comics who had taken their cue from the hostile English caricaturists of the 19th century. No, what struck me was this, that whatever else he was, Behan was God-branded. I don't know how else to put it. Among other odours, that of sanctity was predominant. It might have been Coleridge's mariner who was talking to me.

And what was I to him? A bloody Presbyterian Scots chancer on the make, too neatly dressed, with a moustache a little too British-military for comfort, a phoney out to tie him up

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and render him down, if possible, into publisher's profit? Something like that to begin with, I think. But maybe it was only the uncanny feeling that this man could see straight into the depths of his interlocutor. No matter: we embarked on a verbal investigation of the universe which went on non-stop for six hours. Huge volumes of whiskey and stout lubricated the dialogue. It was Behan who set the pace, and his rule was clear: drink for drink. We moved from the Shelbourne lounge to the Shelbourne Rooms, and from the Rooms (when Behan's illustrative snatches of song began to alarm the staff) to a corner of the deserted ballroom, and from the ballroom to O'Neill's in Merrion Row, and from O'Neill's to O'Donohue's, and from O'Donohue's to a pub whose name I've forgotten somewhere off the south side of St. Stephen's Green. By ten o'clock Behan must have conceded that there was some decent humanity behind my unprepossessing front, for by that time I was in possession of the briefcase. We parted then for the evening. Fay and I had to go on to a party at Blackrock. When at length I got to bed and opened the briefcase, the lines of spattered typescript wavered and wobbled behind the fumes that my very pores were exuding. But I got the message: those few opening pages were like a crystal of the whole man, who seemed in himself an impossible embodiment of all the extremes of Dublin. It was perfectly clear to me that I had the beginning of something extraordinary[3] in my unsteady hand.

After dinner we looked in at O'Donohue's a resort of singers, jammed to the doors. A man on a bench was playing an accordion as and when the mood took him, and his neighbour occasionally came in with a mouth-organ. From end to end the place was packed with singers—folk singers we should call them in London, and in New York ethnic, bluegrass, or city singers. But in Ireland qualifications are unnecessary, for the songs they sing have never had to be dug out of obscurity and launched on the wave of some with-it movement.

[3] *Borstal Boy* (Hutchinson, 1958).

For love and porter
Make young men older,
And love and whiskey
Make old men decay.

The curates cried time and the whiskey and porter ceased to flow. We started to make our way through the back room and ran into an actor with Jeannie Robertson, the ballad-singer from the north-east of Scotland, and her husband, both of them in Dublin to perform at a *fleadh*. We all went back to the actor's house by way of the Knights of Columbanus and the ghost of George Moore and through a passage as dark as the earl of hell's waistcoat, and there, on the warm side of a handsome Georgian doorway, we were comforted with bourbon and some rich Buchan ballads of a sexuality and saltiness that would have delighted the highly unsentimental Irish poets of the 18th century.

There was with us an agreeably histrionic central European who has settled in Dublin and is on the way to becoming Irish. As the wild cadences rose and fell and the grace notes flew from Jeannie's expressive throat like the trilling of curlews, a look of discomfort crossed his face (exactly the same look as I have seen work its way down Kingsley Amis' face when exposed to the same sort of noise).

"She is absolutely charming, of course," he said to me in a low voice. "But do you really enjoy this sort of thing?"

I assured him that I did; it was indeed music in my ears; it always had been; I was much the better of a strong dose of it now and then. He was astonished.

"Now, the folk-music of Poland, of Russia," he said, "that has real beauty, but this. . . ."

The discomfort on his face hardened into horror. His disapproval was æsthetic. (Amis', as he has told me, derives from ghastly experiences with professional Celts to the west of Offa's Dyke.) But I have often seen that horror on ordinary, and less mobile, English faces. For them such music must prod into life an ancient atavistic terror, the tremulous ghosts of their ancestors stirring by the fire in their armed camp while the wild songs of the un-English enemy drift out of the surrounding darkness on the soft wet wind of the west.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Robert Conquest

Literature in Soho

Gamboge neon BOOKS AND MAGAZINES
Is a convention which means
You'd be lucky to find

Eliot here, or Waugh or Amis.—Lawrence
Yes, but as reassurance
Only, a kind of a kind

Gesture to the bourgeois, the genteel
Who otherwise might feel
Ill at ease, out of sorts

(As, looking at that pile, they would be if
They noticed on top SIR CLIFF-
ORD'S MISTRESS, which, of course

Purports to tell the consequences of
Chatterley's successful Voronoff
Operation and Mellors' sad

Midnight accident with the man-trap),
But we, under no such handicap,
Are free to wish that we had

The eight guineas necessary to horn
In on all that splendid porn-
ography—beautifully

Hand-tooled, morocco-glittering books
From the break-up, by their looks,
Of Lord Houghton's library.

VENUS IN INDIA on the upper shelf!
—The only work I've read myself
In the genre from cover to cover (Oh

Surely you're not counting FANNY HILL?);
It's Victorian, formal:
" . . . *at once*, Captain Devereux!"

An imperious girl completes instructions to
The hero, whose substantive portion you
Will have to take as read.

The whole book's very coarse and healthy fare,
Unlike the COLLECTED WORKS, up there,
Of (though I've only skimmed him) Sade.

"No expert, then? Don't read it much, eh?"
Yes,
That's so, I'm sorry to confess.
But if I did voraciously

Absorb it, some would call my standpoint
biased.
Either way, in fact, in my est-
imation, they could speciously

Discover an ad hominem to pull:
Arguing with a liberal
Attitude is difficult.

But anyhow, wait till we reach the outer
Salon. I know enough about a
Nude photograph to make them belt

Up on that one.—Sade, then: a Bastille
For a few years and you too might feel
A little frantic. A Thousand

Nights (was it?) of raving lusts, on paper.
Scholars find the dull old raper-
dreamer most significant,

But I reflect, in life he gave some smacks
To a girl's bottom, then dropped hot wax
On it: dubious, no doubt,

But hardly, you'll admit, the very worst
Type of sexual holocaust.
Illustrated? Well, don't pull it out,

For here, back from his phone call, Liberty's
Agent—not one of your Garibaldis
To look at, with those water-blue

Eyes and clipped moustache—in a polite way
Leans through the sort of plywood guichet
Blocking much of the view

Of the back-shelves. *Was it bondage, Sir?*
Well, as
A matter of fact really I was
Just browsing. And the answer's no.

Nor do I get much out of this rone-
oed short story, THE HUMAN PONY,
Nor RUBBER-GIRDLED FLO.

—I detest what these chaps read; but I defend
Their right to read it, and
I won't think it does much in the

Way of harm till I see girls lassoed
Out in the Charing Cross Road,
What harm it does, moreover

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literature in Soho

Being negligible (in the very strictest
Use of the word) against the best,
Even, results of scotching:

Eunuchs, weasels, satyrs, zombies, goats
In a frenzied scrabble for notes
Might try some beam-watching.

So walk in, or (if a pony-fancier) ride.
Meet, or beat, or be, your bride.
Not your taste? But, for example,

Who never wants to more or less tenderly
rape
A girl of the right sweetness and shape?
And that's a fairly simple

Case. "The obscene does dirt on life."—
Come off it!
Remove that robe, damned minor prophet,
And get something into your head,

Whether you're sticking solely to the Bible,
Or are one of the new lot, liable
To call LADY C sacred:

Life is not so feeble. It can take it.
It's also much more complicated
Than you seem to imagine:

Freud, in his "A Child is Being Beaten"
Says the most fantasy-ridden
Most hate a cruel real scene;

While Himmler forced himself to be a brute.
He
Relied on a sense of duty.
—In "duty," power, even fame

(That first infirmity of nasty mind)
A mask quite like mankind
Conceals genetic shame

Which twisted, in some long-past generation,
To this unfavourable mutation
—Sub-men in other ways, but

As successfully parasitic on
The genuine social organon
As the tape-worm on the gut.

And let's recall how keen the Nazis were
On stamping out erotica
(Like the Stalinists still),

Which makes it all more than a little hard
To put the blame on poor old Sade
—Who thought no State should kill.

As for "mere fantasy," well, would you feel
Better if it were proved real
—Or *became* most realistic art

But a bit belatedly, in retrospect
As it were, through the imitation act
Of Nature (if you can call it that)?

As I'll swear on affidavit, I myself
Was lectured, when eleven or twelve,
By one of those clerical beaks

Who, starting, "Now, that part of you
between
Your legs—*you all know what I mean*,"
While explaining how sex

Was sacred and swinish, branded self-abuse
But had the decency to refuse
The old terror ploy still

Practised elsewhere, that it "drove you mad."
It's high time pornography had
The same sort of acquittal.

No doubt you can get addicted to a book
Just as you can (take a look
At Hirschfeld there) to a fur,

A pair of shoes, a penknife or a bust
Or even—a more recherché lust—
To a nickel-plated boiler.

But even the boiler fan (with his thousand-
pound
Fantasy to drag around
In case he needed rapture,

Causing difficulties with hotels
And a great deal else
—You can recapture

The whole story somewhere in a back file
Of the *News of the World*) . . . Meanwhile
Even that, and even odder

Things appear a minor nuisance matched
With the manias getting hatched
In the mind of a do-gooder.

Mightn't truth be better, in a way,
Than trying to make humans obey
The various regulations

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Robert Conquest

Laid down, it seems, for quite a different
species?
Your little daughter? One day she'll see
she's
Welted by your tight-boned notions,

So if you're laurelled with excessive guilt
Keep it to yourself: once spilt
Its juice is deadly, dripping

Like Upas. And who—if character defects
Do cluster around sex—
Shall 'scape (excuse it) whipping?

—Well, apropos, CRUEL NYMPH implies
more action
Than most of this. But for satisfaction
The stuff's more promising

In the outer room. On which the complaint
could be
Not "fantasy," but "reality."
But there's no pleasing

Some people. And, hell, what should I do?
I don't propose to visit a stew
Just to point some apothegms.

For anyone with eyes in his head and sex
Somewhere will like the effects
Of the (still vicarious) harems

On the baize table— MODEL, TITTER,
SPICK,
(Though not the SEXOLOGIC-
AL JOURNAL, thanks). Oblique

Sex stimuli? Yes—except for beasts, or
sailors
Thronging down gangplanks of whalers
Years in the Arctic, horned like

Narwhals; (even the real stuff in Soho'll
Seem pretty good if a blowhole
Has been your biggest thrill long).

—I've been waiting to get out here all the
time:
Less to talk about, more to chime
In about with sigh, snort or song.

But look, what luck, the very SCANTIES 8
That a bench had to reprobate
Last year as "absolute filth,"

As a result of which seethings the judicial id
Fined the printer nine hundred quid!
Oh dear it's dull, but a wealth

Of evidence against—not of course the
printer:
Just nudes and semi-nudes, not a hint, a
Gesture obscene (if you'll

Pass a certain vulgarity of style),
Depilated, no single vile
View of the sexual

Parts—unless the justices now count
These as starting above the Mount
Of Venus. And there's FEMME,

Equally blasted, just as innocent. Well
Instead of the fuss about DHL
The intellectuals should, damn

It, have defended these good causes first
—Excuse the moral outburst,
But perhaps you too have felt

Righteous anger? Well, let's calm our nerves
With these unsinusoidal curves
From which, as any gestalt

Psychologist would tell you . . . Better now
Already? I'll take TITTER. How
Can we leave without a purchase?

Three-and-six? And anyhow the one
On p. 27 seems to run
Right through me. Phidias

Would have approved that as a major part
In appreciating his art
Even though wanting other

Components. Those who don't like icons of
Women, for all their talk of "love"
Don't like women much either,

Relying for their sustenance instead
Upon vague creatures in their head,
Simpering, sopping wet.

I don't say, spend long hours in this mart.
There's not much about Life and Art
To learn here really. Yet

Unless that bit is adequately mastered
You remain a contemptible bastard
Like those censured above.

—Beyond word's fantasy, or vision's pose,
Through sex and the feminine one knows
Oneself. Then others. And then love.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE

Darkness Risible

By John Gross

"So it's a tragedy after all!" cries the maid at the end of *Victor*—and who could devise a happier curtain-line for a modern comedy? Comedy and tragedy have often been intertwined, and they may ultimately spring from the same root, but until the present demoralising century it has been comparatively easy to disentangle them.[1] The classic comedies bring folly to its senses, spread confusion only so as to straighten it out again, and celebrate human nature in the very act of exposing its infirmities; typically they close on a note of unillusioned forgiveness (*Così fan tutte*, don't think you can change the way of the world), with the lesson that life is a state in which there is much to be endured, and even more to be enjoyed. But except for odd bursts of euphoria we no longer have the confidence which festive comedy requires. (The last major dramatist to whom it came naturally was probably Shaw.) Instead, we have learned to take our comedy black, looking to it for additional discords rather than fresh harmonies, demanding of it not light, but rather darkness risible. And black comedy is essentially anti-comedy, resting on a mistrust of all laughter which is neither bitter nor disruptive.

To judge from *Victor*, Roger Vitrac was a funny man (at times a very funny man) who mistrusted laughter, and if his play is to be classified at all it is surely as an anti-comedy. Indeed, it might well be considered in the first place as a kind of satire on farce. The upholstery and the adultery come straight out of the boulevard tradition, and so do most of the *dramatis personae:* the philandering husband, the cuckold, the wheezy general, the simpering maid. But Vitrac deliberately makes nothing of the farcical complications into which such characters would have been manoeuvred by Feydeau or Labiche. The intrigue is perfunctory, and right from the start it is dwarfed, as it were, by Victor himself (nine years old, five foot nine inches tall), and even more by the fact that his otherwise apparently conventional family seem to take him completely for granted. The well-managed nonsense of the professional entertainer is meant to pale in the presence of really wild surrealist nonsense. But if the humour of the piece lies in its craziness, it is sour humour nonetheless. In the last act the belly-laugh turns into a belly-ache, and Victor dies on his parents' marriage-bed.

It will hardly do, however, to represent Vitrac as a solemn personage crushing the *farceur* with thin-lipped rebukes ("I'm sorry, Feydeau, but I just don't happen to find that particularly amusing"); and it would be equally misleading to attribute to him too steady an aim or too coherent a design. To a considerable extent he was no doubt teasing, making it up as he went along, indulging a private mania: not for nothing was *Victor* originally staged by the Théâtre Alfred Jarry. *Ubu Roi* and its successors grew out of a schoolboy joke, a skit on one of Jarry's teachers; *Victor* looks as though it might go all the way back to a fit of tantrums in the nursery. The author, nine years old again, takes his long-delayed revenge on Mama and Papa by letting the whole world know what grotesque antics they get up to in the bedroom; and having desecrated the shrine, he throws in another common childish fantasy: "I'll be dead and *then* you'll be sorry." Admittedly this is all sheer guesswork, since luckily we know nothing of Vitrac's actual childhood; but in naming his hero he drops a broad hint, which we are glad to pick up. One London reviewer has already complained that "Victor" is not an exact anagram of "Vitrac", and taken this as symptomatic of the author's general ineptitude, but an afternoon spent with pencil and paper has failed to produce a better result. It *is* rather unsatisfactory, on the other hand, that Vitrac (1899–1952) should have made Victor (1900–1909) his junior by a year. But perhaps he was trying to distance himself from his subject. At any rate, the dates

[1] An excellent discussion of the whole nature of tragicomedy and its traditions can be found in a recent study by Cyrus Hoy, *The Hyacinth Room* (Chatto and Windus, 35s.)

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

do matter, for while a prodigious invention like *Ubu* can go ballooning off into the realms of timeless fantasy, *Victor* remains firmly tethered to its period, a curiosity of the 'twenties. Which means that in the current London production the action is being seen at two removes in time, since for its original audiences in 1928 (when there were only three performances, incidentally) it was already taking place in the past. In particular the purple-faced patriotism which is Vitrac's special abomination is unmistakably pre-1914, and being hooted at from the near side of the abyss.

VICTOR is full of unpremeditated gags and inexplicable gaps, but it is nevertheless too well-organised, too restrained, to qualify as an example of pure surrealism, a stream of fluid images pouring straight out of the unconscious. The play which Vitrac wrote immediately before it, *Les Mystères de l'Amour,* sounds much closer to the kind of spontaneous upsurge recommended by André Breton and the original Surrealists (although at the time it was written Vitrac had already been disowned by the movement, along with Antonin Artaud, for deviationist tendencies, and Breton and his crew did their best to sabotage the Théâtre Alfred Jarry). *Les Mystères de l'Amour* consists largely of "the tender and sadistic fantasies of two lovers" (for a summary of its contents I have to rely on the researches of the estimable dramaturg Esslin). The author himself enters at the end of the first scene, covered in blood and shaking with laughter; numerous tricks are played with time and space, and the cast includes Mussolini and Lloyd George, who goes around sawing up corpses. One sees that the charms of such a work might not prove inexhaustible, and that Vitrac knew what he was doing when he reverted to a comparatively chaste manner in *Victor*. Isolated surrealist effects are one thing, a full-blown surrealist play something else: the unconscious can come up with dazzling lyrics (sometimes), but only with the muddiest and most dismal of epics, and two-and-a-half hours of non-stop spontaneity is more than flesh and blood can bear.

The essence of drama is development: even the surprises ought to look inevitable in retrospect. That *Victor* contains a fair amount of mere doodling, nobody would deny; but it is hard to agree with the view which has been widely expressed that in the last act it completely goes to pieces. On the contrary, it seems to me to gather strength as it progresses. At the beginning of the play Victor is the smirking birthday-boy, whose only aim is to see how much mischief he can get away with. He blackmails the maid, breaks the china, goads the unhinged patriot into an insane tirade, persuades the aged general to crawl around on all fours, and plays the fool with his doting parents. Secretly—and sometimes openly, as well—he jeers at the pieties of conventional family life. But when he finds his father's adultery ridiculous, he doesn't fully understand what he is laughing at, although he is beginning to have some fairly warm notions on his own account. Enter Ida Mortemart, and the facts of life. Victor recoils from the bad news: contempt turns to horror, amusement to disgust. Now there is nothing left for him to do but die—in an odour of sanctity, as if to banish the smell of mortality. He scurries in and out of his parents' bedroom, looking absurdly like a priest in his starched white nightgown. But he hasn't got time to preach: he is in too much pain, since his feelings of moral revulsion have been translated into stomach-cramps. The heartless joker has been humanised; at last he knows what it is to suffer (and paradoxically he seems more like a child after he has been initiated into the adult world than before).

SUCH AN INTERPRETATION will appear high-flown only if the Ida Mortemart episode is thought of as an interlude, a cynical device for shocking the audience back into life. But it is really Victor whom Ida shocks, and her arrival changes the mood of the entire play. While the rest of the cast (like a mirror held up to the audience) double up with mirth at each new outbreak of farting, Victor stands in the background, silent and perplexed; and though he makes one last attempt to play the giddy goat, he knows that he is doomed.

The Playwright as Stinker? Possibly; but Ida represents something more than an aggressive practical joke. As Artaud stressed in his programme-note for the original production, she is a phantom, an apparition, and she ought to speak in grave, almost oracular tones. (The actress who plays her at the Aldwych, though otherwise admirable, is rather too sprightly.) She is Life-in-Death; her very name is heavy with romantic agonies, and she appals Victor not by farting, but by whispering in his ear *les mystères de l'amour*. If his reaction appears excessive, we should remember that greater men than he have been perturbed by the thought that "the excremental is all too intimately and inseparably bound up with the sexual," as Freud put it. Love has pitched his mansion in the place of excrement; *inter urinas et faeces nascimur*; Caelia, Caelia, Caelia—but why go on? The whole tradition can be examined in Mr. Norman O. Brown's *Life Against Death*; and no one who has read the chapter in that book on "Filthy Lucre" will be surprised to learn that

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ida possesses great wealth, money which is as useless to her as dirt.

But Gulliver's behaviour when he came back from his travels was more monstrous than that of the Yahoos, and Victor's cruel rejection of Ida—"You lied to me, you disgust me"—serves to remind us that he, too, is a monster. Perhaps he is only pretending to be a child, like the middle-aged men who used to go to night-clubs in Mr. Norris' Berlin dressed in sailor-suits and rompers. At any rate, he is at least as depraved as any of the adults in the play; and, conversely, they gradually match him with a mad surrealist humour of their own. To start with there is Antoine Magneau, the paranoid patriot who stabs the birthday-cake in his rage, and whose harangues are so much more colourful than Victor's own rather tedious exercises in ranting: his imperialist visions include a palm-tree bearing red-white-and-blue dates. (Mr. Ken Wynne, whirring away like a clockwork toy which has to be periodically wound up, rose nobly to the occasion.) By comparison Victor's parents are at first mere stooges. But by the last act they, too, are in full spate: Mama starts raving like a wild-eyed prophetess, while Papa (in the most engaging scene in the play) gets out an apron and carpenter's plane from under the bed, shaves the top of the bedstead, and puts back his tools with a promise to start work on the wardrobe the following evening. Even bourgeois dummies turn out to have fantastic inner lives. But in case we should forget how inhuman they always are in the end, a frock-coated doctor is summoned, hums cheerfully to himself while examining the dying Victor (rectal temperature, of course), pronounces life to be extinct, and leaves with a jovial warning about what happens to naughty children.

IF, IN SPITE of everything, we feel a certain tug of sympathy towards Victor's parents, it is in no doubt largely due to the polished performances of Derek Godfrey and Brenda Bruce (although it is worth noting that by the end of the play there are one or two curious similarities between Victor and his father, who also develops stomach-trouble in the last act). Mr Godfrey's timing is especially good, and he makes masterful use of his eyebrows. Almost all the acting is nicely judged, though, stylised without being thumpingly obvious. The designer, Barry Kay, also deserves praise. The sets catch the right grandiose manner, and so do the costumes: the general's multi-coloured sash is a particularly resplendent piece of fruit salad, and Miss June Jago's gown looks more like a tablecloth than one would have thought possible. In fact the whole production has verve: which is just as well, since *Victor* is scarcely a work of the order which can survive clumsy handling. But it does have an odd, insidious humour of its own, which makes it both funny and faintly disturbing at the same time, and it was well worth exhuming.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART

A Kind of Anarchy

A conversation between ANDREW FORGE and DAVID SYLVESTER

FORGE: The overriding impression was of the enormous variety and also the enormous compactness of the American situation—the feeling one has that everybody knows about everybody else's painting and that there is a kind of running commentary going on within each work. This creates a very concentrated and electric ambience: the least inflection that an individual artist puts into it counts and has repercussions and echoes which other people can pick up and use. And that's exactly what now seems to have evaporated from the Parisian scene.

The interesting thing about the way in which England comes out of this confrontation is that one feels (perhaps over-optimistically, perhaps prematurely) that this kind of concentration of atmosphere is just beginning to build up here. I don't think that one has any of this sense of concentration in the relationships between, say, Victor Pasmore, Ben Nicholson, William Scott, the St. Ives painters, *et al.* It's much more diffuse, much more lyrical. There's a sort of gentlemanly complacency about it. But this has vanished among the younger artists. If you think of Kitaj, the Cohen brothers, Richard Smith, Peter Blake, Allen Jones, Bridget Riley, Caro, Philip King, William Tucker, there is a sense of a very positive dialectic.

SYLVESTER: I think that both the older British artists and the main body of Paris artists in the show tend to have what you might call "an average style." You could, as it were, paint the picture that would be the average product of each group of Paris abstractionists, or of a generation of London and St. Ives abstractionists. Now, as against the average style, there is also the work of the great individuals such as Giacometti, Dubuffet, de Staël, and, in this country, Henry Moore and Francis Bacon—each of them a personal (not eccentric, though it almost appears eccentric) manifestation. These personal, individual kinds of fantasy or exploration stand apart from any generation's average style. When other people's work resembles theirs, it is the work of imitators, not of peers. In America you don't have on the one hand an average style and on the other a few isolated individuals. There are certain widespread preoccupations which individuals are acting on and which are acting on them. Thus Pollock and Rothko have similar aims and ends but very distinct languages: one can't envisage a style halfway between their products. The same is true of Rauschenberg and Johns. And the point is that these are mainstream artists. Whereas, taking mainstream artists in Europe, one can easily envisage a painting halfway between an Appel and a Jorn, between a Tapies and a Burri, between a Hilton and a Scott.

FORGE: What would happen to an average style in New York? Somebody would parody it. Somebody would attack it in some way. Somebody would carry it to the point of absurdity.

SYLVESTER: As a matter of fact this has happened. There has been an average style that came out of de Kooning: painters like Michael Goldberg, Norman Bluhm, Al Leslie, Joan Mitchell. One forgets that as little as four or five years ago there was a lot of activity going on in that average style.

FORGE: It was brushed aside almost as soon as it had been established. Instead of being accepted as a norm, it was accepted as an irritant by, on the one hand, Rauschenberg and Johns and the painters who started using images drawn from pop material and, on the other hand, the hard aesthetically-determined abstract

THIS *discussion between Andrew Forge and David Sylvester was prompted by the controversial Gulbenkian show—the exhibition "54/64: Painting and Sculpture of a Decade," recently at the Tate Gallery in London.*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

painters like Ellsworth Kelly and Morris Louis. While accepting the dominance of de Kooning, Rauschenberg and Johns were deliberately chopping him on every single one of the main features of his art. De Kooning says in effect: "I don't know how the painting is going to end —I don't know what the image is going to be —the image comes through the painting of it, the experiencing of the painting itself." Johns says: "We'll take a predetermined image, a flag, and then we'll see what happens when we have the de Kooning experience on top of it."

SYLVESTER: This is perhaps illustrated by his paintings of the map of America. Here he makes use of certain marks which are somewhat reminiscent of de Kooning marks, done on a smaller scale. In de Kooning's paintings, those kinds of marks are big and slashing, and the marks themselves make the shapes; the coloured areas emerge from the marks. In Johns' *Maps*, the areas are determined by the boundaries of the states in the map of America. And then even within those given predetermined areas, Johns breaks and re-makes the image rather as de Kooning does, and with comparable tragic overtones.

FORGE: Rauschenberg too, to take another instance, picks up the basic assumption of Abstract Expressionism, which is that every painting experience is unique and unforeseeable, and questions it by painting a replica of one of his works, even though it contains a lot of spontaneous material—thrown paint, splashed colours, and so on. This is a kind of critical activity which is going on hand in hand with the creative activity, a kind of questioning, a kind of standing aside from the involvement of art in order to criticise, to take up fresh attitudes and then to find a way of incorporating them into the work itself. So far from being an inhibition, as one can be sure many painters here would regard it, the criticism actually becomes creative material to be built in to the production of the artist.

SYLVESTER: As it is in much of the finest modern art. The kind of critical relationship Johns and Rauschenberg have to the Abstract Expressionists makes me think of the position about 1910 of Braque and Picasso *vis-à-vis* the Impressionists. But there is something of this now among the younger British painters. Bernard Cohen, especially, for me. Why has there been this change? Among the British artists there's a very real break in attitude as between artists over about forty and under about forty. What has brought it about?

FORGE: The immediate answer is the commercial one. There are now dealers in London who, for all sorts of reasons, are really working at promoting English painting, and they are international enough in their outlook to make the artists feel that there is more at stake than just the good opinion of their own backyard. One has to be realistic: this has had a formidable psychological effect.

SYLVESTER: Above all, because it has helped to make painters here feel that painting is a professional activity and that being professional doesn't have to mean being corrupt.

FORGE: Doesn't the new situation make us face the central problem of modern painting? I mean the double view of what current art is about. On the one hand, you've had a succession of movements, where people have come up with ideas about what art ought to be like, concepts of what they think the proper course of art should be. Courbet had a notion of what he thought art ought to be doing. The Impressionists had a notion of the way in which pictures ought to be painted. The production of a given artist was tied to an intention—like Cézanne's saying "I want to make of Impressionism something as durable as the art of the museums," something as clear-cut as that. Or Mondrian's concept of neo-Plasticism. Or, for example, Vasarely to-day. He's somebody who believes that a painting can and ought to be made to function in a certain way. You can say, that with all those artists, the intention is conceptualised in a very concrete way. On the other hand, you have something which is younger—"avant-gardism" or "the tradition of the new," in Harold Rosenberg's phrase. This can only work within a context, by breaking up existing patterns, creating new ones, destroying clichés, in a sense to do the inexcusable, to cut against the norm—to "find a cool place on the pillow," in the phrase that Stravinsky used once. The implications of these two ways are quite different. I think New York painting is the most dramatic instance of "avant-gardism" working at full pressure. One of the things that is happening in England is that a kind of intelligent avant-gardism is beginning to take root. The question is: what is this going to do to our whole view of art? Is it going to mean a massive revision of standards? In a way it has been part of the American tradition, the broad cultural tradition which has accepted disposing of what's obsolete. It has had no part of the English tradition. In so far as there have been new movements in English art in the last fifty or sixty years, they have been of the nature of "manifesto art," the conceptualised intention—like Wyndham Lewis affirming that it is really better and truer to make people look hard

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and sharp than to make them look soft and pulpy.

SYLVESTER: There is a luxury monograph on the Italian artist Fontana in which the captions to the plates don't give the title or medium or size, but only one thing: the date. And the date is made enormous; it's in such a large, bold type that, as you turn over each page, the date hits you in the eye as much as the work itself. So you have the idea: "It is crucial when I did this." The date is being built into the work itself. It becomes significant, like the date-line on a piece of journalism rather than the date on a poem. And this attitude, of course, is absolutely antithetic to what art is. Certainly it is interesting when a thing was done, but this shouldn't become part of the quality of the work. There is a widespread assumption now that it is.

FORGE: It is easy to dismiss the journalistic and fashionable aspect of avant-gardism, but the really telling point is the role that it actually plays in bringing forth significant work. It is impossible to imagine Cubism without this kind of compact dialectic, this polemical argument about this picture and that picture, "the latest thing," competition between artists, and so on. The desire to shock, to make an effect. And yet these are the most substantial pictures almost of our century. I think that one of the things that came interestingly out of the exhibition is the way that the rather solitary European figures stand back from it. I used the word inexcusable a moment ago trying to describe what I meant by this kind of "avant-gardism." There is no doubt that an artist like Giacometti suspects that what he is doing is in itself absurd. Coming out of his surrealist past, his whole experience of the extreme manifestations of modern art, he sits down in a traditional way to face the model, to paint it, to make it as like as he can. It's absurd. At the same time it's an obsessive activity, which he knows is the one thing that will bring the very most out of him, that will cause him to test himself to the very limit. So he does it for thirty years. During those thirty years the rest of the world, the world of artists and of the public, find out what Giacometti is doing, what his pictures look like. They are no longer absurd publicly in the way that they must have been when they were first shown in the late '40s. In '64 they have lost that initial stylistic impact, in the sense that when we look at them now we say "Oh, there's a Giacometti!" not "Good heavens, here's somebody—what's he trying to do?" Doesn't this perhaps help to narrow down the field in which this distinction between "avant-gardism" and the other thing really operates? Isn't there a point—perhaps it comes as an artist matures, perhaps it comes later on in an artist's life than we usually assume —where he begins to realise that the real issue is a kind of inner search for lucidity, for consciousness, for something which is happening subjectively inside himself in very direct contact with his work. This matters most when it comes out of an experience of the dialectic of art on a wider front.

SYLVESTER: Because, when Giacometti first made this gesture of working from nature, it was something that belonged to the dialectics of art. It was a refutation of Surrealism. He had been regarded as the leading Surrealist sculptor, but he turned round and said all he'd been doing was "masturbation," meaning that it had been unsupported personal fantasy, that he now wanted to work in relation to something quite concrete and outside himself. So he was very much attacked by the Surrealists, the movement in charge. To what extent his move was consciously polemical is questionable. I think it was very much a matter with Giacometti of inner necessity. He has gone on record as saying that all the time, the nine or ten years he was doing abstract and surrealist things, he always had the feeling that one day he was going to sit down again in front of a model and try to see what he could make of it. And when he did get involved in working from nature, this wasn't part of a programme. When he took a model in 1935, his intention was to work from her for two weeks. He didn't realise that he'd be doing sculpture and painting from a model for the next thirty years. That sort of continuity of effort can't be sustained by a polemical intent. But there is no doubt that polemics have contributed to modern art of the highest seriousness. Picasso and Braque in the "heroic" days of Cubism were tremendously competitive, keenly aware of the effect they were having, aware of the importance of novelty. Their collaboration and sympathy were so close that Braque has said they were like mountaineers roped together. Well, I would hope that a pair of mountaineers would trust each other more than Picasso and Braque in fact did. Braque used also to say that Picasso would come round to the studio and he'd hardly dare show Picasso what he'd been doing, because Picasso would go back and imitate it the next day. There was the occasion, for example, when Braque used a house-painter's wood-graining comb in doing a picture—used it for its proper purpose, to get an illusion of wood. Picasso saw what he'd done, bought himself one of these combs and used it to paint a woman's hair—which was marvellous, of course, because it was not only doing the same thing but in a sense the opposite as well: cribbing and transforming at once. I'm told that

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Braque till the end of his life was infuriated by this (maybe by the twist as much as the crib). So this beautiful phenomenon of Cubism was full of contention. But in the works as we look at them it is not the competitiveness that we sense; it is something stable and eternal. And I think the same applies to Jasper Johns. However polemical the situation may be in which he painted the targets and the flags, however much he felt that it would be curious to paint something as corny as the American flag and to reject abstract-expressionist spontaneity by using a predetermined design and also to reject abstract-expressionist "honesty" by painting very beautifully (almost in the French style)—whatever the polemics involved, what strikes one about those works is that they are art. It is significant that something which seems so classical could have been stimulated by a polemical situation and the fever of fashion.

FORGE: This is something which I hope is beginning to be understood and acted on in England. Because you can imagine the English painter having the attitude: modern art is a matter of inner necessity, something which rests with my conscience, with the seriousness of my working approach, with what talent, what judgment I've been endowed with. He works in a sense like a man living out of a suitcase. Perhaps what he draws from his friends, from his colleagues, is simply the sense of comfort, that they are on roughly the same lines, that they understand what he means when he says this or that about his painting. The conflict, the tension of the work is something which he reserves for his studio, a sort of dialogue between him and his own conscience. This is a strong, almost legendary quality in the English attitude towards modern art: the solitary man of conscience working simply with what God gave him in the studio. What you have just been saying is that the inner necessity, which is the mainspring of everything that has happened in the 20th century that has been any good, still is something to be engaged in a wider context. The artist is not a man living out of a suitcase but a man with a considerable roomful of furniture round him which he's adding to and subtracting from, and he's having people in all the time and arguing with them.

SYLVESTER: The English attitude that you've just defined was expressed very clearly by Frank Auerbach in his answer to a questionnaire which the *London Magazine* sent three years ago to a number of artists in this country. It asked for their views about the situation of art to-day. Auerbach answered that he thought such questions were entirely irrelevant for him because he thought of painting as "something that happens to a man, working in room, alone with his actions, his ideas, and perhaps his model." Now, Auerbach is a painter whom I enormously admire; I think he's one of the best painters working anywhere. But I suspect that his sentimental glorification of inner necessity has some bearing on his not having advanced as a painter since he started to show ten years ago; he hasn't gone back, but he hasn't gained ground. What is significant is that he is not one of those soft-headed instinctive artists; but some of his thinking is wishful.

How far is this a malady which is endemic to the provinces? Do artists have to over-cultivate their internal arguments when there are not enough important external ones? Is this the other side of the coin from the journalistic internationalist approach?

FORGE: There are one or two points which need to be made on the provincial-international point. One is that it is perfectly clear that the self-conscious fostering of national characteristics is totally irrelevant to any kind of art. That is to say that no good art ever comes out of an artist saying to himself, "What is it to be American?", "What is it to be French?", "This is what I must put into my art." It's just like saying "I've got to paint for the good of mankind." The second point is that it is obvious that people only worry about whether they're "international" or "national," if they're on the fringes. If things are swinging right around them then they don't have to worry. As Max Kozloff pointed out recently in ENCOUNTER, it's not the centre that is outward-looking, it's the provinces; the centre is inward-looking. Beyond that, there's really nothing to be said, because it is so obvious that no good painting ever gets painted on a jet airliner in the middle of the Atlantic. Good painting happens where people are established round their studios with their friends, with their enemies, where they know all the bars and the art magazines, and can read between the lines wherever they go.

SYLVESTER: Right at this moment, as we're talking, I can think of five leading New York artists who are in London. There's continual contact, quite apart from the art magazines and the exhibitions. Yet London is London and New York is New York. There's a terrific impermeability of place to the influence of ideas. It is reassuring. Obviously the big event in the experience of artists in this country was the first exhibition here of modern American art, the one at the Tate early in '56. This really changed everything. The work of artists here to-day is very New York-influenced. And yet it remains, in spite of everything, something that belongs

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

here. But what is the essential difference between the way in which artists like Peter Lanyon and Patrick Heron are New York-influenced and the way in which the Cohen brothers and Allen Jones and the rest are New York-influenced?

FORGE: The first group of artists were, I suppose, in their late thirties or early forties when the impact of American painting was first felt over here. They were responding to the glamour of a new kind of painting and a new kind of freedom. This was happening to artists who had already formed attitudes. To take the case of Patrick Heron, I don't believe that, whatever the depth of his experience of New York painting (of Mark Rothko in particular), it can ever be doubted that this is happening over the armature of his relations with Braque, with Parisian painting, and with the St. Ives school. On the other hand, the younger painters have all grown up with American painting. They were virtually still students when the American impact was felt. They were able to assess its quality, not as a novelty, but simply as part of their experience of learning what painting consisted of. They have a much more integrated attitude towards the great stylistic changes that American painting brought about.

SYLVESTER: One thing that comes out of what we've been talking about is that there are no short-cuts to judging an artist's work; that you can't judge the quality of an artist's work from the stance it takes; that the artist who appears to be taking his stand on everything that is associated with the idea of integrity may still be indulging himself in the repetition of a serious-looking formula. On the other hand, an artist who is intensely aware of fashion and who may be intensely aware of doing something different —everything that *a priori* seems to have to do with journalism rather than with Art with a capital A—this is capable of being art of the most serious kind. Everything comes back to some mysterious quality in the individual which can't be measured and which just shows in what he does.

FORGE: In fact when people say that there is "anarchy" in modern art, this is absolutely true. There really is a kind of anarchy. Imagine the whole art scene as a lake that is continually freezing over, with the painters as people standing on the side throwing rocks to break the ice. Every picture that counts is a rock that's heavy enough to break the ice that's forming. Now the question is, what happens to that rock after it's sunk to the bottom? My contention is that certain of those rocks are in fact made of a coral and that they turn into islands and grow up through the surface of the water. They're the only ones that matter. But I know many people would say that the ones that matter are just the ones that can break the ice.

A Note on the Existence of God

Parking a car in Mall Road, Lahore, once:
a deformed hand, cupped into a begging
bowl, sprang into the window. The hot sun's
reflections were immediately eclipsed.
He lay twisting in the dust, dragging
himself out of postures of pain. Chips
of bone showed through the flesh, his boneless legs
flapped like the behind of a seal.
How hunger deforms! Yet his eyes were real:
this was humanity down to its dregs.

I emerged staring silently at him,
a sure god in his vision in my trim
suit and the perfection of my features.
Locking the car as some gate to heaven,
I turned away from this creature
as surely that other God would also have done,
and walked towards the bank with the proper
gait and dignity of a window-shopper.

Zulfikar Ghose

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTES & TOPICS

American Letter

STEPHEN C. SHADEGG, a sometime Hollywood writer, actor, press agent, "lie-detector expert" (he so described himself in a recent interview), and manufacturer of an asthma remedy named *Adreno-Mist*, is a figure of importance in the Republican Party today. He directed Barry Goldwater's campaigns for the United States Senate in 1952 and 1958 and served a term as Republican state chairman in Arizona. In 1960 and 1962, his services were retained by several other candidates, mainly of the Goldwater persuasion, and this year he directed Goldwater's campaign for the nomination in the Western states. He has been busy writing, too. He is the author of an authorised biography, *Barry Goldwater: Freedom Is His Flight Plan*, and for a number of years he turned out a regular newspaper column signed by Goldwater and headed "HOW DO YOU STAND, SIR?" He has written a great many Goldwater speeches, magazine articles, and press releases, and also portions of Goldwater's essay on diplomacy, *Why Not Victory?* Now he has favoured us with a treatise on strategy, *How to Win an Election: The Art of Political Victory*. It does not dissolve all the mysteries (in 1960 Shadegg sought a nomination for himself and couldn't get it), but it does yield certain insights into the Goldwater movement, which, for an unhappy season at least, is Republicanism. In it, for example, Shadegg acknowledges a heavy obligation to an older and better known craftsman, Mao Tse-tung. He has profited greatly, so he tells us, from a close study of Mao on "the tactics of infiltration." "In the Goldwater campaign," he writes, "and in all other campaigns where I have served as a consultant, I have followed the advice of Mao Tse-tung."

It is not, really, a very likely story. Mao is a man of formidable cunning and intellect, but he does not have much in the way of a message for American politicians hustling money from frightened small-town bankers and merchants, writing hard-sell copy for television, and mobilising housewives for duty at headquarters' switchboards and mimeograph machines. It seems to please Shadegg, though, to identify himself with a noted revolutionary thinker, and in this he resembles a number of other American rightists.[1] "I would suggest," Goldwater himself has said, "that we analyse and copy the strategy of the enemy; theirs has worked and ours has not." The John Birch Society boasts of its borrowings, in organisational structure and technique, from the Communist Party, and in tone, in rhetoric, and even in format, its official publication, *American Opinion*, puts one in mind of nothing so much as the Communist theoretical organ, *Political Affairs*. A Goldwater militant named Donald Lukens, head of the Young Republicans, has recommended a "ten-year plan" to train "conservative" writers to "take over" the American press, which men of Lukens' sort now look upon as a citadel of corrupt liberalism. A few years back, no one in Republican or Democratic politics would have spoken of "infiltration" as a defensible method. The method was, of course, employed, but the word was a dirty one, drawn from an alien lexicon; it would never have fallen from the lips of such American masters of organisation as Marcus Alonzo Hanna or James Aloysius Farley. But things are different now, and Shadegg advises, as an early step in any campaign run on Maoist principles, the formation of a "cell group." But it turns out that most of the cell groups he set up for Goldwater were similar to the traditional, "non-partisan" citizens' committees—"enthusiastic, knowledgeable Goldwater supporters who would not be labelled or identified as members of any special organisation." Some "cell" members spied on the opposition, rifled its wastebaskets for intelligence purposes, and used their positions in the community to advance the cause. (E.g., a rightist barber accompanied the music of the shears with discourses on the worthlessness of foreign aid.) Old goods, new labels.

Shadegg could not have learned much from Chairman Mao, but the name is an O.K. one to drop, and Bolshevik language is stylish in Goldwater circles. In part, this is because ex-Communists have had a large part in building the movement and in giving it whatever it can be said to have in the way of ideology. (The weekly *National Review* has led the way in this; the leading ideologues on that journal have been James Burnham, Frank S. Meyer, and the late Whittaker Chambers—all ex-Communists. Its correspondent at the convention that nominated Goldwater was John Dos Passos.) In part, too, it is because paranoia is epidemic on the far right; these people believe that the Marxists *are* winning everywhere—and winning because of their political wizardry. But there is more to it than that. The language of sedition is relevant—not to Shadegg's managerial problems in local campaigns but to what has happened in and to

[1] See "Down Among the Rightists," by Brian Crozier (ENCOUNTER, March 1962).

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Republican Party over the last three or four years. It has indeed been "infiltrated . . . captured," and made (as Richard Hofstadter says) a "front organisation" by an organised faction whose loyalty to Goldwater and Goldwaterism far transcends its loyalty to Republicanism. The methods were essentially those of the Communist factions which in the thirties and forties gained control of minor parties, major trade unions, and other organisations whose domination the Communists thought desirable.

The primary resources of the seditionists were zeal and energy. One of the prices we Americans pay for our unideological parties is a shortage of these two qualities, particularly the latter. Generally speaking, anyone who is willing to give a few hours a month to party work will be rewarded with some measure of authority. "Let George do it" is the motto of the "moderates," and if George does it—if he attends all the meetings, puts stamps on envelopes, and uncomplainingly empties the ashtrays—he will soon enough find himself drafting the resolutions, chairing the meetings, and being given his choice of committee assignments. The Goldwater people were the sort to arrive early at meetings, endure all the tedium, and stay on, bright-eyed, after adjournment, to fold the chairs and put the coffee cups away. Great stores of subversive power are to be found in these useful traits. In time, the chair-folders are writing platforms, conducting purges, and threatening to wreck the organisation if their rule is challenged.

San Francisco, where Goldwater was nominated, was not really the site of the rightists' seizure of power; it was the city in which it was demonstrated that the event had already taken place. The Goldwater "Georges" had become delegates to the national convention, and they were in the majority. How great and how solid their majority there was it is at present difficult to say. There is some dispute as to when inevitability set in. Within the clear Goldwater majority, there were degrees of militance. There were some who would joyfully lose with Goldwater, who would far sooner establish the principle that "extremists" were welcome than deny the principle in the hope that the denial would produce the margin of victory. By and large, these were the people who had taken over the party in states where Republicans never won anything (the Deep South) and in states where they generally win everything (the mountain states of the West). But there were also those from states (notably in the Middle West) where elections are hard fought and where power is worth having, and although these delegates were mainly Goldwaterites, they were not entirely beyond appeals to reason, prudence, and the lust for success. It was they whom Governor Scranton tried to pull out of the Goldwater majority in the few weeks before the convention. Since he had only Governor Rockefeller and Henry Cabot Lodge as allies in that stage, there was no hope for him. But an earlier start might have changed things greatly—as might some clear thinking on General Eisenhower's part and some unselfish thinking on Richard Nixon's. And if Nelson Rockefeller had done just one-half per cent better in the California primary on June 3, there would probably be no Goldwater today. This might just possibly have come to pass if a Rockefeller baby had not been born on the eve of that election.

The radical right needed luck, quite a lot of it, to prevail. For despite their zeal and energy, and despite their willingness to learn from the Marxist-Leninist-Maoist classics, these people have always been appallingly incompetent politicians. They are faction-ridden themselves, and they have never, up to now, had strong or central leadership. This is the first time they have ever won anything of value, and it remains to be seen whether what they have won is really worth having, even in the short run. We can be reasonably sure, it seems to me, that in the long run, provided there is one, Goldwaterism is bound to fail. It cannot solve any of the major problems of this country—if for no other reason (though there are plenty of other reasons) than that it denies their existence. Goldwater's election in November is conceivable; if, however, democratic institutions survived the event (and one assumes that they would, unless he and Khrushchev contrived to vaporise us all) his re-election would be altogether inconceivable. He might, of course, elect to junk all his "conservative" twaddle and become a Republican Lyndon Johnson. Stranger things have happened. But then he would no longer be Goldwater; he would be the slayer of Goldwaterism.

Still and all, it is no mean feat to take over the Republican Party, and the Goldwater Maoists—abetted by luck and by extraordinary mismanagement on the part of the opposition—pulled it off. They have central leadership for the first time, and within the party they have captured they may be able to achieve a unity that up to now has eluded them. The impact of all this on events is already being felt. It seems evident, for example, that the flare-up in the Gulf of Tonkin in early August was largely a consequence of Goldwater. At the time, it was said that North Vietnamese *PT* boats had pursued an American destroyer on the high seas, in an act of unprovoked aggression. What was not explained was that the destroyer had been in waters off the coast of a North Vietnamese

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

island which was under attack by the South Vietnamese navy. It was far from unreasonable for the North Vietnamese to conclude that the American boat had been engaged in the attack or was at least escorting the attackers. The administration ordered the attacking vessels destroyed and, two days later, after another engagement at sea, the bombing of mainland installations. A pointless "hard-line" resolution was railroaded through Congress. There may or may not have been deliberate concealment of the attack on the island, but there was nothing like the painful investigation and deliberation the government undertook in a time of vastly greater danger in the Caribbean missile crisis two years ago. And the reason seems clear enough. Goldwater was calling for an extension of the war. An opinion poll showed that only forty-two percent of voters approved the way the administration was handling things in South Vietnam. A delayed response, a careful examination of the sequence of events, and a defence of restraint if restraint seemed advisable after the examination—this would have drawn hoots and jeers and accusations of cowardice from Goldwater and his warhawks. And so the President undertook to extend the war himself; it was, as he said, a "measured response"—we did not lay siege to all of North Vietnam. And it was, in its fashion, a most successful one—the President gained thirty points in public confidence. When it was over, the Pentagon conceded that the whole affair might have rested on "misunderstanding."

THE RELATIONSHIP of Goldwater to Goldwaterism is something of a mystery. He is anything but the Lenin of the rightist Bolsheviki. He is not a theorist, not an organiser, not even, really, much of a leader. He has a fairly quick mind but an indolent and ill-disciplined one. He has always been pleased to have others do his thinking for him. This is why he seems endlessly—and to his own endless surprise—caught up in contradictions. He has let just about anyone who described himself as a "conservative" issue statements in his name, contribute to his books and articles, and compose speeches for him. He is himself no fanatic; his natural approach is casual, self-effacing, speculative. He is capable of making a long series of fiercely doctrinaire pronouncements and then describing them as nothing more than a few random thoughts he felt might be worth consideration—or "kicking around," as he likes to say. "I don't know all the answers," he said in an epilogue to *Why Not Victory?*, a book that positively oozes certitude, "and I have very little patience with those who pretend they do." He has never seemed to hunger for power in the way that men like the Kennedys and Lyndon Johnson do. Such men are rarely hobbyists; Goldwater is a dedicated one and often seems to resent politics for the way it intrudes on the time he wishes to give to his short-wave broadcasting, skin-diving, flying, photography, and automobile tinkering. I was alone with him once, about three years ago, for about an hour and a half, and I was unable to drag a political opinion from him. Some erroneous instructions had brought us to a television studio far too early, and we had no choice but to pass the time in conversation. I welcomed the opportunity, but was unable to make good use of it. He was interested in knowing what make of car I had, whether I found it satisfactory, whether it had this attachment or that, and so on. With that subject exhausted, we went on to sports and several other matters. I could not induce him to talk politics. It was not that he was being cagey or avoiding journalistic traps—he is the least cagey of politicians, and hardly a day passes when he does not walk upright into a trap. I took him, and still take him, to be a man easily bored. I suspect he entered politics in the first place to escape his boredom with his hobbies and with merchandising, and that after a time boredom with politics of the ordinary sort led him, on the one hand, to the politics of the bizarre and, on the other, back to the hobbies.

I do not mean to suggest that his "conservatism" is any kind of pose or affectation. Up to a point at least, it seems a natural enough product of his temperament, his education (and lack of it), and his environment. But his association with the *far* right—with anti-Semites, white supremacists, witch hunters, fundamentalist preachers, jingoes, and even food faddists—is a puzzling business. It is an association of relatively recent origin. He entered the Senate in 1952 as an Eisenhower Republican—hot for "fiscal responsibility" but hot, too, for "peace," for some measure of social justice (bank-deposit insurance, workmen's compensation, etc.), and racial amity (member of and contributor to the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People, the National Urban League, etc., etc.). He was not a firebrand of any sort —but then, sometime close to the end of the decade, he became one, and of a very peculiar sort. The transformation was engineered, it seems reasonably clear, by the young rightist intellectuals (and the older ex-Communist ones) associated with William F. Buckley Jr's *National Review*. Goldwater was a restless politician without any ideas distinct enough to give him an identity; the *National Review* crowd had plenty of political ideas (I use the word loosely; their conservatism, as Karl Meyer has said, "is a mood, not an ideology") but no

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

politicians to give them currency. They began writing Goldwater's books and speeches and in the process committed him more and more deeply to their particular brand of rightist dissent and negation. The doctrines they saddled Goldwater with differed in certain ways from those of the unwashed, untutored racists who now stomp and shout at Goldwater rallies and from those of the oil and cattle barons who put up the money for it all. The Buckley group doesn't recommend racial segregation as a way of life (though it tends to be rather soft on South Africa), and James Burnham's enthusiasm for *jihad* is not necessarily shared by the comfortable promoters who would like their comfort increased by abolition of the graduated income tax. But the necessary accommodations have been made, and for the time being it is pointless to worry the question of whether Goldwater "believes" wholeheartedly or hardly at all in all the things he has been saying and that they have been saying for him. The point is that he became "hooked" and that he seems, now, to enjoy it.

IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED that his relationship to the far right is very similar to the relationship, a decade and a half ago, of Henry Wallace, Roosevelt's second Vice-President, to the far left. Wallace, who had once been a Republican, was not a Communist, but he didn't mind sounding like one, and he was pleased to let them organise a Presidential campaign for him. They did not recognise him as a leader, but they were delighted to have him as a front man. There is perhaps a bit more enthusiasm for Goldwater among the rightist malcontents than there was for Wallace among the leftists, but my impression is that the only way Goldwater can "lead" them is by echoing them. He did not take over the Republican Party; they did—and while they could not possibly have done so without him as their candidate, their loyalty is not to him but to the myths they live by. It is possible that a day will come when he will find that he himself, as a Presidential candidate or as a President, cannot live by their myths. If that should happen, they would call him Judas—pointing out, no doubt, the racial nexus.

AS I WRITE, on the eve of the Democratic convention, the omens are for a massive repudiation of Goldwater and Goldwaterism. The opinion polls are giving President Johnson an almost two-to-one lead just about everywhere but in the South—in most parts of which Goldwater appears to have a clear but not overwhelming lead. The polls have erred in the past, but never spectacularly in terms of percentages. In recent American history, two-to-one leads are unheard of. Fifty-five per cent is a landslide. There is great fear among the Democrats that their association with the "Negro revolution" —or, more properly, "resistance"—will draw voters to Goldwater. The latest soundings confirm the fear, but at the same time they indicate that for every Democratic voter who defects to Goldwater, there will be two or three Republicans defecting to Johnson. There are reasons, nevertheless, for anxiety. The precedents all come from another epoch. For half a century, the kind of issues that Goldwater will exploit have been kept out of Presidential campaigns. The political process seemed to draw Presidential aspirants to the middle ground. Debate was over means, not ends. One of the big differences between Eisenhower and Stevenson in 1952 was that Eisenhower, at somebody's bright suggestion, said that he would go to Korea to see how the war might best be ended, while Stevenson either didn't think of making such a proposal or didn't think he should. Kennedy and Nixon in 1960 conducted campaigns that were largely statistical in content—disagreeing over the rate of economic growth, the ratings abroad of American "prestige," and the quantitative and qualitative adequacy of American arms. This campaign will be like none we have ever known. It will, it now seems, be a referendum on bigotry. It will provide opportunities to register fear, bravado, frustration, and conflicting views of the past. These opportunities, once their existence is recognised, may lead many people to behave quite differently on November 3 from the way they now think they will behave.

It will in any event be a disagreeable autumn. There is little reason to hope that there will be no further consequences of Goldwater comparable to the Gulf of Tonkin "crisis." And there will be an utterly and damagingly irrelevant review of history—whether it was right or wrong to recognise the Soviet Union in 1933, whether the growth of federal power that began over a century ago was a good thing or a bad thing, whether or not the government in an industrial society should assume any responsibility for easing the adjustments that industrialism requires. We will be asking all the wrong questions and getting nowhere in seeking answers to the right ones. For a time, many people thought all this would be therapeutic. It would offer a chance to destroy the myths, to give all the Know Nothings the last thrashing they would ever need. In his first days in the White House, President Johnson was reported to relish the prospect of a Goldwater candidacy. A few months later, though, it was being reported that he dreaded it, even though he continued to feel that there was no other man whom he could so handily and so thoroughly defeat.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I think the later view is the sounder one. The country and the Republican Party deserve better than what they got at San Francisco. But, I think, too, that if Johnson wins with a good-sized popular vote—not necessarily two to one or anything like it, but perhaps six or seven to five—we will hear little more of Goldwater, Goldwaterism, or the far right. The Goldwater "Georges" will remain in control of the Republican organisations here and there, but they will be on the defensive, and Goldwater's opponents will be vindicated. Republican leadership will gradually pass back to those who have shown that they know the way to victory—men like Governor Scranton of Pennsylvania and Senator Kuchel of California. Both were defeated at San Francisco, but both have in recent years won solider victories than Goldwater has ever won. They are men of high intelligence and seriousness, and it should be within their power, once Goldwater is out of the way and General Eisenhower is once again living with his memories, to make the Republican Party a useful and powerful instrument rather than the dangerous one it has become under men who are ignorant, irresponsible, and, as in the case of their present leader, essentially frivolous.

Richard H. Rovere

Philosophers & Behaviourists

A Reply to Kathleen Nott — By H. J. Eysenck

Under the title "Pavlov and His Bad Dog" [Encounter, September] Miss Kathleen Nott has a look at the journal *Behaviour Research and Therapy* (Pergamon Press, Oxford) which I am editing, and which was founded specifically to report experimental work concerned with the application of modern learning theory and conditioning principles to such areas as neurosis, criminality, and accident prevention.

The general philosophy underlying our approach is fundamentally very simple. Everyone is agreed that neurotic behaviour, as well as behaviour leading to crime or to preventable accidents, is learned. Although I have always stressed that there is a genetic basis for differential rates of learning and conditioning, it is clear that behaviour as such cannot be inherited but must depend on learning and conditioning. If this is true, then it would seem that psychologists who have spent almost a hundred years of carefully controlled scientific study on the way in which learning and conditioning proceed, the ways and means of enhancing or retarding the acquisition of knowledge and skills, and the way acquired habits are extinguished, should have some practical suggestions to make in relation to what are undoubtedly very serious social problems. This is a very obvious point, but apparently society is used to looking at the problem in rather different ways. Whenever attention is drawn to the problems of criminality (as in the recent "Mods & Rockers" riots) or to those of mental disease, the newspapers are immediately filled with agonised cries for action of a type which for hundreds or even thousands of years has been found to be completely useless. None of the worthy magistrates, newspaper commentators, bishops, writers and politicians, who feel called upon to pontificate on these problems, ever seems to consider for a minute that this is a highly complex field; that if the solution were a simple one, such as "thrash them all," then the problem would have been overcome long ago; and that possibly some recourse might with advantage be had to such little knowledge of learning and conditioning as we possess at the moment.

Indeed, the very notion that we can study human conduct scientifically seems to appal and upset many people. They cry out in spiritual agony that this is a "mechanistic device" for denying freedom-of-the-will and for treating men as if they were machines. There are many curious paradoxes in this mode of reasoning. Thus, for instance, freedom-of-the-will is acceptable only in so far as it leads young men to behave as we wish them to; if they go to Clacton or Brighton and beat each other up then freedom-of-the-will turns into "licence" and some such mechanistic device as putting them in prison or fining them heavily is in order so that their "free will" may be circumscribed! In fact, as Ford once put it, "You can have my Tin Lizzie in any colour—so long as it is black!" All this is, of course, nonsense. The only difference between the methods currently used to cure neurotics or to curb criminals, and those advocated by psychologists

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with a knowledge of learning theory, is that the former don't work whereas the latter do. If efficiency be a crime then perhaps psychologists must plead guilty.

KATHLEEN NOTT ATTACKS what she rather quaintly calls "behaviourists" along two rather oblique lines. The first of these seems to relate to their manner of writing. Having invented what she calls "a technical language to facilitate semantic classification" she proceeds to lambaste one contributor to the journal, presumably with a view towards showing that common sense and ordinary English can do just as well as science and a specialised language. In this curious classification there apparently are only three divisions of style. "(1) Grandiose-inflationary or "Bullfrog" (*B.f.*); (2) Disguise by obviousness or "Poe" (*E.A.P.*) and (3) Pejorative reference to unacceptable concepts or other psychological theories, or Giving a Name a Bad Dog (*B.D.*)." For Miss Nott apparently all styles are bad, as all her terms are pejorative.

Is her indictment justified? Let us consider just one remark which she criticises as being "*B.f.*". The writer thus criticised is talking about a female patient who hoarded towels and could not be weaned from doing so by routine psychiatric methods. The psychologist writing the report instituted a new procedure: "The routine removal of the towels from the patient's room was discontinued. Instead a programme of stimulus satiation was carried out." This consisted essentially of getting nurses to bring towels to the woman until she just didn't know what to do with them any more, got fed up with towels, and ceased to hoard them. To Miss Nott it is "Grandiose-inflationary" to call this "a programme of stimulus satiation." I find it difficult to see her point. To her, and to other lay-readers of the journal, the term "stimulus satiation" presumably does not mean very much; but then the journal is written for experts to whom it means a great deal. It carries overtones of hundreds of well-known experiments done to establish the rules according to which satiation works, the conditions which facilitate it, the types of people in whom it works particularly strongly, and many other important items of information. It suggests that a particular course of action is subsumed under a general law which is known reasonably well and which can be used to predict the outcome of the experiment. Why should a writer give up a very useful term which carries a large amount of meaning for his colleagues? Why should he use a hundred words where one will do? Perhaps Miss Nott can explain.

Miss Nott also takes exception to some other remarks made by the author of this paper. "The ward nurses," continues Dr. Ayllon, "... found it difficult to reconcile the procedure in this experiment with the *psychiatric orientation* (*B.D.*). Most nurses subscribe to the *popular psychiatric view* (*B.D.*) which regards hoarding behaviour as a reflection of a deep 'need' (*B.D.*) for love and security." Her complaint apparently is: "This is meant to be scientific language. Is it not on the contrary tendentious and ideological? The inverted commas award Bad Dogs to concepts of feeling and value." Again I find this very difficult to understand as a criticism. What Dr. Ayllon says is a simple statement of fact, particularly when deprived of the italics introduced by Miss Nott. The quotation marks are put round the word "need" because in the author's theory the term embodies a hypothesis which was incorrect and which he succeeded in disproving. This is not to deny validity to all concepts of feeling and value but merely to indicate that a particular attribution was erroneous. If an author cannot indicate this without incurring Miss Nott's Bad Dogs, I suggest it will be very difficult for any author to write at all unless he is prepared to agree with everyone and everything. Indeed, what is one to make of Miss Nott's own writing? "... an intensive study of Eysenck's work suggests that he is a bit dazzled by the power of figures." A bit dazzled! Really Miss Nott, is any stigma good enough to beat a dogma with? Two B.D.s for you, doubled and redoubled.

HOWEVER, ALL THIS semantic acrobatics is presumably only a game and must not be taken too seriously. Miss Nott's second criticism seems rather more to the point and may require a somewhat more serious answer. Miss Nott's main charge seems to be this.

> In all systems of psychotherapy, the patient is at a disadvantage. The therapist is often trying (not of necessity deliberately) to impose a "norm." Even if he isn't, the patient can't help thinking that the therapist somehow represents such a concept. But on the evidence of these journals the patient of a Behaviour therapist is at a double disadvantage. The Behaviour therapist doesn't even have to believe that his patient's "neurosis" exists.... Eysenck's slogan, "There is no neurosis underlying the symptom but merely the symptom itself" floats like a smoke-advertisement over this built-up area...[1] If you can't

[1] Miss Nott adds a footnote to this reading as follows. "New semantics: my dictionary strongly implies that a 'symptom' is always 'of' something." I do wish she would give up talking about semantics or get a better dictionary; clearly she has never got beyond the Oxford Pocket Dictionary in her researches.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

recognise intellectual and emotional disorders how can you have any idea of what would be a will to order? Or that to some human beings what is most characteristically human is that tension, which feels necessary, between the desire to be "free" (self-identifying, self-choosing) and the desire to be related (to "love"). This duality may cause discomforts and growing pains. Are we to remove them with the other "symptoms?"

This quotation from Miss Nott suggests either that she is desperately confused or that she has never seen the kind of person who comes to the psychiatrist for treatment. Let me just mention a few of the most common cases that come for treatment and let the reader try to assess to what degree Miss Nott's impassioned emotionality has any relevance to these. Here is a boy of sixteen who is suffering from encopresis —in other words he is constantly defecating into his trousers, has done so for many years and continues to do so in spite of all that orthodox psychiatry can do for him. Is a therapist trying to impose a "norm" on him when he tries to cure him of this? Perhaps, but even more certainly the *patient* has no doubt at all in his mind that he wants to overcome this debility, which can be absolutely deadly in its social and emotional consequences for any sensitive and fastidious child. Or consider this woman, 52 years of age, who is suffering an extreme fear of dogs; this phobia has made it impossible for her to leave her room in case she might encounter a dog and has made her life, and that of her family, a misery for many years. There is no doubt in her mind what she wants more than anything in the world, and that is to get rid of this phobia once and for all. Is the "behaviourist" imposing a "norm" on her in trying to restore her to sanity?

Or take this man, 35 years of age, who comes to hospital with a desperate desire to get rid of his transvestite habits. For many years he has had an incurable and overwhelming desire to dress up as a woman; he has often been in trouble with the law, and now his marriage is breaking up over this. Why shouldn't he dress as a woman if he wants to? Well, I, for one, don't mind, but others (including his wife, and even himself) *do*. Is it so wicked of the behaviourist to try and work out methods which will help this man to get rid of an irrational habit which he himself hates and despises?

Let us take one last case, perhaps the most common of all. Here is a man of 46, intelligent, well educated, who is so full of fears, anxieties and depression that he has made several attempts at suicide and is likely to do so again. Am I imposing a "norm" on him in suggesting methods of getting rid of this dreadful anxiety? I am afraid I simply don't see the point that Miss Nott is driving at. People often develop habits they wish they could get rid of, from smoking to homosexuality, and from phobias to criminality. Modern learning theory has worked out ways and means of helping them to do precisely this. Miss Nott in some obscure way seems to resent this; however, from what she says it is difficult to see quite why.

Miss Nott's criticisms are likely to have a spuriously attractive sound to many artistic and literary people who vaguely fear and resent the growth of a scientific psychology. I see no reason for either the fear or the resentment. Just as our growing knowledge of the nature of light has failed to take the pleasure out of seeing a rainbow, so I fail to see why our growing knowledge of human behaviour should interfere with our subjective feelings about ourselves or other people. Miss Nott's cries of anguish do not seem to me to show the rational and calm objectivity of the philosopher but rather the agitated emotion of the poet. I wish she would decide once and for all which of these incompatible hats to wear.

Letter from Moscow

The Glazunov Show

It was a Monday in mid-June: the exhibition galleries of the Moscow *Manège* were the scene of an episode which revealed most impressively the ferment in Soviet cultural life as well as the heterogeneous tendencies in official cultural policy. It had been announced that an exhibition of the works of the painter Ilya Glazunov would be opened about four in the afternoon. Glazunov is regarded as one of the so-called "nonconformist" painters. He is not a full member of the official Artists Union and is violently rejected by the all-powerful guardians of Socialist Realism. Glazunov already caused a great sensation in 1957 when he exhibited a picture of a female nude: nothing like this had been seen in Russia for a long time. Last year he visited Italy and seems to have been quite successful there (the artistic spoils of his trip even included a portrait of Gina Lollobrigida).

This likeable young painter has also made many friends among Moscow's foreign residents. The fact that the *Manège* had been made available for his exhibition also indicates that he has friends in official Soviet circles. In spite of the ministerial permit, it was not possible for

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the exhibition to open exactly as planned. It seems that in such cases it is necessary to have not only the consent of the Ministry but also that of the official professional association: in this case, the Moscow Artists Union. The Union's committee had been in permanent session since early morning—but had still not been able to reach a decision by 4 p.m. A long queue, mostly of young people, was already waiting impatiently outside the *Manège* in the hot afternoon sun. When it was announced that the exhibition would probably not be opened at all, angry cries of protest were heard from the crowd, demanding an explanation. The director of the *Manège* was afraid of a row developing and made an urgent appeal to all the relevant authorities to "clarify the matter." Reinforcements of the militia were called out, and this did not improve the mood of the waiting young enthusiasts. At quarter past four Kusnezov, the First Deputy at the Ministry of Culture, appeared. In an already somewhat tense atmosphere, he took a good look at the exhibition, and ordered two pictures to be put in a less prominent position because they were too "pessimistic." One was a portrayal of the legendary murder by Boris Godunov of Dimitri, the son of Ivan the Terrible; and the other a work entitled "The Greeting," depicting a haggard woman with a sad dejected expression. After this the Minister (who had, incidentally, talked quite freely and even pleasantly with the artist himself) gave orders for the exhibition to be opened without further delay lest any "unpleasant happenings" occur. From the queue of young art enthusiasts which had meanwhile grown to a hundred metres, there arose a sign of relief.

FOR THE WESTERN OBSERVER there is little sensational about Glazunov's pictures. They are all attuned to a kind of very cautious expressionism, distinctly reminiscent of the German expressionists of the 'twenties. The painter has protected himself ideologically by including a portrait of Lenin and a large painting in the style of pure Socialist Realism. Glazunov's considerable talent gleams through his work, but one has the impression that it has not been able to develop properly. Portraits predominate: it is well known that it is in this field that an artist can most easily abstract without becoming abstract. His whole style reminds one of what I saw in Poland in 1955, in the period immediately preceding the "October Revolt." There was much fierce discussion at the exhibition. "Decadent!" cried some. "Genuine creative realism!" replied others. And in the visitor's book I noted this entry from a young girl: "I travelled for two days just to see this exhibition and I want to thank the artist most sincerely for this splendid experience...."

The arguments propounded by the advocates of Socialist Realism were typical. The "decadence" of Glazunov's work, one of them was heard to say, resulted from the fact that the painter had returned from Italy with "full suitcases." Occasionally the disputants had to be separated by officials, but on the whole the public behaved very well and was in a rather serious mood. Pretty well-dressed young women moved gracefully through the gallery (and they were not averse, I noted, to having their hands kissed).

The atmosphere was tense: everything was piquantly novel and out of the ordinary. One only had to look at the visitors' faces to see what the confrontation with these documents of an unorthodox creative purpose meant for these representatives of Russia's young intellectual and artistic élite. They also had a most friendly welcome for the foreign correspondents who attended the exhibition. As I left the *Manège* I noticed that the queue of those waiting for admission already stretched round the corner.

Glazunov's exhibition was the first of its kind in the Soviet Union since that famous exhibition at the end of 1962 at which Khrushchev declared that those unconventional pictures appeared to have been painted with "donkeys' tails." It is interesting that the Ministry of Culture (presided over by Mme Furtseva) gave permission for the exhibition to be held in spite of the fact that the official Artists Union was obviously against it. The displacement of the two "pessimistic" pictures must be considered a relatively harmless concession to the traditionalists. One can hardly blame a high Soviet official for trying to protect himself with a gesture of this kind. For once the pretext of preventing "unpleasant happenings" seemed to be serving the cause of liberty rather than bureaucratic censorship.

BUT BY FRIDAY EVENING the Glazunov show at the *Manège* was the scene of one of the fiercest anti-conformist demonstrations that Moscow has seen in recent years. The official and very orthodox Artists Union had arranged for a meeting with the Deputy Minister Kusnezov, to take place in the Painting Room at five in the afternoon. The exhibition was to be closed for the meeting. Admission, it was announced, would be by special invitation only. Two hundred tickets were issued, almost exclusively to members of the Artists Union. The purpose of the meeting was evidently to reach a verdict on Glazunov's paintings and perhaps also to get the exhibition closed and thereby restore

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the prestige of official "Socialist Realism" (and its privileged representatives).

The meeting had been prepared for by a sharp attack on Glazunov in the evening paper *Vyetschernaya Moskva*. But the traditionalists' plan failed. When the authorities were about to close the exhibition, hundreds of young people, mostly students from the university and the art schools, refused to leave the *Manège*. They clamoured for a "free and open discussion" instead of a "secret inquisition"; they also threatened to stage a sit-down strike. Loud and vehement debates ensued and cries of *"We want new painters!"* were heard coming from the crowd. When the first official participants in the meeting appeared they found themselves completely isolated. The young people demanded that action should be taken against them and not against Glazunov. One student climbed on to a bench and read a letter, stating "the views of all present," which was to be sent to Mme Furtseva, and in which increased freedom for the arts was demanded. Meanwhile, strong detachments of police had arrived in front of the building where a crowd had gathered. The police behaved correctly, confining themselves to cordoning off the crowd; no action was taken against any of the discussion groups.

At the height of the excitement Kusnezov appeared. On Monday he had (against the wishes of the Artists Union) given the order for the exhibition to be opened. The students welcomed him with cheers. The minister evidently took in the situation at a glance and decided that in the circumstances the meeting could not now take place. He thereby took a stand for the second time against the official Artists Union, on the grounds again that "unpleasant occurrences must be prevented." Fierce discussions went on round the *Manège* for a long time on Friday evening among the crowds of young art enthusiasts.

On Saturday, the final day of the exhibition, the queue waiting for admission was 300 yards long. Many of the visitors openly expressed their indignation that so interesting an exhibition should only be open for a single week. The exhibition has become a kind of a "test case," extending far beyond the artistic importance of the works on show and far beyond the person of Glazunov. I have been told that among the visitors to the show were many high Soviet officials. Does the attitude of the Ministry of Culture signify the prelude to a more liberal artistic policy? Or was somebody simply trying to test the reactions of the young intellectual public? In any case, the attitude of the official party organs to the Glazunov show work is now being awaited with anxious interest.

Viktor Meier

Politics and Poverty

On Professor Shils' "Tutelary Democracy" — By ANDREW SHONFIELD

"IF DEMOCRACY can be understood in a partial sense, in which representative institutions function limpingly—even more limpingly than in the West—and public liberties are maintained, it is entirely possible that some form of democracy has, in the long run, the best chance to survive among the alternative models."

For all the characteristic caution, Professor Edward Shils' underlying hopefulness in his final assessment of the political outlook in the underdeveloped countries at the end of this analytic essay[1] keeps breaking out. Of course a "limping democracy" can be a very unpleasant place for a politician belonging to an opposition party. But even though strong-arm tactics may be employed at election times and opponents of the governments may be denied a fair hearing between elections, the law courts continue to function with some degree of independence and the government does not actively suppress dissident opinion as treasonable.

These are the minimum conditions for what Professor Shils calls a "tutelary democracy." None of the underdeveloped countries has in fact achieved full "political democracy"—not even India, which in Shils' view comes closest to it. There are a variety of influences which make it inevitable that a poor country seriously

[1] *Political Development in the New States.* By EDWARD SHILS. (Mouton & Co., The Hague, 20s.)

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bent on rapid economic development will strengthen the executive arm of government in a manner which weakens the democratic process. It would indeed have been more helpful to the countries which have recently won their independence from the former imperial powers, and have had their constitutions framed under the influence of Western democratic ideas, if this point had been squarely recognised in advance. Giving the Commonwealth governments in Asia and Africa their final send-off with a Westminster model constitution, containing an honoured place for an opposition whose duty is simply to oppose, has probably added something, on balance, to the political confusion.

Take a concrete case—the recent persecution and imprisonment of the leaders of the Action Party in Nigeria. Whatever the detailed rights and wrongs of the case against Chief Awolowo, the head of the party, it is pretty certain that he would not have got himself into his present fix if he had not insisted on setting up his party as a full-scale opposition movement—a complete ready-made administration flaunting itself before the electors as an alternative to the existing government. He did this in the belief that democratic politics, even in a poor and backward country, could be conducted only in this one way. Incidentally, his belief in this system also led him to insist in the Western Region, where his party was in power, that the top civil servants should keep themselves at arm's-length distance from the politicians; that was, after all, a necessary principle if an opposition party was to be able to move into office and take over a functioning administration. The civil service machine had to remain intact and usable by all comers. And so it seems it has: at any rate, although the Action Party leaders who had previously been all-powerful in the region were suppressed, the civil servants were considered to be sufficiently detached from their erstwhile political masters to be allowed to continue in charge of the administration under the new régime. This was an important gain, because it kept intact a comparatively sophisticated and independent administrative apparatus, rare in Africa, and one of the important props of any democratic system in the "tutelary" stage.

However that does not mean that any repetition of the Awolowo experiment is now feasible in Nigeria. The country has moved immeasurably closer not to a one-party system, but to a political arrangement under which the room for manœuvre of a fully-fledged opposition party has been markedly reduced. This is an alternative form of government to Westminster, on which Britain provided its former wards with no guidance whatsoever. The function of an opposition party under this arrangement is to collaborate with the government, to bargain with it about the exact area of collaboration, while constantly jockeying to obtain more power for itself. Its behaviour in truth is more that of a faction than of a party. What is gained by the public at large from this arrangement is that there is scope, for example, for newspapers expressing different shades of policy, rather than one standard official brand. But almost inevitably this will also mean that the opposition leaders will take part, either overtly or covertly, in intermittent coalition government, so that they are made to share a portion of the responsibility for the unpopular and sometimes arbitrary actions which tend to go with the upheaval caused by rapid economic development. It is at least doubtful whether a government engaged in a social and economic revolution from above, especially if it is an efficient government, will in the long run give equal political rights to an intransigent opposition party which looks like a credible alternative to itself. India might conceivably prove to be the exceptional case. But so far, it is to be observed, no such credible alternative to the Congress Party government has made its appearance in Delhi.

THE TRUTH IS that in a backward country where planned development has been undertaken, the government's power tends to become so pervasive, especially in the field of business, that it is often difficult to find any independent economic base from which to challenge it. The currently fashionable doctrine in parts of Africa is that a "federal constitution" provides an answer to this dilemma. The theory is that a governing party in one of the component states of the federation could provide the nucleus for an opposition party at the federal centre. This seems to be the hope of some of the Kenya politicians under the new constitution. But in the one case in which it has actually been tried out, in Nigeria, where the Action Party in opposition at the centre was the governing party in the Western Region, the experiment has failed. Much more to the point is that a federal constitution gives a rather special status to the courts and may therefore reinforce the rule of law. At any rate, the experience of federal arrangements to date is that they work successfully only when there is a powerful judicial body whose verdict is accepted in disputes between the Centre and the constituent governments of the Federation. In a political system where the central government is forced to recognise right from the start a power which limits the exercise of its sovereign authority, the habit of recognising other legal curbs on the exercise of state power

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against individual citizens is more likely to grow. In this matter Nigeria seems so far to offer a much more promising example. Among the worst evils of the one-party, would-be monolithic state of the Ghana type, is the destruction of an independent judiciary left behind by the departing imperial power.

WE SHOULD NOT deceive ourselves, however, that even successful "tutelary democracies," which are the best that we can hope for in the seventy or so countries of the underdeveloped world for a long time to come, will be attractive things to watch. The absence of unequivocal opposition in politics is almost bound to affect moral standards. The politicians who have learned to collaborate rather than to oppose when they disagree profoundly, will also get into the habit of sharing out the prizes of power with little regard for other people's interests. So far as the society itself is concerned, here is Shils' description:

> The régime of tutelary democracy involves by definition a feeble public opinion, a press without strong traditions of freedom of reporting and interpretation, universities without strong traditions of independent curiosity, enquiry, and criticism, a class of intellectuals who are either compliant to authority or apolitical.

What this suggests is that Western governments, who are going to have to justify an annual budget of foreign aid for many years to come, ought to prepare public opinion in advance for the inevitable feeling of let-down. There will be a number of individuals in the underdeveloped countries who will certainly enrich themselves beyond the dreams of the average taxpayer in the West—on the basis of the corrupt or merely selfish use of money derived from these taxpayers' contributions. There is no known way of avoiding this in societies where the actions of officials are not subject to serious and informed examination in public by an opposition trying to exploit a government's mistakes.

All this points to a serious political obstacle which will have to be overcome if the West is to maintain the large (and, it is to be hoped, increasing) contribution of economic aid which is probably going to be necessary for the rest of this century, in order to make a serious impact on the poverty of the underdeveloped world. The current political mood is already turning hostile to development aid programmes in several of the donor countries. After a period of several years in which the volume of aid rose steadily, the two most important sources of funds for the underdeveloped world, the United States and France, have both cut their aid budgets. In Germany too, though not so far in Britain, the earlier mood of eager philanthropy seems to have got soured. The spectacle of ugly politics in the underdeveloped countries is not going to make the popular mood in the West any sweeter. Apart from trying to induce people to take a more sophisticated view of what this kind of charity is about—above all, getting rid of the image of a collecting-box being passed round to help the deserving poor—there is probably little that can be done about the problem. Circumstances do, however, arise in which personal support from fellow-professionals in the West can help judges, civil servants, and journalists in underdeveloped countries in the struggle to maintain standards. The minimum acceptable standards are constantly subject to slippage in a "tutelary democracy"; the sense of membership of an international intellectual élite among the key persons concerned may mean that they slip a little less.

THERE IS, OF COURSE, another possibility—that several of these new states may react against the spectacle of corruption and gross privilege under the system of tutelary democracy, and move over to a totalitarian régime of a Communist type. Shils regards a series of Communist successes as improbable, chiefly because a totalitarian régime of this kind requires the exercise of considerable administrative skill in order to set up "an efficient machinery of intelligence and repression." This seems altogether too optimistic. There are nations like the Chinese, or the Indians for that matter, which have long administrative traditions of precisely the kind that could be turned to the use of a repressive government. Moreover, the destruction of all existing property rights, combined with absolute control over the level of wages, can give a Communist régime a head start in the initial stages of the race for productive investment. That the Chinese have recently made a mess of some of their investment plans should not obscure the fact that Communist China has shown itself capable of saving and investing twice as large a proportion of its national product as India. So far, even with the increased aid programme under the Indian third Five Year Plan, the capital received from abroad makes up for only a fraction of this difference.

It may be indeed that India's Western connections will in the long run give her an advantage over China which is more political than economic. One thing which is common to the Communist and the non-Communist countries of the underdeveloped world is the resistance of peasants to modern techniques of food production. Agriculture lags while industry moves

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ahead. In China, the government must periodically reinforce the machine of tyranny in the countryside in order to squeeze out of the peasants the extra food required by the growing industrial population of the towns. In India, and in other countries of Asia where food supplies are not keeping pace with industrialisation, aid in the form of food surpluses from the bursting granaries of North America and Western Europe offers a way out. It can be argued that the West has become too exclusively obsessed with aid in the form of capital goods. Of course capital equipment is important, and it is right to put the main emphasis on the enlargement of the productive capacity of the underdeveloped world. But subventions which raise the immediate level of personal consumption have their function too—and it should not be a matter of embarrassment to the donor that the function is in part frankly political.

Italian Notebook

By Richard Mayne

Milan

THE ALPS, for so many centuries the heraldic gateway to Italy, became a mere memory of rocks in a sea of cloud; and then we were at Linate, Milan's new airport, waiting while the baggage jerked and wriggled its way along the conveyor belts.

"What made the magic go out of travel?" is a caption for which it's easy to imagine the Thurber cartoon. But the answer isn't only the hordes of holidaymakers, the packaged tours, the cameras, the beach shirts, the funny hats. In the past, discomfort was always an ingredient of romance—whether in the dusty, bumping confinement of an eighteenth-century diligence, the teeming nausea of a cross-Channel steamer, or the blanketed, stuffy darkness of an overnight train to Domodossola. Flying has changed all that. Theoretically, the wonder of it should still be potent—soaring out of a grey day into the dazzling Alaska above the overcast, reading in a comfortable armchair while crossing the sky at four times the speed of a sports car. But old habits die quickly. Americans take planes as Europeans take buses; and already on this side of the Atlantic one hears complaints at the slow, fussy formalities that were invented to soothe and shepherd us when air travel was new. There's not much sense of adventure, or even of travel, in walking in a crocodile behind an air hostess, or sucking boiled sweets and listening to Muzak while your *Caravelle* takes off. With fares and facilities standardised, one plastic meal is much like another, and most airports recall the idealised Scandinavia of a designers' dreams.

But for all that, Italy was different, as it always is. Already, with the plastic meal, fresh peaches had announced the sun: now, alighting, we stepped into a wave of warm air. Inside the airport, a sign said "Health Control"; but there was no inspection, no segregation of "aliens," practically no customs check. Passing the *espresso* bar, passing the bookstall displaying John Le Carré's *A Murder of Quality* in the neat translation *Un Delitto di Classe*, passing the glass doors, we emerged from the universal Heathrow of air travel into a real world of trees and roads and houses.

Linate is less than five miles from the city—a welcome contrast with London, at twice that distance, and a mere trifle compared with the record-holder, Viracopos Airport, which is a full fifty miles out of São Paulo. It's odd to realise how small is Milan's area, for the city itself seems harshly urban compared with other Italian towns. "If Amsterdam's the Venice of the north," said one visitor, "Milan must be the Brussels of the south." Other Italians themselves feel uneasy in its clipped, impatient atmosphere—Neapolitans with envy for its prosperity, Romans with condescension for its vigour. It rains too much, they complain; the streets are ugly; the people are in too much of a hurry. Luchino Visconti's 1960 film, *Rocco e i suoi fratelli*, lengthily described the disorientation of a peasant family from Lucania set adrift in this northern wilderness; and if three hours of slightly operatic suffering seemed excessive, there's no doubt that the film's theme was real.

The Milanese, as usual, were defensive about their city, like Mancunians. In the *Corriere della Sera*, which surely needs no reassurance, a local writer was hailing with undue gratitude a new French guidebook which had some kind words for Milan. "Perhaps the place just isn't cinegenic," said a Milanese film critic sadly. Apart from *Rocco* and the fantasticated *bidonville* of

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

De Sica's *Miracolo a Milano*, what part had it had in Italian cinema? One after another, he reeled off the various boss-shots that had been made to put it on film. Most of them, he said, had failed to catch the true Milanese atmosphere: attempting authentic dialect, too many of them had lapsed into a kind of stage Cockney. The best film on Milan, in fact, was Rossellini's *Il Generale Della Rovere*, which was made in three weeks in studios in Rome. *Insomma*, the true Milan was still misunderstood.

Such, it seems, is the plight of a rich city in a country whose administrative capital's elsewhere. Does this make Milan the New York of the old world? Certainly, its inhabitants have the highest standard of living in Italy: the Milanese eats twice as much meat *per annum* as his average compatriot. The city has thriving industries, a first-rate newspaper, luxurious shops; it has La Scala, the Cathedral, and the Leonardo *Last Supper*. It also has skyscrapers: a new one of twenty-four stories was just being completed after a mere hundred days' work —setting a European record. Against the hoary old stereotype of the feckless child of nature, Milan asserts a new Italian image—the alert, ingenious young man in dark glasses and a nylon raincoat, steering his Vespa or his small Fiat at terrifying speed through the city or along the *autostrade* flanked with advertisements for *Agipgas*.

Ispra

ONE SUCH *autostrada* took us north-east out of Milan—the first motorway in Europe, built before the war, said our driver proudly, taking both hands off the wheel and turning round in his seat to stress the point. As motorways go, it was mediocre—narrow, bumpy, and under constant repair. Around it, the land of the valleys was rich in the older style, lush and tall with the broad, bent leaves of maize. Between them, Piedmont and Lombardy account for a quarter of Italy's consumption of chemical fertilisers, and a third of its agricultural machinery. Even a town like Varese, our next stopping-place, approached past old-fashioned villas with palm trees and peeling shutters, conceals behind its provincial appearance a bustling economy and an active—and solvent—administration. Only ten years ago, the town had a typhus epidemic because of inadequate drains. Modernisation cost almost a year's local tax revenue —which itself has increased sixfold since 1948. Today was market day, and the main square was crowded with stalls; the town and the restaurants were bursting at the seams. Ignore the cars and the modern clothes, forget some of the trimmer exurban houses, look across the market stalls to the slope of the public gardens, and this could have been any time in the last fifty years in a busy provincial capital unconcerned with the world beyond the hills.

From Varese to Ispra was only a short drive; but again the contrast was striking. Until a few years ago, Ispra was nothing—a minute village on the less frequented side of Lake Maggiore. The nearest town was Angera; and this still dreamily preserves the atmosphere of *I Promessi Sposi*. At Angera, a broad foreshore runs along the lake, shaded at one end by trees: on the slope running down to the reeds, fishing-nets and washing were spread out to dry. In the calm of the afternoon sunshine, the shuttered houses had an air of crumbling grandeur. From the balcony of one of them, a stone inscription told us, Garibaldi had once "harangued the populace." Behind them, the streets twisted beneath high walls; on the other side, one could look down along the lake past the low hills to the broad Lombard plain. This, one felt, was how northern travellers must once have caught their first glimpse of Italy, the promised land spread out before them in the sunlight beyond the Alps.

This same sense of the past once pervaded Ispra. Its traces are still there—the stone walls and wooded grounds of a villa on the edge of the lake, the nucleus of small streets around the church, the decrepit tavern, the open courtyards with wooden balconies and hens and heaps of straw. In one of the courtyards, a man was yelling obscene abuse, frantically, desperately. A prelude or aftermath to the kind of lurid drama that Italian papers call "*una scena boccaccesca*", or just a cathartic *sfogo* for the frustrations of peasant life? No matter: the essentials of Ispra now lie elsewhere. Behind the village, silhouetted against the far mountains, a tall thin pillar points upwards ringed with red and white like a barber's pole. Coming towards it, one encounters high perimeter wiring: through the brushwood and saplings one sees the now familiar shape of a small atomic reactor. The pillar is its ventilation chimney: nearby is another landmark, the weather tower. This is the nuclear research centre of Euratom, one of four in the six Common Market countries—a 450-acre extra-territorial enclave with its own customs sheds and policemen, a little international world on its own.

Atomic centres, so often sited on deserted stretches of coastline, are a ready source of journalistic paradox—the old rubbing shoulders with the new, the white-coated scientists consorting with seabirds and fishermen. Here, the paradox is heightened by the fact that Ispra's research workers come from six different countries, and language and national custom complicate the traditional problems of "culture-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contact." Outside the centre, dotted about among the trees like suburban houses in Washington, are the bungalows where the staff were first accommodated. Today, most of the Ispra scientists have found houses or flats in the outlying neighbourhood, and the bungalows are chiefly used for visitors. Opposite the gates, a kindergarten school looks after the youngest children while their fathers work; their elders go to a polyglot "European" school in Varese. Euratom has its own bathing beach on the lake, its own refectory, a club and frequent dances; but life for these people is scattered and isolated. "It's a historic chance to meet so many foreigners, to learn to live in a community, to become cosmopolitan," said one Italian wife: but others are less ready to embrace the nomadic, rootless ways of our international century. One complained: "We don't know the names of Italian goods, or how to use them; and those we're used to, we can't find." This last was a woman from Paris: her easy defeatism was characteristic, perhaps, of Parisians who can't stand living anywhere else.

How had the village reacted, we asked one resident: had there been fears of atomic explosions, of radioactivity, of polluted milk? On the contrary, it seemed; but then Italians were no strangers to nuclear energy. Italy's biggest power reactor, at Trino Vercellese midway between Milan and Turin, had just gone critical: its capacity of 275,000 kilowatts was enough to meet the needs of either city. The race for nuclear power had been spurred by rivalry between state and private agencies, including the former Mattei empire; and the need to supplement scanty natural resources was backed by public interest in what was still a novelty.

In the case of Ispra, the theme of "Europe" added further prestige. Along the roads in Italy, more than in any other Common Market country, one sees the letters *EU*, for *"Europa Unita—Europe Unie"*, decorating the backs of cars alongside the national identification letters; and if this betokens love of display rather than political sophistication, it's still not entirely pointless. One of the new amenities that Euratom has helped attract to Ispra is an elegant modern hotel on the edge of the lake. Characteristically, this delightful place is called the Hotel Europa. In the village itself, a supermarket has opened—rather remarkable in a community of two-and-a-half thousand. Its shelves stock produce more varied and international than in the average Parisian equivalent, including such rarities as English jellies and bottled salad cream. Further down the street, a stone's throw from the village *bottiglieria*, there's now a huge concrete cinema: on the night we went, to see an elderly Fred Astaire film, there was a scattered audience of nine. But if reality sometimes disappoints the hopes aroused by these well-paid newcomers, there's visibly no rancour or standoffishness, even on the part of local Communists. The Ispra *CP*, we were told, was anyway quite domesticated: it hired out its band, the only one in the district, for even rival parties' celebrations.

Venice

THE SUMPTUOUS EXOTICISM of Venice was a far cry from Ispra's blend of the bucolic and the technocratic. At the best of times, there's something precarious about the city. All too well aware how the wash of *motoscafi* saps the foundations of their palaces, Venetians were reading with interest a report that the Tower of Pisa was leaning at the rate of a millimetre more each year; and the presence of grey warships out in the Lagoon, coupled with ferocious thunderstorms, lent a note of doom to the frenzied beginning of the *Biennale*. This was going on all summer: but of recent years the professionals' part in the exhibition has been more and more concentrated in the few days before the opening. This is the time of puffing and chaffering, of endless mammoth cocktail parties, of gossip and backbiting, of exhibitionistic stunts. One young man from Bologna, whose pictures had been rejected, walked round at the *vernissage* with a grey umbrella up: on its panels he had painted examples of his work. Another group appeared in St. Mark's Canal, opposite Harry's Bar, with a "Floating *Biennale*"; later, two of its exhibits were seized as allegedly pornographic. At one noisy party, a well-known local character refused to budge from in front of one of the paintings. "I can't move," she protested, "I'm part of the picture."

This year, in the eyes of some Italians, all eccentricities paled before the strangeness of some of the work officially displayed. The *Voce di San Marco*, supposedly speaking for the Patriarch of Venice, urged Catholic clergy not to attend the exhibition. This was generally attributed to the fact that one painting was thought to contain a discourteous reference to Pope John XXIII; but the stuffier Italian critics hinted that they too felt many of the exhibits to be grotesque, un-Christian, inhuman, inartistic, what you will. To a foreign observer their pique looked a little like hurt national pride. The *Biennale* is nothing if not patriotic, each country putting up—or scraping together—works by those who are technically its citizens even if they've lived and worked abroad all their lives. And this year, of course, the top prize for painting went to Robert Rauschenberg, the American

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exponent of "Pop Art." To add insult to injury, his works were located in that section of the American exhibits that was displayed, not in the *Biennale* pavilion, but in the former U.S. Consulate. The mere layman could sympathise with Italians' feelings without necessarily denying the liberating force of pop painting. As one journalist put it, "I can't honestly say that the exhibition contains a single picture for which I'd make a real financial sacrifice."

Bologna

THAT, PERHAPS, was the voice of the old Adam. Watching Italian TV a night or two later, I was struck by the eagerness with which Italians still seem to look towards America, Pop Art notwithstanding. One unrandom sample threw up the following. First, a news bulletin which led off with US election prospects and followed on with a detailed study of civil rights, leaving sport and some Italian Ministerial speeches well in the rear. Secondly, reportage on the methods of work of Italy's leading newspapers, some of them partly modelled on American practice. Thirdly—American at one remove further—an extraordinary interview with Sean Connery, the actor who plays "James Bond" in the film series, in which he was asked such questions as "Do you think a spy has an interesting life?" Mr. Connery's embarrassed answers sounded even more non-committal through the Italian dubbing.

A better proof of American influence turned up right here in Bologna. Ask any Bolognese taxi-driver for *"il collegio americano,"* and he'll take you to a graceful modern building in Via Belmeloro. This is the Bologna Center for Advanced International Studies of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, a nine-year old experiment started on a shoestring in the shadow, and with the help of one of the oldest universities—if not the oldest—in the world. So far, some 420 students have passed through its courses, one a series on American affairs, the other a comprehensive programme of international studies. They come from all over Europe as well as from the United States: today, in addition to fifteen US Foreign Service officers, its alumni include officials of the Common Market and of the Foreign Ministries of Austria, Belgium, Germany, Greece, and Italy.

The initiative for all this came from a stocky Pennsylvanian now in his late fifties, who almost single-handed raised the money, mostly from private sources, beat down the bids of the local contractors, organised the syllabus, and recruited the fifteen-man staff. He glowed with pride as he took us over the austere but well-appointed building; under the title of "Professor", one couldn't help feeling, there lurked the eternal salesman. But without salesmanship, this lively multinational school would never have come into being; and it's just this mixture of vision, persistence, and practical expertise that Italians so admire about America. In Bologna, for a number of reasons, Pop Art seems very far away.

Rome

ARRIVING at Fiumicino airport, we seemed to have stepped into the worst of the inflation that's accompanying Italy's boom. It was familiar from official statistics—prices have risen by over twenty per cent since 1958. But even this was less than the French price rise; and a purely subjective judgment suggested no dramatic difference. The Rinascente department store, for instance, was making a point of charging "1960 prices," and the cost of some consumer durables had actually fallen since 1951. An eminent member of the Common Market Executive had just paid a visit to Rome to advise the Government on its economic policy. One couldn't help hoping that he'd hurried past the tempting shops at the airport, or else he'd have reported that prices were up by a further twenty per cent.

But in the capital, inflation, like the topless bikini, was already ceasing to be the mainstay of serious conversation. Once again, the Government was in crisis. In the Chamber of Deputies, nominal political allies were avoiding each other, and old friends long parted were gathering in corners. At the press club bar near Piazza S. Silvestro, the Campari-soda pundits were pontificating. At night in the cafés of Piazza Navona, friends were retailing the day's secrets as the walls turned from dull gold to brown. It was almost as if a whole decade had vanished. Weren't some of us following this self-same story just ten years ago?

Basically, it's true, the political-arithmetical problem remains the same. Much of what would in other countries be the constitutional opposition is siphoned off in Italy by the Communist party. The other large party is formed by the Christian Democrats; but they're united primarily by Catholicism, and on lay-political matters they span a large range of the ordinary party spectrum. For years after the war, their traditional allies were the "lay democratic" parties of the Centre, who gave them a small but fairly reliable Parliamentary majority. When that majority failed, it was seldom because of a visible shift in public or Parliamentary opinion, but more often than not on account of dissensions among the Christian Democrats themselves. Instead of political changes directly decided by the electorate, Italy experienced the vagaries of coterie politics, ruled by successive alliances between different shades of Christian

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Democrat opinion. When the *CD* Right was uppermost, coalition with the Liberals was favoured; when the *CD* Left was strongest, the Republicans and Social Democrats came in.

English and American observers, schooled in a two-party system, find this very confusing, if not actually undemocratic; but so long as Communism and Christian Democracy continue to confront each other, it's hard to see much room for further manoeuvre. Already ten years ago, however, some saw new possibilities in the so-called "opening to the left"; and now, by bringing the Nenni Socialists into the Government, Italy has at last succeeded in weaning them from their Communist allies and securing on paper, at least, a sizeable Government majority. How long it can last, despite the current crises, will largely depend upon restless elements among the Christian Democrats, as well as upon the Socialists' sense of responsibility. Friends of Italy who are anxious to see her enjoy something closer to Anglo-Saxon political life can only hope that the experiment will succeed.

THE OTHER MAIN talking-point in Rome at midsummer was the long drawn-out trial of Felice Ippolito, former Secretary of the Italian Nuclear Energy Council, accused of peculation, abuse of authority, and bypassing administrative rules. Day after day, the harassed and distinguished-looking Ippolito sat giving evidence on a hard chair in front of the tribunal, with papers on his knee and the barrel of a microphone aimed at his face. The main burden of his defence was that so few people in Italy were competent to deal with nuclear affairs that it was inevitable to find the same small number of names and firms—and families—closely linked. He had even told the President of the Republic that progress could only be made by cutting administrative corners. Many of those who'd had dealings with him had been impressed by his dynamism: one nuclear engineer remarked in private that Ippolito was a minor Mattei. How far all this would weigh with the court it was impossible to say. Newspaper comment tended to be swayed by political considerations; but as far as an outsider's verdict went, it looked as if part of Ippolito's downfall was due to the difficulty of running an ultra-modern industry with a less than modern administration at one's back.

In several ways, in fact, Italy is finding that growing prosperity brings complications in its train. The Roman authorities have been trying every device to deal with the press of traffic: having introduced a one-way street system ten years ago with the help of British experts, they've recently applied no-parking rules with Draconian severity, then relaxed them for a brief Saturnalia to see if motorists would behave. (On the whole, they did—but not for long.) New laws against smog are in the offing; and several local authorities have banned juke-boxes. All these, no doubt, are signs of the changing times: so is the fact that Italo Calvino, one of Italy's most interesting novelists, has lately devoted three successive *novelle* to smog, elections, and speculation in real estate.

Behind much of Italy's new preoccupation with safeguarding the amenities of life there lies the familiar problem of the tourist. Today, even the *Mezzogiorno,* even Sardinia, are being tamed with new hotels. Most of them are well-appointed and superlatively sited; but those who collect over-exposed colour slides of under-developed countries will have to travel farther afield. In Rome, the Ministry of Tourism and Spectacle has launched what Italians oddly call "the offensive of the smile." If economic progress can be combined with continued picturesque attraction, Italy's undoubtedly the country with the sheer style to carry it off. But for all that, it isn't easy. "Tourist Day," celebrated with toasts at the Campidoglio, coincided with a strike of airline cabin staff. As our plane finally thrust through the clouds above the Alps, we opened the luncheon boxes left on our seats in lieu of the usual plastic meals. Inside were some sandwiches that must have been auctioned off by Dr. Beeching. At the time, it was deeply depressing: but air hostesses too, I suppose, deserve their slice of the national peach.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London Commentary

Battle of the Ghosts

By David Marquand

"But we forget, Sir Robert Peel is not the leader of the Tory party....In a parliamentary sense that great party has ceased to exist; but I believe that it still lives in the thought and sentiment and consecrated memory of the English nation....Even now it is not dead, but sleepeth; and, in an age of political materialism, of confused purposes and perplexed intelligence, that aspires only to wealth because it has faith in no other accomplishment, as men rifle cargoes on the verge of shipwreck, Toryism will yet arise... to bring back strength to the Crown, liberty to the subject, and to announce that power has only one duty—to secure the social welfare of the PEOPLE." BENJAMIN DISRAELI

"The hope of Young England is a restoration of the old 'Merrie England' with its brilliant features and its romantic feudalism. This object is of course unattainable and ridiculous, a satire upon all historic development; but the good intention, the courage to resist the existing state of things and prevalent prejudices, and to recognise the vileness of our present condition, is worth something anyhow." FRIEDRICH ENGELS

ENGELS was right, of course. Disraeli's programme *was* unattainable and ridiculous; and after he had seized the leadership of the Conservative Party in the House of Commons, Disraeli himself did almost nothing to attain it. Nevertheless, his revulsion from the "prevalent prejudices" of the Manchester School and his insistence on "social welfare" helped to create and sustain a tradition of Tory paternalism which has been of incalculable importance in the history of British Conservatism. It is true that for most of its history, the Conservative Party has been the principal political instrument of the rich and powerful, determined at almost any cost to preserve their riches and power. But the "almost" has been as important in English history as the "determined"; and the "almost" is at least partly due to the legacy of Disraeli. Thanks to the Disraelian tradition, the Conservative Party never identified itself wholly and exclusively with the capitalist system and the law of the market. Although it resisted the coming of the welfare state with all the means in its power, it was reconciled to its defeat with comparative good grace; and the ghost of Disraeli (with the ghost of Burke in the background) helped to provide a moral sanction for its surrender. The second part of Engels' comment has turned out to be as valid as the first. In spite of its phoniness, in spite of the contrast between its tinsel rhetoric and shabby accomplishments, Young England was "worth something anyhow"—though not in the way Engels expected.

How MUCH IT HAS been worth can be judged by Mr. Arthur Seldon's new symposium on the *Rebirth of Britain* (Pan Books, 5s.). According to Mr. Seldon, he and his fellow essayists "do not write in a partisan spirit." They include, he tells us, "sympathisers at one time or another with all three political parties." No doubt they do. But what matters is their present sympathies, not their past ones; and however non-partisan they may believe themselves to be, the fact remains that their doctrines are totally opposed to those of the Labour Party and have no conceivable relevance to practical politics except in so far as they may be taken up by Conservatives. *Rebirth of Britain* is non-partisan only in the sense that it is peripheral to the open struggle for electoral victory now going on between the Conservative and Labour Parties. It is not in the least peripheral to the submerged struggle for ideological victory which has been going inside the Conservative Party ever since the delicate structure of Macmillanite Toryism fell apart at the time of the pay pause and the decision to set up the NEDC. On the contrary: whatever their intentions may have been, Mr. Seldon and his fellow essayists have, in effect, made a take-over bid for the soul of British Conservatism. The fact that the best-known of them is Enoch Powell adds political spice to the attempt.

For Powell is one of the ablest and most articulate critics of the tradition of Tory Collectivism in the history of the Conservative Party. Where other Conservatives have been content

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to ignore it in practice, he has defied it in theory. Ever since his refusal to take office in the Home Cabinet, he has waged open war on the ghosts of Burke and Disraeli—in the name of the ghosts of Adam Smith and Ricardo. He has done so, moreover, with an intellectual passion rarely seen in British politics, and almost never in Conservative politics. As a result he has succeeded in demonstrating the illogicality and muddle-headedness of the successive compromises which have marked Conservative economic policy during the last few years; and he has shone a harsh and glaring spotlight on the internal conflicts and tensions of modern British Conservatism.

THE MAIN SIGNIFICANCE of *Rebirth of Britain* is that Powell and the other contributors have now taken the struggle against Tory Collectivism a stage further. They are not content to make negative criticisms, as Powell seems to have been in most of his speeches in the last few months. In addition they have put forward a positive programme. We are not only warned of the wrath which is to come if we persist in defying the laws of the market: we are also told what we must do in order to be saved. The result is a prolonged and anguished cry of nostalgia for the faith of our fathers, a political equivalent to a fundamentalist hymn. "It was good enough for Adam Smith," runs the refrain, "and it's good enough for me."

But this, in itself, involves a contradiction. For *Rebirth of Britain* was inspired by the ENCOUNTER symposium on "The Lion and the Ostrich," published in July last year. Part of its purpose is to confute the pedlars of doom who held forth in the ENCOUNTER symposium, by showing that Britain is not, in fact, as dowdy, as dismal, and as decadent as they supposed. This seems to me a justifiable, indeed a laudable, enterprise. But it is, of course, totally incompatible with the political message which the authors of *Rebirth of Britain* wish to convey. For if Britain is not decadent after all—if she is, on the contrary, on the verge of a "rebirth"—it follows that the laws of the market can be defied with impunity. And if the laws of the market cannot be defied with impunity, it follows that Britain must be at least as decadent as the ENCOUNTER symposium suggested, if not more so. For however remote present-day Britain may be from the ideal held out by the ENCOUNTER essayists, she is clearly far more remote from the ideal of Adam Smith and Enoch Powell.

This contradiction is never satisfactorily resolved. *Rebirth of Britain* oscillates from a gloomy pessimism, which pictures the British people as the oppressed and enervated inmates of some vast *dirigiste* prison camp, to a jaunty optimism, which implies that they will be ready to throw off their chains as soon as they are given the signal. Thus, in the opening essay, Graham Hutton writes of post-war Britain:

> wages and the lower salaries were pushed faster and further upwards in money, as unions... exploited the inflationary possibilities of full employment... the most severely "progressive taxation" in the western world redistributed the national income from the so-called "unearned" incomes (from savings) and from the higher earners to the lower earners and by way of "the welfare state"... it took the Conservatives... five years to complete the demolition of rationing and controls. Even to-day one-fifth of Britain's homes are rent-controlled, and Britons resident here can still not transfer their savings out of sterling except for minimal amounts and at high penalty.... For over 15 post-war years since 1948, two-fifths to one-half of the entire annual Budget has gone to plug widening gaps in the finances of "the welfare state".... The state's "grab" at the citizen's earnings bites ever deeper.... Taxes, levies and tolls on initiative and responsibility are so penally heavy that the wonder is British managements from foremen and supervisors up are as good as they are.

Pretty clearly, then, there is no health in us. With our initiative crushed by penal taxation, and our sense of responsibility debauched by welfare services, it is, to put it mildly, improbable that we have the moral fibre to return to the stern virtues of our ancestors.

BUT THIS IS NOT Enoch Powell's view. On the contrary, he believes that we are, in fact, returning to them. In the last essay in the book he tells us that:

> In the early part of the 1950s markets in food, in commodities and in land were restored, the apparatus of physical controls was dismantled, and, most significant of all, perhaps, savings were gradually allowed to command their market price by a return to rates of interest reflecting the balance of supply and demand for capital and credit. The same trend continued in the later 1950s: the distortions of the housing market were reduced though not eliminated; restrictions on the external movement of money and capital were simplified or removed; restrictive trade practices were brought under attack; free trade was established with the EFTA countries and attempted with the countries of the Common Market.... Only during the last few years has the proportion of the national product determined by public expenditure ceased to fall and begun to rise again.

So the disease is not incurable, after all: it is, in fact, on the way to being cured.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALTHOUGH this contradiction weakens the intellectual impact of *Rebirth of Britain*, it does not weaken its emotional impact. On the contrary, it serves an important emotional—and political—purpose. No political movement can succeed if its supporters believe that their cause is doomed in advance. Powell's essay is entitled, "Is It Politically Practicable?"; and it is essential for Powell's success as a politician that the answer should be: "Yes." But the gloomy tone of Graham Hutton is equally essential, for without it the whole enterprise would lose that sense of messianic urgency which gives it such political relevance as it possesses. If the Conservative Party loses the election by a substantial margin, it seems to me quite possible that the doctrines put forward by Powell and his colleagues may provide the rationale for its opposition to the next Labour Government. But Powellism can no more capture the Conservative Party by reasoned argument alone than Goldwaterism could capture the Republican Party by reasoned argument. If the Powellites are to win, they will have to launch a crusade; and if they are to find crusaders the cautious greys of Powell's essay will have to be buttressed by the fierce blacks and whites of Hutton's.

The same applies to the second fundamental contradiction which can be detected in these pages. The contributors to this symposium are all highly-educated, highly-articulate intellectuals. Their complaint against present-day Britain is not only, or even mainly, that the rich are forced to give up too much of their incomes to the tax-collector, or that the poor receive excessive welfare payments which they have not earned. Their real grievance is intellectual, not material: it is that Britain has turned her back on a doctrinal system, not that she has suffered certain material consequences as a result. But if this were the end of the story, the book would have no political significance at all. Intellectual systems can be used to justify a political movement, but they cannot sustain one. If ideas are to evoke an echo in the marketplace, they must appeal to the passions and resentments of non-intellectuals, for whom ideas in themselves matter little.

Thus, *Rebirth of Britain* contains two quite distinct appeals. In the foreground there is the elaborate intellectual structure of *laisser-faire* economics, vulgarised and simplified no doubt, but still preserving something of its pristine intellectual charm. In the background, however, there is a perceptible note of anti-intellectualism not unlike the anti-intellectualism of Goldwater's supporters in the United States, and an even more perceptible note of sheer class prejudice, perfectly calculated to appeal to the "status panic" of the old middle class confronted by the rise of labour. Thus Graham Hutton, an intellectual if ever there was one, writes that "it isn't the amateurs in politics and business who have failed Britain. It is the professional politicians and intellectuals in most of its press, the BBC and ITV." Thus, John Brunner, a former member of the Economic Section of the Treasury, compares "our present deference to economists and other experts" with "the deference of the ancient Greeks to the priests and acolytes who interpreted the word of the oracle for the populace to learn the will of the gods." And thus, in the autobiographical note introducing his essay, Jossleyn Hennessy complains:

> Before the war I was a member of the middle classes, but because I was educated at Charterhouse and New College, Oxford and belong to a London club, I have, since the war, apparently become a member of the privileged classes. I have, in fact, had to work for my living all my life.... My working week is 56 hours: enquiry suggests that this is about the average for an Establishmentarian in good standing.

It is true that no one actually complains of the difficulty of finding domestic servants. Perhaps the essayists should bring out a companion volume written by their wives.

As I HAVE already implied, it seems to me that *Rebirth of Britain* could yet become the manifesto for a British equivalent of Senator Goldwater's movement in the United States. I do not suggest that this is an immediate prospect. The power structure of the Conservative Party is a good deal tighter and more hierarchical than that of the Republicans; and the British Scrantons and Rockefellers are both tougher, and more firmly in control. Nevertheless a Conservative Opposition confronted by a determined Labour Government could well succumb to an appeal of this kind, if it were presented by a sufficiently charismatic figure. Powell, to do him justice, is not the man to do it. But there may be others waiting in the wings. At all events, we have been warned.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shell Chemicals
speed the flow of research and production

Shell chemicals, plastics & rubbers are the tools of research and the raw materials of production in many industries. They inspire new approaches. Cut corners. Co-operate for success. Write for a descriptive check list to: The Information Officer Shell Chemical Company Limited, Shell Centre, Downstream Building, London SE1

research production

Derek Birdsall

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pascal & Marx

On Lucien Goldmann's "Hidden God" — By ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

THE IRREGULAR VERB which many Anglo-Saxon philosophers conjugate on their way to international conferences runs, "I am sober; you are intoxicated; he is a French philosopher." A tradition of rhetoric and a belief that for Frenchmen clarity is not an achievement but a birthright have admittedly often worked havoc with analytical sobriety across the Channel. But the unfamiliar atmosphere of French philosophy has other more admirable causes. It is in particular more conscious of its background in intellectual and social history, and not just in the history of philosophy. It is therefore often at its best when it is self-consciously historical in its approach. And this, too, is often the best way for us to approach it. History may provide an initial common ground where philosophy itself would fail us. Metaphysical excitement may appear the more justified at the close, if the starting-point was dull and factual. What facts more dull than names and dates?

Every one of Macaulay's Utopian schoolboys knows the name of René Descartes; not even they know that of Antoine Le Maitre. But it was in successive years (in 1636, and in 1637) that Descartes published the account of that winter morning nearly twenty years before when he stayed in by the stove and so founded modern philosophy, and that Le Maitre withdrew from the world to live in solitary penance at Port-Royal. Both Descartes and Le Maitre are significant because of what the future was to make out of them, and the more significant because they came to symbolise two incompatible alternatives for the modern world. It turned out that Descartes had woven into a single rational system some of the dominant themes of the next age, in its life as well as in its thought: the isolated individual as self-sufficient in knowledge and action; the ideal of mechanical explanation; the reduction of God to the status of a guarantee that the gaps in rational argument can be filled, and the actions of individuals harmonised; the dualisms of reason and the passions, and of mind and matter. Cartesianism is the new consciousness expressed as a doctrine. From the world to which Descartes gave expression Le Maitre withdrew, abandoning his already successful career as a lawyer. His spiritual director was the Abbé de Saint-Cyran, friend of Cornelius Jansen, the Bishop of Ypres, and director of the nuns of Port-Royal, then in Paris. On May 2nd, 1638, Saint-Cyran was arrested on Richelieu's orders, accused of depriving the state of its ablest subjects, and never left prison.

FROM THE VERY FIRST, therefore, the devotional and doctrinal movement of Jansenism was recognised by the powers that be as their enemy. Withdrawal from the modern world was a challenge to it. In its withdrawal Jansenism asserts its own counter-thesis: "It is from our separation and absence from the world that is born the presence and feeling for God" (Saint-Cyran). Or again:

> We must have a low opinion not only of the truths which we discover through our own minds, but also of those which God gives us by his divine light. For this light is not the perfect gift of which the Scriptures speak . . . (Barcos).

Most radically of all Jansenism declared that there are divine commandments which the just man who lacks the requisite Grace—and the just man may well lack the requisite Grace—cannot by his own efforts obey. So we get the paradox of the just man who is yet condemned by God, who is yet a sinner. Or at least these positions seemed to the critics of Jansenism to follow from its central thesis—the Jansenists themselves oscillated between denying that this was a correct characterisation of Jansen's theology and asserting that it was a correct characterisation not only of Jansen's views, but also of St. Augustine's, and therefore orthodox. What matters is the Jansenist assertion of an unbridg-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able gap between the concepts by means of which the world understands justice and those in which God reveals his will.

God or the World? As always the choice was between a highly specific God and a highly specific world: an Augustinian God and a Cartesian world. How was one to choose? Within the Jansenist movement there were different answers. One, that of Martin de Barcos, was a total refusal of the world. Another, that of Antoine Arnauld, involved the drawing of an almost Thomistic line between the realm in which natural reason is competent and the realm in which only faith in supernatural revelation can guide. Characteristically Barcos wrote to advise other adherents of Jansenism on matters of faith; Arnauld equally characteristically was the author both of *De La Fréquente Communion* (paradoxically named, since the standards of spiritual achievement demanded prior to communion are so high that infrequent communion would have to be the rule) and of the *Logique de Port-Royal*. Arnauld tries to give unto Descartes the things that are Descartes', and unto God the things that are God's. Unfortunately, as Barcos correctly saw, one cannot serve both God and Descartes, at least in any easy synthesising way. This becomes plainest when one considers the role of God in Cartesianism: the God whom Descartes *uses* to guarantee the existence of the external world and to give the first push to the mechanisms of the physical universe is precisely that God of the philosophers whom the Jansenists contrast with the God of Abraham and Augustine.

The question of compromise with the world arose, too, at the political level. Barcos, the consistent extremist, severed his connection with Port-Royal finally when the compromise embodied in the *Peace of Clement IX* in 1669 was accepted. That Barcos was in some sense right is shown by the fact that neither the Roman church nor the French state were able to compromise with Jansenism from their own point of view and pressed forward to its total destruction. What was it that they could not accept? The Jansenists, especially Barcos, recognised a duty of obedience to their God-given superiors. They asked only to be left alone. But in providing a withdrawal from the world of church, state, and Cartesianism they affronted it. To understand in what the affront consisted we must consider further *who* the Jansenists were. Yet before asking that question it is even more important to note that the possibilities of Jansenism are not exhausted by the alternatives of Barcos and Arnauld.

SUPPOSE THAT, unlike Arnauld, one recognised the impossibility of a compromise between God and the contemporary world; yet, unlike Barcos, one could not deny the achievement of Descartes and wished to go beyond it by criticising it. Suppose that nonetheless one could not but live in the sight of the God of Abraham and Augustine. One would then have to affirm two apparently incompatible truths:

> If ever there is a time when one should make profession of opposites, it is when one is accused of omitting one of them . . . (*fragment 865*).[1]

It is for failing to do this that Pascal reproves the Jansenists.

Pascal aspires both to reject and to accept the world. He could thus in one and the same period of his life write of the vanity of scientific pursuits and set himself successfully to solve the problem of the cycloid. When Gilberte Pascal wrote her brother's biography, she explained his application to mathematics at that period as an attempt to take his mind off his toothache. Léon Brunschvicg explained Pascal's denigration of science by referring to his failure to convince the Jesuit Noel and Descartes of the significance of his experiments with the vacuum. Both explanations obscure the complexity of Pascal's position:

> One does not show one's greatness by being at one extreme, but by touching both at the same time, and by filling all the space between.

This is not the position of Pascal in the *Lettres Provinciales* in which the Jesuit opponents of Jansenism are met on their own ground. But, on this interpretation, from March 1657 onwards Pascal elaborated a new and paradoxical attitude of which the *Pensées* are the expression.

This interpretation of Pascal is the work of Lucien Goldmann,[2] the Marxist editor of Barcos' correspondence, himself an original philosopher of great powers. On Goldmann's view Pascal's final position is an extreme rendering of a coherence implicit in the rest of Jansenism, but only expressed in other writers in one-sided and incomplete forms. He lays great stress on the change in Pascal in 1657; the earlier crisis of 1654 when Pascal had the religious conversion, whose record was the *Mémorial*, had led Pascal into a life which only found its intellectual expression after 1657. Until then he stood with Arnauld in dividing the provinces of faith and reason.

But after 1657 he affirms both a philosophical view of the world which transcends Cartesian-

[1] I have numbered the fragments as in the Brunschvicg edition.

[2] *The Hidden God*. Translated by Philip Thody. Routledge & Kegan Paul, 70s.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ism and a view of God which makes all worldly activity worthless. Sometimes these attitudes are combined in the same fragment:

> Descartes—We must say, approximately, "This occurs by figure and motion," for that is true. But it is ridiculous to say which figures and motions; and try to reconstruct the machine. For it is unnecessary, uncertain, and difficult. And even if it were possible, I do not consider the whole of philosophy to be worth an hour of trouble (*fragment 79*).

Sometimes we get an acute criticism of Cartesianism of purely philosophical interest:

> If man were to begin by studying himself, he would see how incapable he is of going beyond himself. How could it be possible for a part to know the whole? But he may perhaps aspire to a knowledge of at least those parts which are on the same scale as himself. But the different parts of the world are all so closely linked and related together that I hold it to be impossible to know one without knowing the other and without knowing the whole (*fragment 72*).

At other times we find the whole of human knowledge brought under condemnation:

> Everything here on earth is partly true and partly false. But essential truth is not like this, for it is wholly pure and wholly true. The mixture that we find here on earth both dishonours and destroys this truth . . . (*fragment 385*).

Is Pascal simply inconsistent? Should his solution have been in a tough-minded way to grasp one of the horns of his dilemma and abandon the other? This would have been the Cartesian solution as it would also have been the Augustinian. But Pascal inhabits two conceptual universes the claims of which he can neither reconcile nor abandon. Torn as he is between two realms, he can see each from the point of view of the other and his own predicament from both. Thus from within Christianity he sees his dilemma as itself prefigured by Christian theology. For does not Christian theology assert that we inhabit two realms, that man belongs both with the angels and the beasts, that if human nature ignores its limitations and seeks to be angelic it becomes bestial, that a hidden God has revealed himself incarnate and so on? The paradoxes of Christianity show it to be divine.

Yet from within the world he can see Christianity in the perspective of his own critique of Cartesianism. His scepticism about clear and distinct ideas ("Too much clarity darkens") and about any allegedly indubitable first principles, even those of scepticism, extends to any alleged arguments for Christianity, even his own. The theory of chances, which he had elaborated to

American Literature

Edited by GEOFFREY MOORE

A huge anthology representative of American writing from colonial times to the present. With a general introduction to each period, and individual notes and bibliographies. 1328 pages. 25/-

The Arctic Ox

MARIANNE MOORE

The first collection of Miss Moore's poems to appear in this country since *Like a Bulwark* in 1957. 16/-

Pompeian Dog

C. A. TRYPANIS

A new volume of poems. The Poetry Book Society Choice for Autumn. 15/-

The Lost Boy

ALBERTO ARBASINO

Translated by Bernard Wall. "In telling the story of a love affair between himself and another man, in the form of letters, the anonymous narrator also discusses the problems that face him as a modern novelist."—THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT. 21/-

Umbria

MICHAEL ADAMS

"[It] combines past and present, learning and intuition, research and guesswork of an inspired, visual, almost painterly kind in an immensely fruitful way."—ISABEL QUIGLY, GUARDIAN. With 44 photographs and two maps. 36/-

The Second Session

XAVIER RYNNE

The *New Yorker* correspondent's report on last Autumn's debates and decrees at Vatican Council II. A successor to *Letters from Vatican City*. 30/-

FABER & FABER

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

assist his friend Méré at the gambling tables, encounters its limit at the point at which there are no more probabilities, but the stakes are infinite. Yet at this very point a wager cannot be avoided. It is only through a wager that God exists that meaning is conferred on an otherwise meaningless world. Yet it is from the standpoint of that world that we have to learn that belief in God has to accept the status of a wager.

Let Pascal abandon the world and he becomes the ancestor of Kierkegaard, of a self-contained fideism. Let him abandon Christianity and he becomes the ancestor of Hume, avoiding scepticism only by calling nature and custom to his aid. His greatness is in abandoning neither. Why? To understand Goldmann's answer to this question we must turn to his use of Marx and Lukács.

THE DANGER is that we read what Goldmann has to say through our own preconceptions; and where Marxism is concerned no one is without preconceptions. Goldmann's thesis is that Pascal expressed in one particular form a coherent world-vision which Lukács was to characterise. That world-vision, the vision of tragedy, is rooted in the social history of Jansenism, expressing the attitudes implicit in the predicament of the *noblesse de robe*. Our preconceptions and prejudices might lead us to treat Goldmann's views as just one more explanation of the history of thought in terms of an economic and social basis. But if we did we should miss the concreteness of Goldmann's concerns. He is very far from forcing the interpretation of Jansenism and Pascal into an already existing theoretical structure. Rather it is at least partly through his studies of Jansenism and Pascal that he gives meaning to his theoretical terms. So one cannot fully understand the early theoretical chapters of his book until one has read the later historical and literary studies. Pascal and Jansenism are made to illuminate Marxism quite as much as Marxism is made to illuminate Pascal and Jansenism. Pascal himself would have understood this: "The last thing one discovers when writing a book is what ought to have come first."

The tragic vision, which Lukács described,[3] is the vision of a world where God is no longer present, and yet even in his absence life has to be lived out by the tragic hero with the eye of God upon him. Because God is absent, the hero cannot succeed in the world. Because God, though absent, still regards him, he cannot abandon his task. He is the just man under condemnation, whom the critics of Jansenism saw at the heart of Jansenist doctrine. So long as he responds by refusing the world, he is Barcos. So long as he tries to live in the world and yet also to refuse it, he is Pascal himself. The Lukács of 1911 saw the tragic vision as one form of aesthetic insight; Goldmann sees it as capable of embodiment only when it expresses a form of social life which can recognise its own crisis in this vision.

The *noblesse de robe* (as contrasted with the *noblesse de cour*) was composed of those lawyers and administrators whom the French monarchy used in achieving hegemony over the rest of the nobility, strengthening itself by this alliance with the Third Estate and the townsmen. During the 17th century the monarchy breaks this alliance and becomes an independent power, balancing class against class and governing through its own *corps de commissaires*. The *noblesse de robe* thus find themselves on the defensive; their allegiance to the crown and to the established order is the condition of their flourishing and yet now the crown has less and less use for them. They can less and less live out the only role they know, and yet they must recognise the legitimate authority of the power that is abolishing that role. The congruence of this social experience with the tragic vision is clear. (One is reminded of Milton who does not just have to justify the ways of God to man in general, but has to reconcile the hidden fact that God rules with the manifest fact that Charles II rules and the saints do not.) Thus the *parlement*'s manifest sympathy for Jansenism is for Goldmann a sign of recognition by a segment of the middle class that in Jansenism their own fragmentary attitudes receive completer expression and endorsement than elsewhere.

GOLDMANN is at the opposite extreme from those self-styled Marxists who have tried to reduce the artist or the philosopher to a mere product of his social background. He sees that such a reduction fails to account precisely for what interests us in a writer's achievement, his distinctiveness. Goldmann's injunction is rather that we should understand the background through the writer, seeing in the coherence of great art or great philosophy something that is only implicit in the thought and action of ordinary men. So he invites us to understand Jansenism through Pascal, and the *noblesse de robe* through Jansenism. Moreover, the greatest writers both express and transcend their age. They show us the possibilities in the age of going beyond it, whereas lesser writers exhibit the limitations imposed upon them by the age.

It is not only Pascal whom Goldmann views

[3] In *Die Seele und die Formen* (Berlin, Essays Fleischel, 1911). The Lukács whom Goldmann follows is the now self-condemned Lukács of this book and of *Geschichte und Klassenbewusstsein*.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SINGLE MAN

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

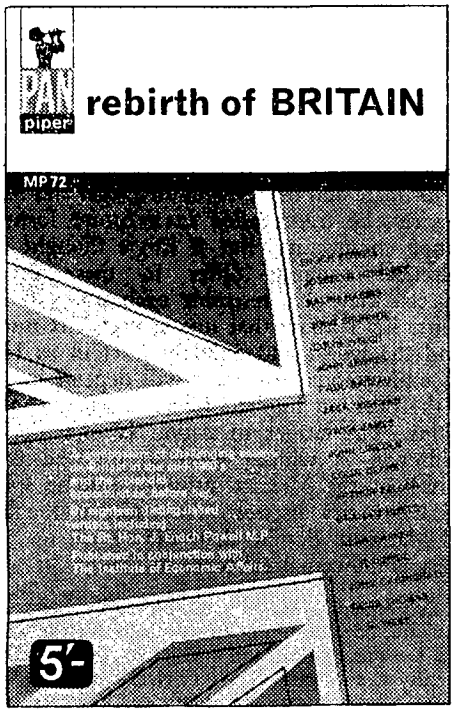
Mercilessly frank, his new novel takes as theme the consciousness of one man, during one day, in and around Los Angeles. **16s**

THE HOUSE OF LIFE

MARIO PRAZ

From the author of *The Romantic Agony*, a conducted tour around his magnificent apartment in Rome, recalling episodes from his life. *Illustrated* **50s**

METHUEN



PAN books

By 18 *contributors, including*

The Rt. Hon. J. ENOCH POWELL, M.P.

A provocative, challenging book on Britain today and the splendid opportunities before her. Calls for a way ahead in freedom, with greater emphasis on individual enterprise and less power for the bureaucrats and 'planners'. Published as a reply to the notoriously pessimistic *Encounter* issue, 'SUICIDE OF A NATION?' Includes essays on economic planning, trade unions, Europe, welfare, agriculture, education and other controversial subjects.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in this light. He analyses Racine's tragedies in terms of the concept of the tragic vision, seeing a parallelism between the Jansenism of refusal of the world and the tragedies of refusal, *Andromaque* and *Britannicus*, while Pascal's attitude is paralleled in *Phèdre*. These parallelisms are brought out within a much more detailed classification of tragedy. The justification of this classification and the use of Lukács' artificial construct of the tragic vision can lie solely in whether it enables us to understand better not only the plays themselves, but also the author's relationship to them. And Goldmann follows Racine himself in seeing the heart of Jansenism in *Phèdre*. For it was in the preface to *Phèdre* that Racine hoped that his method in this play "would perhaps be a way of reconciling with tragedy a number of persons famous for both their piety and doctrine"—although he does so ostensibly for the platitudinous reason that in his play virtue and vice receive their deserts. Whereas in fact if Goldmann is right the greatness of Phèdre herself is that she cannot refuse the claims of the world as embodied in her own passion and her conception of Hippolytus but nor can she refuse to live with the eye of God upon her. Of Phèdre what Lukács wrote of the tragic hero holds:

> He hopes that a judgment by God will illuminate the different struggles which he sees in the world before him, and will reveal the ultimate truth. But the world around him still follows the same path, indifferent to both questions and answers. No word comes from either created or natural things, and the race is not to the swift nor battle to the strong. The clear voice of the judgment of God no longer sounds out above the march of human destiny, for the voice which once gave life to all has now fallen silent. Man must live alone and by himself. The voice of the judge has fallen silent forever, and this is why men will always be vanquished, doomed to destruction in victory even more than in defeat.

TRAGIC THOUGHT is not simply an episode in the past. Pascal, in Goldmann's view, is not only illuminated by Marx and Lukács, he is their ancestor. He anticipates their epistemology in two crucial respects. First of all, he understands that the knowledge of man himself depends on grasping the individual as part of a totality. Yet we cannot grasp the totality except in so far as we understand the individuals who comprise it. Marx wrote:

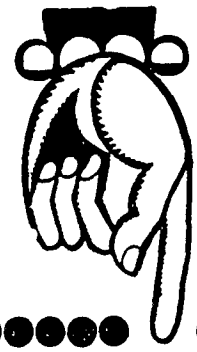
> A loom is a machine used for weaving. It is only under certain conditions that it becomes *capital*; isolated from these conditions it is as far from being capital as gold, in its natural state, is from being coin of the realm. . . .

What are these conditions? They include both the existence of a whole system of economic activity and the informing of human activities and intentions by concepts which express the relationships characteristic of the system. We identify a loom as capital or gold as coin only when we have grasped a whole system of activities as a capitalist or monetary system. The individual object or action is identifiable only in the context of the totality; the totality is only identifiable as a set of relationships between individuals. Hence we must move from part to whole and back from whole to parts.

GOETHE, HEGEL, AND MARX all grasped versions of this truth about the human sciences. Pascal, as Goldmann interprets him, uses it against Descartes in the fragments about the whole and the parts and about figure and motion, which I quoted earlier. We can put the essence of his criticism by saying that, just as no amount of mechanical explanation of the working of a loom will tell us what weaving is, or how a loom becomes capital, so no amount of mechanical explanation of reflexes will tell us what human action is or how a man becomes in his actions like an angel or a beast. For that we need to understand human action as part of a total system in which certain norms are established. The difficulty is that men have false as well as true consciousness of the systems of which they form a part. They need a criterion for discriminating true from false, and they exhibit this need especially in trying to understand the overall context of their actions. For Pascal this context is provided by God and his will; for Hegel and Marx by the history of society. For Pascal the contradictions involved in the task are ultimate and irresoluble; for Hegel and Marx they can be transcended in a future form of human community. But if tragic thought and dialectical thought differ in these crucial respects, they also resemble each other at key points. Both know that one cannot first understand the world and only then act in it. How one understands the world will depend in part on the decision implicit in one's already taken actions. The wager of action is unavoidable. Goldmann is willing even to use the word "faith" of the Marxist attitude, and he sees a real continuity between Augustinian theology and Marxism, despite their differences on such issues as the actual existence of God:

> Subsequently Hegel, and especially Marx and Lukács, have been able to substitute for the wager on the paradoxical and mediatory God of Christianity the wager on a historical future and the human community. In doing so, however, they have not given up the main demands of tragic

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New Fiction

Dan JACOBSON

BEGGAR MY NEIGHBOUR

Dan Jacobson's last collection of stories, *A Long Way from London*, won him the John Llewellyn Rhys Memorial Prize: this new collection by the brilliant novelist presents a remarkably wide range of fully imagined characters at the moment of crisis and self-revelation in their lives 21/-

Driss Ben Hamed CHARHADI

A remarkable autobiographical novel of the poverty and injustice in the life of a young Arab, tape-recorded and translated by Paul Bowles 21/-

Sean GRAHAM

A SURFEIT OF SUN

A brilliant first novel set against the tragic dilemma of Modern Africa 21/-

WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON

Journey from Obscurity

MEMOIRS OF THE OWEN FAMILY: II. YOUTH

Harold Owen

This second volume leads us into the adolescence of two sensitive brothers, often at clash with each other and their parents, but with an awakening understanding of their own and each other's natures. Volume I (*Childhood*) was warmly received:

'. . . a very fine, moving volume . . .' *Harold Nicolson in* THE OBSERVER

'Here, indeed is a childhood caught in amber . . . This first volume of memoirs is a gift to admirers of Wilfred Owen: if the sequel is as good, we shall have a work of exceptional distinction . . .' *Joanna Richardson in* PUNCH

'Even if it had no connexion with the poet, this would be a work of great fascination . . .' *John Bayley in* SPECTATOR

'. . . contains some outstandingly fresh and lucid evocations . . .' *D. J. Enright in* NEW STATESMAN

'. . . we should be grateful for this rare and meticulous record of what family life was like in the first decade of the century . . .' ECONOMIST

Volume I Childhood ✻ *30s net*
Volume II Youth ✻ *35s net*

Matthew Arnold: Selected Essays

Chosen with an Introduction by Noel Annan

The twelve pieces chosen for this volume cover a variety of subjects. It is only in this way, as Noel Annan points out in an illuminating Introduction, that one can fully appreciate 'the play of his mind, his method of developing an argument, the eloquence and delicacy of his advocacy—above all his irony and humour.' ✻ *10s 6d net*
(*The World's Classics*)

Concise Oxford Dictionary of Opera

Harold Rosenthal and John Warrack

This new Oxford dictionary meets the need for a compact, comprehensive, but inexpensive reference book on opera. Over 3,000 entries cover composers, singers, conductors, librettists, synopses, characters in opera, first lines of the better-known arias, and details of first performances. ✻ *30s net*

Art in Britain under the Romans

Jocelyn M. C. Toynbee

This comprehensive study of art in Britain during four centuries of Roman rule covers sculpture, fresco painting, floor mosaics, decorated silver, bronze and iron work, pottery, and figured and decorated subjects in other mediums. A picture is given of the province's artistic, social, and religious life as reflected in the works imported from abroad and those made in the island. ✻ *99 half-tone plates, £5 15s 6d net*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> thought, that is to say a doctrine which explains the paradoxical nature of human reality, and hope in the eventual creation of values which endows this contradiction with meaning and which transforms ambiguity into a necessary element in a significant whole.

Not eternity but the future provides a context which gives meaning to individual parts in the present. The future which does this is as yet unmade; we wager on it not as spectators, but as actors pledged to bring it into being.

Thus if Goldmann presents us with a Marxist Pascal he also offers us a Pascalian Marx. In so doing he breaks, as the young Lukács broke before him, with the view of Marxism as a closed, mechanistic and deterministic system of thought, and he illuminates a variety of Marxist texts which both Marx's critics and his defenders too often neglect. He makes it possible to understand the horror with which the Stalinist Lukács must have come to regard his own youth.

Is WHAT GOLDMANN says true? Partly this is an empirical question, to be answered by close historians of Jansenism and careful students of Pascal and Racine. Partly it is a question of how far the notion of "the tragic vision" is a useful construct. What does it help us to see to which we should otherwise be blind? But the implications of Goldmann's work extend far more widely than do these questions.

For by placing tragic thought, Cartesian rationalism, and Marxism in the way that he does he commits himself to a schematic interpretation of the history of modern philosophy. This schematism is made explicit at a number of points in the book, but more especially in a brilliant excursus on the Faust legend and in several discussions of Kant, to whom Goldmann devoted an earlier book.[4] To put it very crudely, Goldmann sees Kant as standing at an extreme point in the development of the related rifts between fact and value and between virtue and happiness. For Kant the highest good is still virtue crowned with happiness; but virtue and happiness cannot be brought together within the world. It is only beyond the present world by a power outside it that they can be reconciled. Practical life is intolerable unless there is such a divine power, but theoretical enquiry cannot show either that there is or is not such a being. So for Kant moral rules are independent of how the world goes, to be obeyed whatever the consequences of obeying them; and yet there would be no point in obeying the rules unless the universe were of a certain kind. Thus Goldmann sees Kant, too, as holding together a tragic contradiction, and in so doing acting as Pascal's successor.

[4] *La Communauté humaine et l'univers chez Kant* (P.U.F., 1948).

It is in his treatment of Kant that the striking differences between Goldmann and his Anglo-Saxon counterparts emerge. Moral philosophy in England is notably unhistorical. Books are too often written about "the" moral vocabulary, apparently on the assumption that there is an unchanging structure of concepts. It is too often assumed, when moral philosophers apparently disagree about "good" and "ought," that they are holding rival and competing views of the same concepts, rather than elucidating very different concepts from very different historical periods. Goldmann's book is in this respect a model of how to write moral philosophy.

Moreover, in bringing out the links between Augustinianism and Marxism, for example—and they go far further than I have suggested in this review—Goldmann contributes to an urgent contemporary task, that of re-drawing the lines of intellectual controversy. It has been becoming increasingly plain that whether a man calls himself a Christian, a Marxist, or a liberal, may be less important than what kind of Christian, Marxist, or liberal he is. I remarked earlier that Augustinians and Marxists do differ after all about the existence of God; but they agree that whether God exists or not is a crucial question. In so doing they unite against both Christians of the Tillich-Robinson kind and liberals of a certain kind who think religion a matter of "private" life. Equally that both Goldmann and Sartre call themselves Marxists does not obliterate the gulf that separates their views, let alone that which separates both from M. Garaudy and the French Communist Party's intellectual enclave.

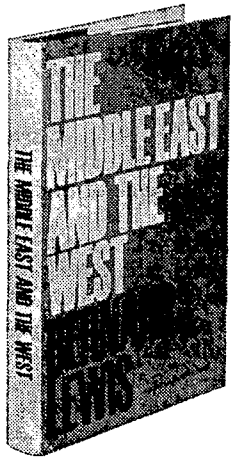
Finally, it is not of course true that the tragic is a category which can finally be transcended and left behind. It remains a possibility wherever the attempt is made both to live within and to transcend a society. This attempt need not be tragic in its dimensions. Stendhal's heroes make it in quite a different way. But it remains a possibility:

> There are only three kinds of person: those who, having found God, seek Him; those who, not having found Him, spend their time seeking Him; and those who live without having found Him and without seeking for Him either. The first are both blessed and reasonable, the last both mad and unhappy, and the second unhappy but reasonable (*fragment* 257).

This is an age when no one is blessed and reasonable and most are mad and unhappy. The task is to be unhappy but reasonable.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Encounter Books



The Middle East and the West

BERNARD LEWIS

"The first of a series of *Encounter* studies and certainly the best short book on the Middle East . . . It is a work of the highest level, combining elegance of style with an easy mastery of subject. This is probably one of the best books on any historical-political subject in recent years . . ."
New York Review of Books

"The work is addressed to the common reader, and is all that such a book should be: lucid, concise, unencumbered with unnecessary detail, of a bare and authoritative simplicity, the fruit of great learning perfectly mastered. It deserves to be widely read." ELIE KEDOURIE, *Listener*

"I have never encountered a book to compare in sheer persuasive lucidity with it . . . A masterly little study. Its scholarliness, its insight, its depth of understanding and its stern yet compassionate wisdom exhaust my fairly compendious vocabulary of praise . . . There is wit, there is clarity, there is also a miraculous absence of bias . . ."
JOHN CONNELL, *Yorkshire Post*

"Altogether a distinguished contribution . . ." JOHN MARLOWE, *Spectator*

"Brilliant . . . packed with unfamiliar facts and familiar facts, seen in fresh, exciting patterns. Gay, clear, and penetrating. A little masterpiece of historical exposition . . ." R. G. G. PRICE, *Punch*

Published at 21/- by

WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON

A. L. ROWSE

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

The outstanding historical biography of 1964. With acute perception combined with an intimate knowledge of the age Dr. Rowse has written what will become the definitive biography. ***Illus. 35s.***

JOHN WAIN
The Living World of Shakespeare: A Playgoer's Guide

The author's customary sharpness of vision together with admirably selected quotations make this a book no serious Shakespearean playgoer can afford to miss. ***25s.***

GOVERNMENT ACTION AND MORALITY

R. S. DOWNIE

A philosophical study of the relationship between morality and Government action in both domestic and international fields. ***21s.***

MACMILLAN

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nataraja & the Packet of Saffron

The Indian Novel in English — By WILLIAM WALSH

INDIANS were writing in English before Macaulay's Minute. Rammohan Roy, who died in 1833, was the first of that notable list of Indian sages who have expressed themselves in English (and, incidentally, one of the few who expressed themselves in a bold, direct way). Henry Derozio was a pre-Macaulay poet, Kasiprasada Ghosa and Michael Dutt, post-Macaulay poets. Toru Dutt, who attended the famous "Higher Lectures for Women" in Cambridge, was born in 1856 and died of tuberculosis at twenty-one. She made some effective translations of French verse into English and wrote a novel in French, *Le Journal de Mademoiselle d'Arvers*, and an unfinished English novel, *Bianca*. Romesh Chunder Dutt was a considerable scholar and translator; Manomohan Ghose wrote a delicate kind of Victorian lyric. Tagore was the great name in modern Bengali literature, but to the contemporary reader with his sharply diminished appetite for the ineffable, Tagore's English verse seems to be an unattractive Victorian combination of misty language and wambling mysticism. This was not, of course, the effect he made on Yeats, and it is, I gather, altogether unlike the strength and character of his Bengali poetry. Sri Aurobindo was another of the philosophic patriots and mystical teachers that the Indian genius throws up regularly, but his importance belongs rather to the history of religion than literature.

There has always been a remarkable quantity of first-rate Indian work in English in scholarship, philosophy, autobiography, religion, and especially in politics. Gandhi and Nehru themselves were both in their different styles masters of an oratorical idiom. And, of course, the Indians have had, and still have, their poets. But it was not till the 1930s that a number of novelists began to write in English—genuine novelists, that is, for whom fiction is an end in itself and not a means for communicating other kinds of truth. Some thirty years later it is clear that this was the form peculiarly suited to the Indian sensibility, and the one to which Indian writers have made a distinct and significant contribution. So significant, indeed, that it is odd at a time when we give more and more attention to "Commonwealth writers" that a group like this should have received so little notice. Odd, too, that these writers should have appeared during the years when the place of English in India as well as its condition should have been the occasion of endless, intense disagreement.

By now these novelists make up a formidable number of writers who have produced a pretty considerable body of fiction. A list, by no means an exhaustive one, would include not only the big three—Mulk Raj Anand, Raja Rao, and R. K. Narayan—but also K. Nagarajan, Bhabani Bhattacharya, Sudhin N. Ghose, Manohar Malgonkar, Menon Marath, Khushwant Singh, Anand Lall, Balchandra Rajan, Kamala Markandaya, R. Prawer Jhabvala, Sautha Rama Rau, Attia Hosain, and J. M. Ganguli.

MULK RAJ ANAND's first five novels and his best work *Coolie*, *Untouchable*, *Two Leaves and a Bud*, *The Village*, and *Across the Black Waters*, appeared between 1933 and 1940. Raja Rao has written only two novels, *Kathanpura* (1938), and *The Serpent and the Rope* (1960), and a selection of short stories, *The Cow and the Barricades*, in 1947; R. K. Narayan's first novel, *Swami and Friends*, came out in 1935, and with the exception of the war years he has written steadily ever since. It is these three writers who defined the area in which the Indian novel was to operate. They established its assumptions, they sketched its main themes, drew the first models of its characters, and elaborated its peculiar logic. Each of them used an easy, natural idiom which was unaffected by the opacity of a British inheritance. Their language has been freed of the foggy taste of Britain and transferred to a wholly new setting of brutal heat and brilliant light.

Mulk Raj Anand is passionately concerned with the villages, with the ferocious poverty and the cruelties of caste, with orphans, untouchables, and labourers. He writes in an angry reformist way, like a less humorous Dickens and a more emotional Wells, of the personal sufferings induced by economics—really economics, one feels, even when he is writing of caste. His sharpest, best-organised novel is *Untouchable*, which was very highly thought of by E. M. Forster. It is an interesting combination of hard material, narrow specific theme, and throbbing Shelleyan manner. The action, occupying a single day, is precipitated by a great "catastrophe," an accidental "touching"

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMBRIDGE PAPERBACKS

Yeats: His Poetry and Thought
A. G. STOCK
An interpretation of Yeats's poems for the non-specialist. 12*s.* 6*d. net*

Sparta
H. MICHELL
The secrets of the Spartan code and state revealed. 15*s. net*

The Uses of Argument
STEPHEN TOULMIN
The place of reason and ethics in making moral decisions. 12*s.* 6*d. net*

The Mind and the Eye
AGNES ARBER
The relationship between philosophy and biology defined. 8*s.* 6*d. net*

CAMBRIDGE PAPERBACKS

A Concise Economic History of Britain
SIR JOHN CLAPHAM & W. H. B. COURT
Volume I, The Beginnings to 1750; Volume II, 1750–1939. *Each volume* 15*s. net*

English for the Rejected
DAVID HOLBROOK
Can backward children be educated? This book shows how. 15*s. net*

Five Metaphysical Poets
JOAN BENNETT
Four Metaphysical Poets with a new chapter on Andrew Marvell. *Ready October* 8*s.* 6*d. net*

Virginia Woolf
JOAN BENNETT
An introduction to her novels, criticism and *A Writer's Diary*. *Ready October* 8*s.* 6*d. net*

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Speak What We Feel
A Christian Looks at the Contemporary Theatre
K. M. Baxter

Today's serious drama is concerned, more deeply than for many generations, with the human condition in all its aspects. Mrs Baxter shows how the secular playwright and the Christian theologian have insights of significance for each other and for the concerned public. 12*s* 6*d net*

The Secular Promise
Christian Presence Amid Contemporary Humanism
Martin Jarrett-Kerr

Father Jarrett-Kerr draws upon wide reading to show the inwardness of much contemporary humanism and to illustrate the proper nature of its challenge to the Christian mind. 18*s net*

SCM PRESS

Laureate Series

LP RECORDS OF THE SPOKEN WORD

MAKERS OF HISTORY

These records give an exciting insight into the characters and lives of great historical figures.

OLIVER CROMWELL—CLP1709 (mono) CSD1527 (stereo)
ABRAHAM LINCOLN—CLP1712 (mono) CSD1528 (stereo)
ELIZABETH THE GREAT—CLP1713 (mono) CSD1529 (stereo)

THE PATTERN OF POETRY

The complete series will consist of a dozen records of nearly 200 poems in the Anthology "The Pattern of Poetry", compiled by WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR and JOHN SMITH of the Poetry Society, and published by Burke Books.

VOLUME I—CLP1724 (mono) VOLUME III—CLP1736 (mono)
VOLUME II—CLP1725 (mono) VOLUME IV—CLP1750 (mono)

SCENES AND SPEECHES FROM SHAKESPEARE

These two volumes contain some of the most famous speeches to be found in the plays

VOLUME I —Richard II; Richard III; King Henry V; Macbeth; The Merchant of Venice. CLP1738 (mono)

VOLUME II—Hamlet; Julius Caesar; Much Ado About Nothing; Twelfth Night; As You Like It; A Midsummer Night's Dream. CLP1739 (mono)

For literature on this interesting new series apply to your H.M.V. dealer, or write to :

Education Dept., E.M.I. Records Ltd., E.M.I. House, 20 Manchester Square, London, W.1.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the morning. Everything that follows is affected by it, even the innocent and vividly realised hockey match. Of the three solutions hinted at to the problem of the untouchable—Christ, Gandhi, and Main Drainage—it is the last which is most favoured by Anand. He is a committed artist, and what he is committed to is indicated by Bashir's mockery in *Untouchable*:

> greater efficiency, better salesmanship, more mass-production, standardisation, dictatorship of the sweepers, Marxian materialism, and all that.

"Yes, yes," is the reply, "all that, but no catchwords and cheap phrases, the change will be organic and not mechanical."

RAJA RAO, a member of a very old Brahmin family, was born in Mysore in 1909 and is roughly a contemporary of the two senior novelists R. K. Narayan and Mulk Raj Anand. He has, however, a completely different literary character. He is not at all politically committed, and he is very different from Narayan in being poetic, metaphysical, Lawrencian. He is by no means a prolific writer but *The Serpent and the Rope*, his most important novel, gives no impression at all of any constricted or meagre talent. On the contrary, it strikes the reader with its flowing, outgoing abundance. It is a meditation, but a dramatic one, on the nature of existence, profoundly "philosophical," but not at all abstract or theoretical. Its tone is strikingly individual, a blend of Indian tenderness and French clarity. The action, or the meditation, since external events do not have an immensely high status in the novel, swerves from India to France to England and takes in an astonishing number of authentic, sharply realised characters. It is a novel in which the examination of human nature is done through the intense diagnosis of its hero Krishnan—Southern, Brahmin, tubercular, intellectually brilliant, spiritually sensitive, and profoundly sad. His relationships, especially with his wife, Madeleine, and with his mother-in-law (Little Mother), are beautifully realised, but the novel is much more concerned with laying bare Krishnan's individuality. The defect of this remarkable novel (which a very distinguished Indian critic, C. D. Narasimhaiah, considers the finest of all Indian novels) is again a slightly Lawrencian fault. Raja Rao does go on and on, and being intellectually curious and lively, he thrusts upon us bits of scholarship and innumerable reflections on masses of subjects. Presumably the point is to show the range of Krishnan's consciousness, but even the most attentive reader finds his attention drooping. If Anand is the novelist as reformer, and Narayan the novelist as moral analyst, Raja Rao is the novelist as a metaphysical poet. There are places where *The Serpent and the Rope* may slide away into formlessness, but there is no doubt at all that the author has a pure and impressive talent.

NARAYAN'S preoccupation is with the middle class, a relatively small part of an agricultural civilisation, and the most conscious and anxious part of the population. Its members are neither too well off not to know the rub of financial worry nor too indigent to be brutalised by want and hunger. They may take their religion more easily than the passionately credulous poor but even in those with a tendency towards modernity one is always aware under the educated speech of the profound murmur of older voices, of "Lakshmi and Vishnu, the protector of creatures." It is the members of the middle class who are psychologically more active, in whom consciousness is more vivid and harrowing, that Narayan chooses for his heroes—modest, unselfconfident heroes, it is true. They have some reason for independent existence; but there is always a tension between this and that deep source of power, the family, where the women rather than the old represent

Duckworth Books

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

The Heir of Redclyffe

Enormously successful in Victorian times—it was reprinted thirty times between 1864 and 1900—*The Heir of Redclyffe* remains a favourite romantic classic, although it is a study in goodness—not nowadays a particularly fashionable subject. Few books give our present age so clear a picture of the details of solid English family life in the last century.

The circumstances of the author's quiet retired life as the dutiful daughter of a Hampshire vicar are described in the preface to this new edition by Charlotte Haldane.

Leviathan Series. Demy 8vo 35s. net

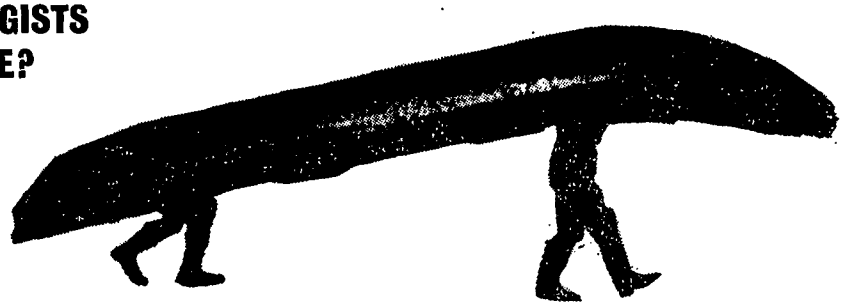
3 Henrietta St. London W.C.2

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Custom and Reason" and know "what is and what is not proper." The family is the immediate context in which his sensibility operates, and his novels are remarkable for the subtlety and conviction with which family relationships are treated—that of son and parents and brother and brother in *The Bachelor of Arts*, of husband and wife and father and daughter in *The English Teacher*, of father and son in *The Financial Expert*, and of grandmother and grandson in *Waiting for Mahatma*.

THE ACTION of Narayan's novels is centred in the small town of Malgudi in Mysore—small by Indian standards, that is—and one comes to have a strong feeling for the place's identity. The detail suggests, surely and economically, the special flavour of Malgudi, a blend of oriental and pre-1914 British, like an Edwardian mixture of sweet mangoes and malt vinegar. It is against the presence of this town and amid a net of family relationships that Narayan's heroes engage in their characteristic struggles. The conditions of the struggle vary from novel to novel. One still discerns beneath the diversity a common pattern. What is so attractive about it is the charm and authenticity of its Indian colouring; what makes it immediately recognisable is that it seems to belong to a substantial human nature. The primary aim of these characters is to achieve what Chandran in *The Bachelor of Arts* calls "a life freed from distracting illusions and hysterics." At first the intention is obscure, buried under the habits of ordinary life, personal responsibilities, and—since this is India—a heavy, inherited burden. The novels plot the rise of this intention into awareness, its recognition in a crisis of consciousness, and its resolution, or resolutions, since there are more often than not several mistaken or frustrated efforts at a resolution. If the analysis of the subject's struggle to extricate himself from the habitual, dreamy automatism of his Indian past shows Narayan's gift for serious moral analysis, then the various solutions adopted by his *personæ* in the search for another, more conscious life, exhibit his marvellous comic talent. (Not, of course, that the fiction offers a neatly logical division just like this. The serious and the comic flow in and out of one another throughout in an intricate, inseparable alliance.) Tracts of human experience are looked at with an affectionately ridiculing eye, and with that kind of humour in which the jokes are also a species of moral insight. Such treatment brings out the note of the bizarre, of human queerness, in the activities of many sorts of people, businessmen, printers, teachers, holy men, press

ENTOMOLOGISTS NIGHTMARE?



Actually it's not a mythical Celtic insect. It's an Irish Curragh — the traditional canvas fishing boat used extensively off the west coast of Ireland. These quaint craft can take the coastal calm and open seas with equal grace.

Ireland is full of interest and charming incongruities; dieselised railways and donkeys — jet planes and curraghs — modern hotels and ruined abbeys. The country is rich in legend and folklore and there are countless examples of arts and crafts from various ages in the history of man.
You might like to see the Book of Kells or the Cross of Cong — visit the museums and art galleries or walk through Joyce's Dublin. You'll enjoy the unspoiled countryside — the fresh food — the ease of living and the warmth of a friendly, enquiring and stimulating people — that is if you come to Ireland. We hope you will. Information and free literature can be obtained from the

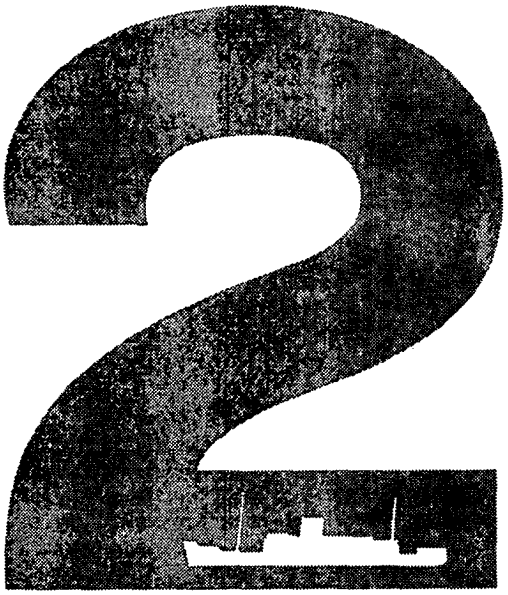
IRISH TOURIST OFFICE, 71 REGENT STREET, LONDON W1. Telephone: Regent 0533

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agents, money-lenders. At our most commonplace we are all exotic if scrutinised by a fresh eye. The range is impressive but it follows naturally on Narayan's reading of the key experience at the heart of his novels. It is always a meeting which precipitates the crisis of consciousness. It is the intervention of human difference, human otherness, into the hero's narcissistic world which shatters it for him, and he feels in response that he has to break out of his solipsistic circle into a new, better still, an alien, field of action. To evoke so much variety with such casual, convincing authority and to make it also organic and functional testify to an original talent of the finest kind.

It will not be possible to speak of the newer writers except in a hurried, pell-mell fashion. Bhabani Bhattacharya's two novels, *So Many Hungers* (1947) and *He Who Rides the Tiger* (1954), are written in the manner of Mulk Raj Anand. They are flowing, fervid novels with big themes, too neatly discriminated characters, and a great flow of loose feeling which washes round the detail of event and character. If Bhattacharya is too innocent, Balchandra Rajan (who has been a Cambridge don and a distinguished diplomat) is too sophisticated. In *The Dark Dancer* (1959) there is a laboured straining after significance as well as a too deliberate awareness of how significance has been traditionally imported. All sorts of explicit and muted literary reference show—or betray—the author's intention of assimilating his novel to the great works of literature. The novel is full of quick, glinting insight, but it is spoiled by its academic obliqueness and its mannered prose. Khushwant Singh's *Train to Pakistan* (1956), a study of the communal massacres of 1947, is, in spite of its theme, much drier and cooler. It is a tense, economical novel, thoroughly true to the events and the people. It goes forward in a trim, athletic way, and its unemphatic voice makes a genuinely human comment. Manohar Malgonkar has written *Distant Drum* (1960), a racy but rather indulgent account of the Indian Army from an officer's point of view, and *The Princes* (1963), a more perceptive, a more personal and stricken one of the withering of the Princely States.

Of the women novelists the best known is R. Prawer Jhabvala, the newest is Attia Hosain, the most gifted is Kamala Markandaya. R. Prawer Jhabvala, a most prolific writer, has been rather absurdly compared to Jane Austen, but she is more like a gentler Mary McCarthy.



2 ROUTES

Fast, scheduled passenger services thrice weekly from Fishguard and nightly from Liverpool (Sundays excepted).
Travel by night will save you a whole day!
Excellent facilities for the carriage of accompanied and unaccompanied car and trailer.

TO IRELAND

Liverpool-Dublin Fishguard-Cork

COAST LINES LIMITED RELIANCE HOUSE, WATER ST, LIVERPOOL 2 & 227 REGENT ST, LONDON W1

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Her characters are a trifle routine, her prose is pedestrian, but she is an expert analyst of domestic friction. *Sunlight on a Broken Column* by Attia Hosain is not a "case" against purdah but a well-shaped, genuinely felt reconstruction of life in such conditions, its collisions with the modern world, and the astonishingly tough-minded women it breeds. Kamala Markandaya's best novel, *A Silence of Desire*, is a delicate, precise study of husband and wife, although the wife has less actuality than the husband, Dandekar, a nervy, conscientious, petty government clerk. He is rocked off his age-old balance by his wife's strange absences, excuses, and lies. It turns out that she has a growth and is attending a Faith Healer. The husband is by no means a Westernised person, but he is to some degree secular and modern, and the situation enables the author to reflect on the tensions, the strength, and the inadequacies and aspirations of lower middle-class Indian life. The book is gentle in tone but sharp in perception, and the mixture of moods, the friction of faith and reason, the quarrel of old and young, are beautifully pointed. There are conventional, perfunctory patches in the novel, but Kamala Markandaya shows very high skill in unravelling sympathetically but unflinchingly the structure of the protagonist's motives and the bumbling and stumbling progress of his anxieties.

As READERS OF the Indian novel we in this country have our deficiencies. It is hard for us to take up the references—to the Indian scene, the agricultural tradition, the vast distances, the terrible poverty, the profoundly significant religion. We live in utterly different conditions where nobody's grandmother could hand down to her grandchildren as a legacy an image of the god Nataraja, which had been found in a packet of saffron—as happens, for example, in Narayan's novel, *Mr. Sampath*. As readers, we are almost certainly in the position of the young man Srinivas in the same novel and "grasp the symbols but vaguely." And yet as we read these novels, as we contemplate the proportions of the god Nataraja and think of the packet of saffron, we are not deceived, I believe, in detecting through all the appearance of strangeness a familiar rhythm, the common and extraordinary rhythm of life.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE AND SHELL CHEMICAL COMPANY LIMITED ANNOUNCE THE INAUGURATION OF A NEW SCIENTIFIC AWARD

"Interaction of technologies"

A prize of 250 guineas (and a discretionary award of 100 guineas if there is an outstanding second paper) is offered by Shell Chemical Company, working in conjunction with the British Association for the Advancement of Science, for the best paper submitted on the subject of the "Interaction of Technologies".
Papers of 5,000 words are invited from candidates over the age of 25 years and under 40 on 31st March, 1965. The contest is not confined to British nationals but papers must be in English and the author of the winning paper must undertake to proceed to the U.K. at his own expense in 1965 to read his paper before an appropriate section of the British Association Meeting at Cambridge.

Entries will be judged by a panel of assessors composed as follows:

SIR ROBERT ROBINSON, O.M., F.R.S. (Chairman)
Dr. M. A. MATTHEWS
Mr. L. J. F. BRIMBLE—Editor of "Nature"
LORD BOWDEN
Dr. D. C. MARTIN, C.B.E.—Royal Society
Dr. S. TOULMIN, Nuffield Foundation
Dr. G. B. R. FEILDEN, F.R.S.

Detailed rules and application forms from:

Information Officer,
SHELL CHEMICAL COMPANY LIMITED,
Shell Centre, Downstream Building,
London, S.E.1

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POINTS OF THE COMPASS

A View from Below

African Thoughts in Capetown

THE OLD IMPERIAL dream of Africa linked from Cape to Cairo seemed strangely realised in late July of this year. The new African leaders assembled in Cairo for the second "Summit Meeting" of the Organisation for African Unity spent most of their four days of open debate in blazing denunciations of South African race policies, and calling for world-wide sanctions and redoubled efforts by "freedom-fighters" to reduce the "Southern bastion of racialism and colonialism." (Only Julius Nyerere of Tanganyika devoted no time to South Africa —he was too occupied with a brilliant demolition of Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana for the latter's misuse of the sacred concept of "African Unity.") At the same time down in Cape Town the Special Branch of the police raided homes of leaders of liberal opinion and detained white university lecturers and students in an alleged attempt to smash a new sabotage group reportedly linked with general African liberatory movements. It all showed how, in a shrinking continent, both the involvements and the gulfs were deepening between the two main camps of Africa.

It seems more like a generation than something less than five years ago that Mr. Harold Macmillan told the assembled Senators and M.P.s in Cape Town of "the winds of change" blowing down Africa, and quoted John Donne ("*No man is an island*") at them. Later in 1960 the harried Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld also visited Cape Town and talked earnestly (but more privately) with South African politicians. He was taken on the usual hospitable tour of the vineyards and gabled farmhouses of the Western Province: a Nationalist newspaper reported (after his death) that he had walked about the lovely landscape muttering. "But this is not Africa!" South Africa, and particularly Cape Town, remembers Mr. Hammarskjöld more kindly than it does Mr. Macmillan, and this may be largely because of the belief that, instead of reminding the citizens of the continent on which they lived, he accepted the local legend that "South Africa is not Africa." As for John Donne, the state of local opinion is such that Dr. Verwoerd can, and does, make the outright claim to-day that the Republic is "an island of health" in a "sick" world.

This attitude of dismissal and disdain towards the rest of the continent springs from tradition as much as from confusion and concealed fear. Cape Town, where the country's laws are made and its political philosophies propounded, has always felt that it can take Africa or leave it. A White has to go 1,000 miles to Johannesburg or 600 miles to Port Elizabeth before the presence of black masses hits him visually. In Johannesburg he will even walk whole streets and hardly see a white face. But in Cape Town the black man appears in moderation at the lower end of a social spectrum, with the whole range of the Coloured (mixed race) section from light to dark interposed between Europe and Africa.

Possibly this sense of distance from Africa surrounding the legislature has been a delaying factor in South Africa's 50-year-long retreat from the muted liberalism of the old Cape. The first major sign that the distance had almost disappeared was when 30,000 nervous Pan-African Congress members marched into the centre of the city in the exciting days of the Emergency four years ago. But the most subtle indication of a shrinking continent is the continued presence across only seven miles of sea of the man under whose remote orders they marched. On Robben Island, in the mouth of Table Bay, sits Robert Mangaliso Sobukwe, head of the now banned P.A.C., apparently a detainee "for this side of eternity" (to use the phrase of the Minister of Justice, Mr. Johannes Vorster). The principal offence of this former university lecturer is that,

ANTHONY DELIUS *is one of the leading liberal white journalists in South Africa. He is a member of the editorial staff of the Cape* Times *and was recently "permanently banned" by the Speaker from sitting in the parliamentary press gallery.*

After the recent security police's "pre-dawn swoop," one Johannesburg M.P. (Mrs. Helen Suzman) stated: "Is the knock on the door of respectable people at dead of night to become simply another part of the South African way of life? These intimidating raids on people like Leo Marquard, Anthony Delius, and other newspapermen who have no possible connection with communist riots or sabotage bear out all one's fears of the dangerous abuse of powers. . . ."

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on Mr. Vorster's own admission, he is a remarkable and dedicated leader whose call is "Africa for the Africans." He has been joined on the island by three leaders of the rival African National Congress, Nelson Mandela, Walter Sisulu and Govan Mbeki, sent there to serve the life sentences given them in mid-June at the "Rivonia" sabotage trials in Pretoria.

ABOUT 150 YEARS AGO there was imprisoned on the island another remarkable African leader whose call was pretty much "Africa for the Africans." He was the great Xhosa witch-doctor and general who decided that the Whites "must be driven back into the sea from which they came." He broke both himself and the Xhosa power by flinging an army of 10,000 against a small British garrison in the frontier base of Grahamstown, and was brought captive to Robben Island. There are, however, two striking differences between Makana and Sobukwe. In the first place, neither Africa nor the world heard of Makana's detention. But it is the second difference that indicates that there may have been some improvement in Black-White relations in the time since Makana was drowned trying to escape. Makana would almost certainly have liquidated every White man in sight if he had won his struggle. Sobukwe accepts the Whites as "White Africans" and their presence as permanent. Mandela, in accordance with the A.N.C.'s fifty-year-old policy, would probably still be prepared to soften the emphasis on "African" even further. However it is now hard to say just how many of the nearly 1,000 ordinary P.A.C. members, at present on the island serving long sentences for "subversion and terrorism," would still subscribe to Sobukwe's or Mandela's rather than Makana's ideas.

If Addis Ababa, confirmed by the Cairo meeting as permanent headquarters of the O.A.U., can be regarded as the Capital of Africa, Cape Town is its Anti-Capital. Everywhere north of the Zambesi, leaders are still pondering and arguing how best to apply the "Charter of the Organisation of African Unity" they produced at Addis last May. In Addis itself the Economic Commission for Africa continues hopefully to flood the continent with vast quantities of paper advocating "greater regional blocs" to meet Africa's economic hazards and shortcomings. Dr. Nkrumah even clings to a dream of an African political and economic union with one flag, one parliament, and one seat at the U.N. But in the House of Assembly at Cape Town a commission appointed by Dr. Verwoerd, the Prime Minister, has tabled a report which suggests the division of the 500,000 people of South West Africa into 11 different semi-independencies. However Western powers have persuaded Dr. Verwoerd to stay these political plans until after the International Court's mid-1965 ruling on apartheid in the South West African Mandate.)

The report is made very much in accordance with Dr. Verwoerd's wrought-iron philosophy of racial "separate development," which proposes to break the Republic's 17 million people themselves into at least nine different ethnic states. The same system applied to Africa would split the continent into about 700 little principalities!

THOSE WHO BELIEVE that this system, and the ideas that underlie it, are only an expedient constitutional and intellectual device to preserve White privilege reckon without the Afrikaner Nationalist's conviction of the universal logic of *apartheid*. Dr. Verwoerd's inner circle of intellectuals believe they can demonstrate how their system could, at least, be applied to all Africa, and this can be seen in the appointment of Mr. W. C. du Plessis as the new Administrator of South West.

Mr. du Plessis is a very dedicated White man and Afrikaner. He first came to public notice during World War II, when he resigned from the Civil Service after the then Prime Minister, General Smuts, gave him the choice of leaving the Department of External Affairs or of withdrawing from the *Afrikaner Broederbond* (Band of Brothers). This organisation, of which Dr. Verwoerd is also a member, is devoted to finding influential jobs for pals and turning South Africa into a prosperous Afrikaner version of Calvin's theocratic Geneva. Since 1948 he has been Ambassador in Washington, head of the African Bureau in Pretoria, and Secretary for Information. In this capacity during 1961 he produced, in English, French, and German, a "fact paper" designed to show how "separate development" could save both Africa and the West.

Mr. du Plessis shares with a number of other people the conviction that in the rush to African independence "traditional authority" is being neglected as a stabilising force in African society.

> According to my opinion the first and most important [of the influences and forces which play a role in Africa's political pattern] is, unfortunately, just the one that is being ignored to-day—it is the power of traditionalism as embodied and practised by Africa's thousands of tribal chiefs throughout the length and breadth of the continent south of the Sahara.

But he takes this to conclusions which will startle many of his fellow-travellers up to this point. He offers for inspection the sort of set-up that Verwoerdian *apartheid* would have provided for Ghana, and that the natural logic of events may still provide for Ghana. He foresees first of all that Dr. Nkrumah's republic will

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

become a "socialist, probably a Communist, dictatorship." But that will not be the end of its political development:

> I believe that it [Ghana] will finally become what it should have been from the beginning: a Communalist dictatorship governed by a Paramount Chief supported by councillors on the traditional tribal pattern.

Any number of astonishing things may happen in Africa. But among the least likely seems to be the replacement of *Asagyefo*, the C.P.P., the United Ghana Farmers Council, Uncle John Tettegah and all, by a revived *Asantahene*, the Golden Stool, Akan Lore, and a Council of Elders. In the remote event of some form of traditional authority being reconstituted in any post-Nkrumah aftermath, it seems no more probable that Ghana will return completely to an old-style tribal set-up than that the French Republic will return to absolute rule by the Bourbons.

Even in Nigeria, where Lord Lugard's application of "indirect rule" preserved so many chiefs and emirs, these have to use modern means to preserve any kind of political authority. In the North the powerful Sultan of Sokoto, though he disclaims being a democrat, heads a political party and fights elections. The legislative assemblies of the South swarm with chiefs and obas, many of whom seem to adopt the title after success in elections (or as a means to success). Certainly, elected councillors and representative institutions of some sort appear to be indispensible in African politics of today.

In South Africa itself the first Bantustan created by Dr. Verwoerd, that in the Transkei, seems far more *modern* than the "Communalist dictatorship" advocated for Ghana by Mr. du Plessis. It came into being with one-man-one-vote general elections among 880,000 new Xhosa voters; the result gave the candidates supporting the anti-Government Paramount Chief of the Eastern Pondos, Victor Poto, a two-to-one popular majority.

This victory was soon reversed by the first meeting of the Transkei Legislative Assembly which voted the pro-Government Chief Kaiser Matanzima in as Chief Minister by a narrow majority. The Assembly consists of 45 elected members cautiously balanced by 64 nominated chiefs, many of whom rely both for pay and position on the Republic's Government; Chief Kaiser Matanzima, able man that he is, owes his rise to much Government sponsorship. Still, it seems significant that even the South African Government feels it necessary to install him with a display of elections and parliamentary procedure!

To be sure, the Government could later let Chief Kaiser rid himself of Poto's political opposition by creating a One-Party State. This would be, ironically enough, in accord with almost universal African Nationalist practice elsewhere on the continent. On the other hand, if Paramount Chief Poto, aided by several very astute political lieutenants, wins the struggle in the long run, he is committed to the more orthodox parliamentary set-up. Chief Poto is a typical African Nationalist of the South, who asks not for independence but for integration. There is still among the Transkeians some sense of the parliamentary tradition that their grandfathers began to absorb in the later 19th century when they formed part of the Cape electorate. As late as 1960, before the Nationalists abolished the Native Representatives from the all-White central Parliament, the Xhosa people were still involved in parliamentary elections. It is this *long acquaintance with some sort of parliamentary tradition* that is partly responsible for the reluctance with which the African nationalists of the Republic turned eventually to violence.

Liberalism?

YET TO BELONG to the waning liberal parliamentary tradition in South Africa is in itself to feel like a rather stodgy Victorian survival from the Cape Colony of 1890. Whether one looks around one or to the north, the possibilities of retaining any political respectability seem about nil. Somalis are murdering all and sundry here, Bahutu are running amuck there, Arabs are massacring Africans in the Southern Sudan, Eastern Congolese are killing missionaries with the same zest that mosquitoes used to, and Afrikaners are trekking round and round in ever decreasing racial circles. It seems that every African state, with the shaky exception of Nigeria, will be a one-party state by 1966—and some liberal newspapers in London even appear impatient for this to happen. The great Black hope of all liberals, Julius Nyerere of Tanganyika-Zanzibar, is applauded because he won't have—a Bill of Rights! Beside this sort of thing, South Africa, with a White opposition that occasionally speaks up for all the non-Whites in the country, appears to be at least a one-and-a-half-party state—half a party ahead of the point to which all the rest of Africa seems to be developing. The temptation is strong to give up the rest of the 20th century to re-learning the lessons of history that we seemed to know so well at the close of the nineteenth. Best, for the unpropitious time being, to put the whole body of liberal lore into deep freeze like a space-traveller to Sirius, and hope it wakes up again intact in some more temperate political climate a century hence.

The temptation for younger liberals (with the

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These industrious planners are in fact the bureaucratic Canutes of South Africa's attempt to turn the tide of human history. They do, of course, move great numbers of people for short distances. Often they remove non-Whites (and far less frequently Whites) from areas where they have lived for generations, and transplant them some miles away in raw, brand-new townships with no cover of long neighbourliness over them. Frequently they move Coloured or Black folk out of slums near the edges of the "White cities" and put them in monotonous but hygienic rows of dwellings, rather like large dolls' houses, some distance further away. Sometimes they remove Indians from areas in which they have built up trade with all groups, and put them out in the veld to trade with one another! But to the over-all picture of population mixture they make not the slightest difference, and the trends are as before.

There are now over a million more Africans around the "White cities" than there were when the Group Areas boards began their activities. The ratio of non-White to White (industry 3 to 1, services 4 to 1, mining 7 to 1, agriculture 10 to 1) remains the same or even seems to be lengthening in favour of the non-Whites. There are a quarter of a million more Coloured people in the cities, even though the inevitable line has been drawn between them and the Whites. Relentlessly the movement and increase of population, and intertwining of peoples, are going on at the developing rate to which South Africa's 300 years of history as a multi-racial country points.

Dr. Verwoerd used once to say that his "socio-economic" (another favourite term of his) measures would have achieved a major bulk separation of the races by A.D. 2,000. Now events in the world, and particularly the swift coming of independence to Africa, have caused Nationalists to say they will have to do in 10 years what they planned to do in 50. Certainly all their legislation to-day gives signs of increasing desperation, of logic developing frantically in a vacuum. Though the Nationalist measures cause increasing (though at the moment resigned) resentment among the non-Whites and at least moral discomfort to everybody else, they really alter nothing in the total situation except the amount of frustration. Possibly more room for manœuvre into ultimate multi-racialism could be temporarily gained by a more generous Bantustan policy or an even larger partition—even though this offers no real certainty. The Nationalists cannot ultimately break out of the population cage in which history has enclosed them. They only give, at the moment, the impression of running faster and faster on the constitutional play-wheel inside.

SOUTH AFRICA is "the world in miniature." As the West expanded its contacts with the rest of the world, South Africa became an eddy of that expansion. White men, first brought to the tip of Africa to provide ships in the growing West-East trade with cabbages and fresh meat, spread first east and then north into the subcontinent. The deeper the White advanced among the half-caste, Brown, and Black populations, the more self-conscious they became of their distinguishing Whiteness, as did the British, French, and Dutch as they expanded East and West.

When political expansion came to an end for the West, and the great adjustments in privilege and the withdrawal of pro-consuls began, the West could console itself that its authority and identity still had a home base. In Europe and America, the Westerners could at least be sure of ruling themselves, even if they had had to give up ruling others. The Whites in South Africa find themselves in a position which is alarmingly different. The West might find itself in the same position if, say, the United Nations were to show signs that it was going rapidly to become an effective world government controlled by the underdeveloped states of the world, with the certain prospect that every second citizen in Africa, Asia, and Latin America, who could get transport, would come pouring into Europe, the U.S.A., and the U.S.S.R. in search of higher wages and living.

Backed into such a corner, the West would probably be as panic-stricken as the Whites of South Africa are now, and might be inventing philosophies just as transparently expedient. As it is, the West is learning to live on equal terms with huge populations it can no longer control but which do not seem in immediate danger of overrunning it. Both America and Europe are gradually accepting that they are even now inextricably involved with the rest of the world, and will become more so with time. But for South Africa the very speed of Afro-Asian developments creates an impression of being approached by a tidal wave, and stimulates the urge to withdraw.

SURPRISINGLY ENOUGH, a fair minority of the Whites in South Africa has resisted the strong temptation to panic or stop thinking altogether. But the Nationalists are using radio and press (in ceaseless propaganda) to raise White anxieties to fever pitch by exaggerating what is already a grave crisis in human relations everywhere. They believe that by doing this they will rescue the Nationalist Party, the Afrikaners, the Whites, possibly even the Coloureds (in that order) and they may, they claim, even prevent

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Africans from cutting one another's throats. Another factor in the gross situation is that South Africa has become a main casualty station for many of those ruined, socially demoted, or humiliated in the "decline of the West" in Africa and Asia. These come marching into the South African laager in an increasing flow of embittered survivors from a collapsed golden age. They are mainly people who, in one disguise or another (or none), preserve within themselves all the old attitudes of superiority, privilege, and paternalism that went with the West's former unchallenged dominance. For the Nationalists, whom any disaster whether international or local seems to help, this influx, mixed with the gilded presence of some opportunist British and American millionaires on the further make, is visible proof that "the West has gone mad."

IN THE LONG RUN it may be recognised that while South Africa remained in the control of Whites who were too close to their problem, other White minorities in Africa were more fortunate in having distant powers with the final political say in their affairs. It is quite obvious that if the colonial powers had not moved out of a position of political dominance in Africa they would have had several little race-wars on their hands. Even now Dr. Verwoerd seems to cling to the theory that there will be a huge East-West race-war in which the West (still luckily in possession of strategic harbours and airfields in White-controlled South Africa) will be able to re-establish the White man's authority throughout the globe.

In his own strange way Dr. Verwoerd seems to accept that the White position in South Africa cannot be maintained without such a re-establishment (an echoing word!) of global Western dominance, probably as the result of another world war. He does not seem or care to realise that each of the last two World Wars has been followed by a diminution of (White) Western geo-political power. Dr. Verwoerd's statement of the position appears to indicate that Spengler's *Untergang des Abendlandes* (probably read uncritically as a student in Germany) is the only history book from which he draws ideas for the future.

Possibly the Prime Minister believes that the restored White dominance could be maintained throughout the world by a vast extension of divide-and-rule or "Separate Development." Every area, except the White West, could be broken down into component racial or tribal elements, pursuing not so much happiness as ethnic identity, the varieties of "African Personality" or "Asian Soul."

This kind of thinking projects on to a world screen both the dangers and absurdities of a "logical" application of Race Prejudice and "Separate Development." Outside an environment of feverish intellectual expediency, it is even more difficult to believe that the world will develop this way, than that Africa is likely to return to even a reconstructed tribalism. Each major war, each major invention, each major revolution seems to plunge men deeper into strident and uneasy involvement with the rest of mankind. There is no way back from this, only a groping way forward towards greater human unity in which men begin more tolerantly to accept some of their differences and, maybe, overcome others.

South Africa, which to-day claims not to be a part of Africa, has really been steadily and inexorably becoming entangled with the rest of the continent throughout this century. Even the last century closed with a war brought about in part because an Englishman, Rhodes, was trying to block the Boer advance into Africa along what Rhodes planned to be an all-British route from Cape to Cairo. World War I saw the former Boer General Jan Smuts campaigning through East and South West Africa aided, among others, by South African forces. In World War II South African forces were strung out from the Zambesi to the Western Desert, through Nairobi, Addis Ababa, and Cairo; our second big industrial surge began with the supply of war equipment to forces in Africa.

To-day, because South Africa's Government refuses to consult its African citizens, it has to argue the toss about them with all Africa, and the rest of the world as well. Whatever the Whites may feel about Africa, Africa has declared that South Africa must become fully a part of the continent.

A Solution?

NEVER, perhaps, has a love-hate relationship been more clearly demonstrated than that between African and Afrikaner. "We need them, and they need us," a Dutch Reformed Church dominie once told the Fagan Commission. This inter-necessity goes deeper perhaps than even the speaker realised. Merely as "a European" (as the Afrikaner sometimes calls himself) he does not even begin to count as anything more than a curiosity. Instinctively he knows that what really gives him significance among men is his being in Africa and surrounded by Black men. On the other hand, the African is anxious to come to some dignified accommodation with the Afrikaner. Even among the numerous African exiles one is astonished from time to time to hear them talk of Afrikaners, even Afrikaner policemen, with something suspiciously like homesick affection. Basic-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ally what the African of South Africa still asks is what the American Negro still asks: for integration as full partners in a modern society. Once this is accepted, the African will probably acknowledge he has much to learn from the Afrikaner in social, cultural and political spheres. He might also be helped to a longer view by the near balance of the South African peoples. Africans are only in a 2 to 1 majority over the total of minority groups and there is practically parity between them and the Whites, Coloureds, and Indians in the areas where the groups are most intertwined. This would make the outright pursuit of racial dominance by Africans even more politically negative, frenetic, and fraught with violence than that of the Afrikaners is to-day.

Beyond the borders of South Africa the Afrikaner has nearly as much to offer the African as within them. He possesses, nearly within living memory, the full range of knowledge of what it means to fight for freedom, break out of colonialism at last, and set up a modern state. If the African everywhere finds the experience of the Israelis in raising themselves by their bootstraps so valuable, the Afrikaner's experience has the additional advantage of having been undergone on a bigger scale in Africa and under African conditions. In the 20th century a great mass of Afrikaners has journeyed away from being pastoral nomads and soil-scratchers, entered the modern world through demeaning slums on the outskirts of cities, and gone on to be factory-workers, trade unionists, company managers, civil servants and parliamentary politicians. Once an economic underdog, the Afrikaner is fast advancing in the business world and even acquiring almost "Texan" views on living standards both in city and country. To-day it is astonishing to remember that as short a while ago as the 1920s large numbers of Afrikaners presented a "poor White" problem, pressing on fragmented farming land in a way remarkably similar to that of Kikuyu pressure on the land in Kenya's Kikuyu Reserve before the 1952 Mau Mau uprising. Nearly everything the African needs to learn rapidly to-day, the Afrikaner has had to learn before him in very much the same conditions, on the same continent, and probably facing greater perils to his survival.

In the same way, South Africa itself, with its advanced economy and mixed population, can be of inestimable value to the rest of the continent. She has already gone far along the road that all Africa wishes to tread. For what essentially Africa wants to do is not first of all to develop "a personality," or a number of personalities, but to join the modern world and become a normal part of it. The forces which are now unifying or standardising human culture throughout the world are, as far as Africa is concerned, by far the strongest in South Africa. Here men have in fair profusion motor cars, radios, cinemas, jazz, city lights, annual vacations, old age pensions, and even a vote of sorts. Here men work, whether Black or White, in factories and mines and even on scientifically run farms, for the highest average pay in Africa. This is what Africa wants, as Asia and Latin America want it. Those who have already absorbed the benefits of this standardising process may be superior about its blessings. To those who have not yet reached such a material level it is something infinitely desirable, promising fuller bellies, fuller lives.

The Addis Ababa and Cairo "Summit Meetings" of the O.A.U. were most deeply concerned to achieve two aims for the continent. The first was the most complete possible modernisation of Africa through the rapid spread of education, industry, and more up-to-date agriculture. The second was "the Liberation of the South." Very few of the African leaders there were not aware that South Africa's integration with Africa was needed just as much to achieve the first as the second purpose.

Among the African countries there are a few, perhaps only a couple, who believe that more patient approaches to South Africa, such as an exchange of representatives, should also be tried. Much, both for Africa as a whole and the Africans of the Republic, may be achieved by offering the South African Government other means than unconditional surrender to break out of its isolation from the rest of the continent. There are also economic forces continually at work eroding the bases of apartheid. Even Afrikaner Nationalists might be coaxed to see the ultimate absurdity of clinging uncompromisingly to positions they have now taken up and heroic attitudes they now strike.

For Black newcomers now crowding into Lagos, Accra, Leopoldville, Nairobi, Kano, Bamako, or Johannesburg, the urge is to immerse themselves in the excitement of new urban masses. The reigning desire is to be as like all other men in average material wealth as possible. It involves all mankind in a frantic pursuit of material standardisation, of reaching the same general level, from which Homo Sapiens will eventually take another faltering step upwards. To prepare for a spread of "Separate Development" at such a point in man's history is like building fowl-runs for dodos. It merely invites evolution to dismiss us Southern Whites along with those sad and ungainly birds.

Anthony Delius

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Letter by Boris Pasternak

On a Poet's Suicide (1937)

IN HIS *Essay in Autobiography*, Boris Pasternak wrote of the last days of his friend, the Georgian poet, Paolo Yashvili—"he was utterly confused, spellbound by the *Shigalyovshchina* of 1937 as by witchcraft...." (The reference was, of course, to Shigalyov, the conspirator in Dostoevsky's *The Possessed*, who "sets out for boundless freedom and arrives at boundless despotism," and who said: "everyone must spy and inform on everyone else... Cicero's tongue will be cut out, Copernicus will have his eyes gouged, Shakespeare will be stoned...."') Pasternak recorded that Yashvili "watched his daughter as she slept at night and, imagining himself unworthy to look at her, went out in the morning to his friend's house and blasted his head with grapeshot from his double-barrelled gun...."

Yashvili had once given Pasternak refuge in his house in Tiflis: "he was brilliant, polished, cultured, an amusing talker, European and good-looking...."

> Yashvili told stories wonderfully. He was a born teller of adventure tales. He was always getting into unexpected situations, and they always had the style of a well-written short story. Chance happenings positively sought him out and clung to him; he had a lucky hand with them, it was his special gift. Talent radiated from him. His eyes shone with an inner fire; the fire of passion had scorched his lips and the heat of experience had burnt and blackened his face, so that he looked older than his years and as though he had been worn and tattered by life....

Pasternak—who was one of the very few who dared to break the silence in a time of great danger—loved Georgia and translated many Georgian poems into the Russian; Yashvili, "a remarkable, supremely creative, post-symbolist poet," became well-known for his translations of Pasternak, Lermontov, and Mayakovsky. The "Titian" referred to by Pasternak in his letter is Titian Tabidze (1895–1937), another Georgian poet and friend of Yashvili. There is a chapter devoted to them both in Ilya Ehrenburg's second volume of memoirs. Ehrenburg recalls that when he came from Spain at the end of 1937, he tried in vain to find them. "Let me tell what happened to them," he goes on, but quotes only a Georgian writer who recorded (with cryptic ambiguity) that during the Great Purge of 1936–8 Yashvili and Tabidze both "fell victim to the criminal hands of inveterate enemies of the people...." Ehrenburg—who in another place recalls that he had been warned in Moscow that of his Georgian friends, "Tabidze has been arrested and Yashvili has shot himself"—adds: "I often think of Yashvili's poems written several years before the tragic dénouement: *'Do not fear gossip, Silence is worse, when, seeping in furtively from the streets, it frightens like impending war and the nearness of the bullet meant for me'....*"

Even today there is a bond between Pasternak and Georgian literature, and he is more often mentioned in the Georgian than in the Russian press. According to *Literary Georgia* (No. 7, 1964), a forthcoming book on Paolo Yashvili will include the following letter by Boris Pasternak to Yashvili's widow. (It has been translated by Manya Harari.)

28 August 1937

TAMARA GHEORGHYEVNA darling, my poor one, my dear one, how is this possible? For nearly a month I lived as if nothing had happened, I heard nothing. For about ten days I have known, and I write and write to you and tear up my letters. My existence has no more value, I myself need comforting, and yet I can think of nothing to say to you that won't sound like sentimentality and high-minded hypocrisy.

When I was first told I didn't believe it. Then on the 17th, in town, it was confirmed. There were no more uncertainties and ambiguities. The news seized me by the throat, it possessed me completely and still does. Not all I have experienced through the power of this terrifying event has been life-destroying and hopeless.

When I realise over and again that I will never again see that astonishing face with its high, inspired forehead and laughing eyes, never hear that voice crowded with his thoughts, I weep and can find no rest. Memory brings him to me with all the thousand details I knew so well, in all the transformations and changes of setting in which I knew him: out of doors in various towns, on our excursions to the mountains and the sea, at home, in your house or in mine, during our last journeys, in meeting rooms or addressing a crowd from a platform. The recollection wounds me, sharpens the pain of deprivation to the point of insanity, makes me rebel: for what fault have I been punished by the eternity of this parting?

But on that very first day, the 17th, the inevitability of it purged me, brought me down to the most unarguable, elementary things—as when

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in childhood you cry until you are numb and so tired that you suddenly feel hungry or sleepy. The force of the blow had flung me right out of the circle of everything urban, so noisy and complicated and unnecessary, so indifferent, pompous, meaningless. What nonsense, I thought. Paolo? This Paolo I knew so well that I never had to sort out how much I loved him—Paolo, my happiness—what has he in common with anything a solemn, instantly forgotten *A* or *B* can tell me about him?

A is for the future, I thought; everyone has to die anyway, each in his own particular circumstances; so they will say that "this life which belongs to posterity ended in summer 1937" and they will add various known facts about the period—what the country was thinking about, what the titles of the newspapers were, and the names of his acquaintances. Just as, earlier, they would talk about wigs and ruffles and falconry.

So I was travelling back from town and got out at our station Peredelkino. I knew that when I saw Zina on the veranda and opened my mouth to tell her, my voice would stick in my throat and everything would begin again. But meanwhile, as I walked home, I surrendered more and more to the purging power of grief —and what a strange distance it carried me!

I felt like going into the water. It was evening. I lay down under the trees at the foot of the bank and as I revived little by little from the distractions of the journey, I began to see here and there, unbelievably, a resemblance to the past. It was all indescribably good and extraordinarily like him. What I saw was fragments of his mind and style, his grass and water and his autumn sunset, his stillness and mist and secretiveness. The way the sky and the water shone and were veiled, the signals they flashed to each other before they were extinguished, was exactly as he would have described it. It was as if the sunset were imitating him, reciting him by heart.

I thought of him in a new way. I had always admired his talent, his unequalled sense of living detail, as rare in your literature and in ours today as in any, at any time. He always amazed me, and people have letters from me saying how immeasurably high I ranked him. But now for the first time I thought of him apart from what I had always felt. As in moving away from something enormous, it was only from the fatal distance of loss that I began to see his outlines absolutely—the Paolo he was without us, without me or Titian or Gagry, the one who delighted us and flattered our ambition for him but also the one who existed in opposition to our love, the one he was to himself, alone with the water and the woods and God and the future.

Need I say more of this—of the Paolo who will certainly, within a few years, become the Georgian Mayakovsky, the one to whom the writers of the future— if literature is to go on— will certainly look up to and learn from? But this aspect of survival has never moved me. I am struck by something else, more difficult to put into words. What strikes me is how much of him there is in everything he touched and gave a name to: the hours of the day, the flowers and the beasts, the leaves of the forest and the autumn sky. And we never knew how powerfully he was amongst us and how masterfully he would remain.

Dear Tamara Gheorghyevna, forgive me. I have no business to write to you like this, to you of all people. This is no place for poetry and bad poetry at that. All the same I'll post this, or I'll never tell you the one thing I need to say to you and to my dear, my infinitely precious Medea. It isn't complicated and you know it already. Although you have no shortage of friends and never will have, please count me among them. However difficult my life has become recently, nothing will be impossible for your sake. How I wish I could see you! I beg Titian and Nina to kiss you for me, and to stay with you and cry with you. Forgive me for this poor stupid letter. But you see, even now I still know nothing at all—you wouldn't write to me something later on when you have the strength?

Your
B.P.

Forgive me again. In your grief, what can you care about the measure of mine, still less about these details I thrust on you of how I got home and what I thought about.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Reply to Marquand

DAVID MARQUAND'S review of Professor S. M. Lipset's *The First New Nation* [ENCOUNTER, August] can be confidently recommended to collectors of Stock Responses. Whatever else Marquand fails in, he succeeds in coming to the work with his "views and emotions already fully prepared" (as I. A. Richards wrote in *Practical Criticism*). So prepared, Marquand easily resists the temptation to be excessively attentive to the main themes of the book, and instead skilfully contrives to make it the back-cloth for the presentation of certain topics, such as the "inadequacies" of the American Left, that cause him grave concern.

On balance, however, the disadvantages of the Marquand method of reviewing probably outweigh the advantages. The work itself hardly begins to be judged in its own terms. Marquand could not have offered his two examples of "assumptions and prejudices" if he had reflected upon Lipset's (and of course Max Weber's) intense preoccupation with the legitimising of institutions. In both examples the real point is that the very existence of active Communist movements (in the new, or ex-colonial, nations and in France) is an obstacle to legitimacy, or "modernisation." It seems obviously true, but in any event that is the issue, not Lipset's anti-Communism as such.

In the French example, however, Marquand confounds the issue by equating the United States alone with "a *fully* modern domestic politics" (my italics). A reviewer bent on understanding rather than poised for attack would have given far more weight to that "fully" as well as to the real significance of enclosing both "modern" and "modernisation" in quotation marks. He would then have seen that Lipset visualises a continuum extending from plain "modernisation" at the one end, where legitimacy has just superseded anarchy and contingent civil war, to full "modernisation" at the other, where the legitimacy of the basic institutions is so far unquestioned that domestic politics is more or less about the allocation, collective as well as individualistic, of an economic surplus. On this continuum, France, still struggling to cross the threshold of legitimacy, would be placed at the one end, while Britain and the United States would cluster towards the other. Now, of course, the various differentiating factors of history ensure that countries will vary not only in their degree of "modernisation" (or legitimacy) but also in the *particular content* of their domestic politics. I think myself that, over a longer period of time than Marquand chooses, British domestic politics will be seen as closer to the American than he allows, but no doubt every country will develop its own "special mix." So there is no question of cultural chauvinism; on the contrary, as a working democracy, the United States is held to be inferior to both Britain and Sweden because it stimulates right-wing extremism (p. 271). In the passage complained of, Britain could have served equally well as a bench-mark for the contrast with France, even leaving Marquand to write in his own specification of British domestic politics. If the United States (indirectly) is made to point the contrast, it is obviously because, *as the first important ex-colony*, she has been used throughout the book as a kind of reference group.

Of course, to say that a country has been "modernised" is not to say that it is Paradise. Lipset himself in the epilogue points to the "enormous concentration of personal wealth" in comparatively few hands in his own country; to variations in income there "among the highest in the world"; to the fact that equality is for whites; to the "miserable" conditions of the poor, who, lacking decent housing, good diet, adequate clothing and, accordingly, pride in themselves, tend to be alienated from society. And so far is he from chauvinism that he even traces some notorious weaknesses and abuses (a high crime rate and the corruption in the unions) to American values as such (pp. 176 and 189). In part he expects the situation to improve with improvements in education and training, but he knows, for instance, that "it is impossible to rely on structural trends alone to eliminate or sharply reduce income inequality." Taking American liberal intellectuals to task for concentrating on cultural deficiencies (in the narrow sense) to the neglect of gross and widespread poverty (pp. 337–8), he pointedly cites the example of *government* action in Sweden and elsewhere.

IT FOLLOWS THAT Lipset does *not* believe that "a nation's political history merely reflects its system of values." At the outset, he adopts Talcott Parsons' view that "values are not the sole or even the most important *determinants* of particular structures and processes"; in harness always with "realistic exigencies," values are but co-determinants. Nor is it true that "one of the central messages of his book is that a nation's values do not change." What he plainly says is that in American history since the Revolution there is *more* continuity than change, and that the United States has had more continuity than Europe in the corresponding period. At bottom here Lipset is challenging the Riesman "model," which originally related, in "one-way" fashion, demographic and economic changes to changes in values and social character, and in its place suggesting a subtle interplay between dominant values, new economic and other conditions, and institutional arrangements. If these arrangements change the upbringing of children, then their characters (or personalities) may change too. "Through such a process, changes in the dominant value system develop slowly—or not at all" (p. 103). This is somewhat different from "a nation's values do not change."

In brief, Marquand's attempt to uncover Lipset's "assumptions and prejudices" succeeds only in uncovering his own. Committed to various structural reforms, he fears value-analysis as a conservative force. All it demands, in fact, is a recognition of

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the shaping power of values in given historical circumstances. It contains nothing, for instance, to prevent that extension of the public sector in Britain which Marquand himself wishes to see. On the other hand, to blow a trumpet-call now for "a massive and detailed extension of federal power into the furthest corners of American social life" and for "an immense extension of state activity" is just a waste of breath. Value-analysis saves one's breath for other things: at any given time, it tells one *both* how much and how little society can be (peacefully) changed, for these measures are, of course, identical.

GRAHAM WOOTTON

Oxford

Crossman's Scientists

R. H. S. CROSSMAN's penetrating and timely article, *Scientists in Whitehall* [ENCOUNTER, July], sets out a pattern which I personally would like to see adopted over the next decade whichever party wins the General Election. The "educational inadequacy" which has characterised so much of our government hitherto (and in which we seem to take a peculiar pride), is no longer adequate in the highly competitive world of the present time. Nor can we afford to tolerate indefinitely a situation in which our best brains—both scientists and arts men—emigrate because they are not used, because it seems quite clear that your country *doesn't* need you.

Crossman's article, however, raises problems of two kinds: educational and organisational. He rightly emphasises the need both for flexibility within the procedures of the professional administrator and for a constant interchange between universities, government, and industry which will inject a much needed vitality into research and political administration. Crossman mentions the new kind of Civil Servant whose general education is both scientific and humane. To provide these people seems to me far more urgent than ensuring that many of the more important posts within the Civil Service go to people with a scientific background, for the problems they will have to deal with are going to be both scientific and humane. (Do we have any evidence actually that scientists are attracted in significant numbers to careers within the Civil Service, D.S.I.R. posts apart? What is the proportion compared with arts students? Won't brilliant scientists tend, on the whole, to go into pure research and become available to government only on a contract basis such as Crossman envisages?) But the onus should not be on government alone. In the 19th century, a man wishing to make the Civil Service his career went to Oxford to read Greats, for Greats had been designed for him. What we need is "Science Greats"—equally *deliberately designed*—to cope with our contemporary and political situation. Though there are a number of universities concerned with the relation between the Arts and Science, there is little evidence that any of them have seriously considered this aspect of the problem. Where is our scientific Jowett? (Cherwell tried—unsuccessfully—to play this role in the 1920s at the time that Modern Greats was being planned.)

Secondly: injecting natural scientists into key positions is again by itself insufficient but for one other reason than that mentioned by Crossman. (We should in any case inject the best brains into government, not only the scientific ones.) The problems of our society demand a determination to utilise science, scientists and the methods of science, but also a comprehensive knowledge of what may be termed "scientific affairs," i.e. the role of science and technology in the wider social and economic context. Men with such knowledge scarcely exist apart from isolated groups in the U.S.A.; little serious academic work has been done in this area. Such work calls for teams with a mixture of talents such as Crossman mentions—economists, social historians, scientists, etc.—who will produce the scientific intelligence he wants. But universities will have to produce these studies, and governments will have to pay for them.

JUNE GOODFIELD

Nuffield Foundation Unit for the History of Ideas, London

Russian Intelligentsia

PROFESSOR RICHARD PIPES [ENCOUNTER, September] now seems to accept that there *is* political sentiment in Soviet literature. I also note with interest that he does not dispute my views on the "alienation" of Soviet intellectuals.

In fact, I do subscribe to Professor Pipes' definition of involvement in politics. But does not a protest against police surveillance *per se* fall exactly under this definition? It is an expression of concern at how and by whom one political institution —the secret police—is directed. And surely, even an anarchist protest (Galanskov's), directed against all political institutions, cannot be excluded from this definition either?

The *Phoenix* motto is undoubtedly non-political. But the writings in this Russian magazine clearly show that its authors are very much concerned with politics in our terms. What they object to is "narrow civic-mindedness," which was typical of many 19th-century liberals and revolutionaries, and was carried part and parcel into the official Soviet thinking (and is still encountered also among some of the *Novy Mir* liberals).

I owe Professor Pipes a clarification. The groups to which I allude constitute a large part of the Soviet élite: scientists, managers, engineers, teachers, etc. Not all of these people have recognised their "stake in freedom." But many have, and others have begun to. This excludes, of course, those with a vested interest in the present political system, *e.g.*, the Party *apparat*, the secret police, etc. Does Professor Pipes suggest that a challenge to these would jeopardise Russia's strength and industrialisation? Would Russian rockets under the command of non-party men be chained to the pads? Why should industry disappear along with the factory Party secretary?

Cambridge DAVID BURG

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LONDON LIBRARY

14 St James's Square, London, SW1

700,000 books on all subjects except legal, medical and scientific

Annual subscription: 10 guineas

Members who qualify under Section 16 of the Finance Act 1958 may obtain income tax relief

Scholars and students unable to meet the full subscription may be helped by the Carlyle Trust

London members: 10 books at a time
Country members: 15 books at a time

NO ENTRANCE FEE
NO WAITING LIST

THE SHELBOURNE HOTEL

DUBLIN

In the heart of Dublin city, overlooking beautiful St. Stephen's Green, the Shelbourne offers all the amenities of a modern hotel in an atmosphere of traditional dignity. Over 200 private rooms and suites—160 with private bathrooms.

THE SHELBOURNE HOTEL St. Stephen's Green Dublin 2. Telephone: Dublin 66471

AUTHORS

Andrew Forge recently took up a post as Head of the Painting Department at Goldsmiths' College, London. **David Sylvester** has just completed a monograph on Giacometti (to be published next summer by the New York Museum of Modern Art) and is at work on a book on the New York School. Their article has been adapted from a B.B.C. Third Programme broadcast....

James Morris is a frequent contributor to ENCOUNTER. His recent articles include "A Stranger in Dublin" (December 1959), "A Ticket to Huddersfield" (May 1963), and "Letter from Tangier" (January 1964). His article in this number will be included in his new book, *The Presence of Spain*, to be published in the autumn by Faber & Faber (Harcourt Brace, New York)....

Viktor Meier was recently in Moscow for *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*....

William Walsh is head of the Department of Education at Leeds University....

The essay on "Hamlet of the Mid-Century" by **Jan Kott** in our August number was translated from the Polish by **Boleslaw Taborski**. Professor Kott's book, *Shakespeare our Contemporary*, will be published by Methuen in London and Doubleday in New York in the near future....

Cover design: **Colin Banks** and **John Miles**.

ENCOUNTER Magazine is published in London by Encounter Ltd. (25 Haymarket, S.W.1), in association with the International Publishing Corporation (33 Holborn, E.C.1).

ENCOUNTER BOOKS are published in association with Weidenfeld & Nicolson (20 New Bond Street, London, W.1).

MANUSCRIPTS for ENCOUNTER should be sent to 25 Haymarket, London, S.W.1, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (English stamp) or international reply coupons, otherwise they cannot be returned. For subscription details see page 1.

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BECCLES

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3
JETS DAILY TO
NEW YORK

ON PAN AM...MORNING, AFTERNOON AND EVENING JET FLIGHTS TO NEW YORK!

Pan Am serves New York with 21 *non-stop* Jet Clipper† flights every week, with convenient departure times, morning, afternoon and evening.

Flight number:	PA 101	PA 103	PA 1
Leaves **London**	11 a.m.	3 p.m.	6.30 p.m.
Arrives **New York**	1.35 p.m.	5.35 p.m.	9.05 p.m.

The convenient afternoon departure of flight PA 103 allows travellers to arrive in New York by early evening.

You have the choice of first-class *President Special* or low-fare *Rainbow* Economy service on every flight. And you enjoy the special feeling of comfort and confidence that comes from flying the World's Most Experienced Airline.

For information and reservations, just call your Pan Am Travel Agent or:

PAN AM: 193 PICCADILLY, W.1. Tel: REG 7292

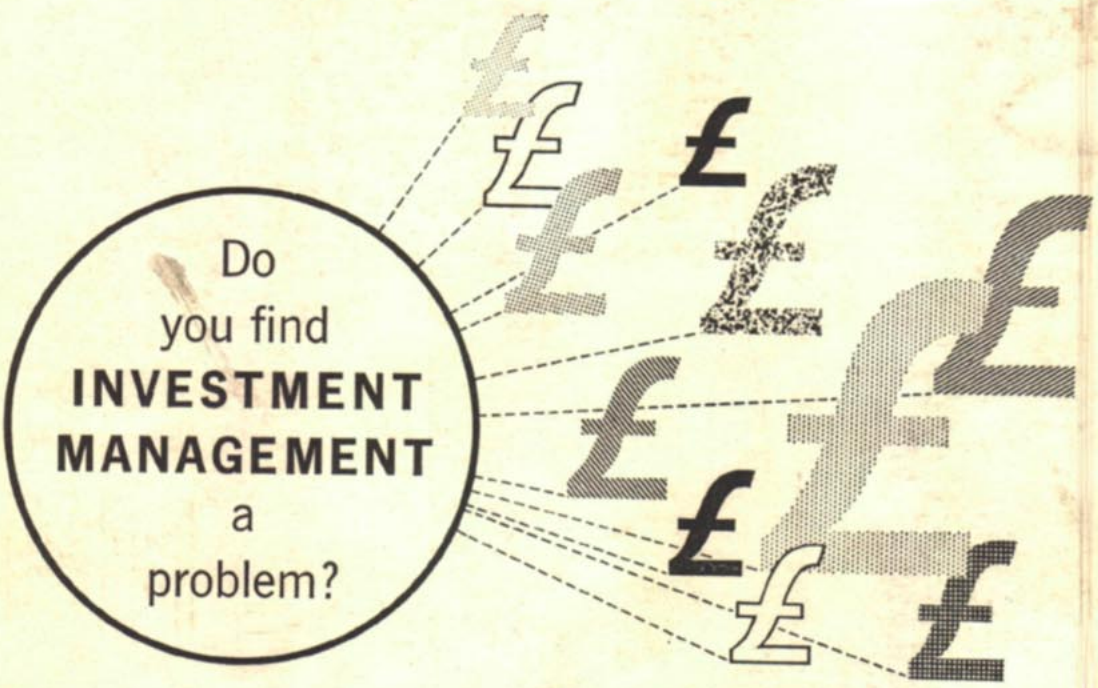
BIRMINGHAM CENtral 8731
MANCHESTER DEAnsgate 3981
GLASGOW CITy 5744

†*Trade Mark, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.*

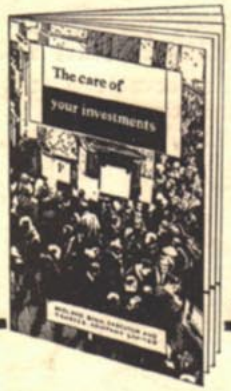
PAN AM

You're better off with Pan Am—world's most experienced airline!

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Somewhere along the road to successful investment, the more astute of us pause occasionally to ponder the wisdom of our direction. It may be that you do this yourself from time to time; and in pondering, perhaps, feel a slight but growing dissatisfaction that your portfolio is not all that you would like it to be—even that the day-to-day complexities of managing your investments are making rather too great a demand on your time and ability. If that is so, you need only call upon the Investment Management Service of the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company. This is a service designed for anybody who requires help in the supervision and management of investments, no matter how modest those investments may be. It operates simply, efficiently —and inexpensively. You retain ownership of your securities (nominating your own broker, if you wish, to handle any Stock Exchange transactions), we take over the task of investment management. You can find out more about this service from any one of the Company's 37 offices or the Midland Bank's 2,500 branches, where you can obtain the free booklet



THE CARE OF YOUR INVESTMENTS

Ask for a copy today

MIDLAND BANK EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE COMPANY LIMITED

Head Office: 6 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.2

Branches in important centres throughout England, Wales and the Channel Islands

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED